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A WOMAN IN WALL STREET

BY ONE

I

My husband had refused to listen when I suggested that I might help to restore a margin that had been wiped out; and as I had never had a day's business experience in my life, and was not of the type recognizably commercial, I knew it would be hopeless, even if he listened, to try to convince him that I could earn enough to be of any use. So it was with an ostensible object quite different from the real one that I left home and began my search in New York for a job.

What were my assets? Several years of college and university training, many years past; a novel published; a good deal of experience in public speaking, though only as an amateur; wide travel, but entirely for pleasure. An unimpressive list to present to the hard-headed business man. However, I had developed a taste for tackling the thing that looked impossible, and people had been, wherever I found them, my field of observation. In some way or other this last should make me of use. Just how, I had little idea. I was ignorant of the very existence of such a thing as an employment department and had never heard of welfare work. Perhaps it was as well for me that I did not know there was nothing the

average business man believes in less than a 'knowledge of people.'

Wall Street!

The name at once electrified and frightened me. I knew no one in the company to which I was going to offer my services, and the fact that it was ranked as one of the greatest banking investment houses in the world did nothing to quiet my beating heart as I entered its vast marble entrance hall, white and cold and inhospitable as a morgue.

A burly man in uniform stepped forward and, when I told him I was interested in selling bonds, conducted me to the desk, one of many, of a young man with a mop of long curly hair, turning gray, a brainy long-nosed face, and a good-natured though rapid-fire manner which I found rather disconcerting. This keen young man, I found later, was an assistant salesman. After a brief talk, he asked me to step into an adjoining chamber which, from its dark paneled walls and august portraits, appeared to be the Board room.

Presently a middle-aged gentleman arrived. I had no idea of his rank. His ruddy face, topped with sandy hair, was amiable, and he talked in a very

affable, leisurely way calculated to put me at my ease; but to my intense chagrin I found great difficulty in controlling my voice.

'So you want to sell bonds? Do you think you can sell?' he asked. As I look back, my assurance seems highly audacious, as I had never sold so much as a ticket for a charity concert.

We talked awhile, and then he seemed to be going over something in his mind. 'Well, we'll see,' he said at last. 'Come back to-morrow about three.'

The next day he began at once: 'How would you like, instead of selling bonds, to be put in charge of the employment and general problems of women in this company?' It would pay, he said, in time at least, as much as I could make selling, unless I proved a phenomenally successful saleswoman. In the end I was turned over to a good-looking young giant of about thirty, a Mr. Barney, recently created office manager.

Day after day I went by appointment to see Mr. Barney, arriving promptly, and always waiting an hour or longer before he was ready to receive me. I began to be anxious. Perhaps my age was an obstacle. Finally I took the bull by the horns. 'You want to know how old I am,' I said, laughing lightly, to hide my inner tumult, 'only you're too gallant to ask. Well, I'm not yet wholly atrophied — or I believe not. And if I'm still growing, that's all that matters, is n't it?'

Mr. Barney's rather sullen face lit up with a sudden boyish smile.

'We'll let it go at that,' he said.

To admit I was forty-six would, I knew, toll my death knell in Mr. Barney's young ears.

'We're not undecided about you,' he assured me one day; 'but we have n't made up our minds whether we're actually going to have an employment

department. Some of the executives are still to be convinced that it's necessary.'

What a revelation! I had supposed business, particularly 'Big Business,' made its decisions quickly. But at length the matter was settled and my salary was broached for the first time.

'What do you think you should start with?' Mr. Barney asked, rather uneasily, I thought.

'That is for you to say,' I insisted, a more astute move than I was aware of, and he named a figure larger by half than I had expected. I tried to conceal my delight.

Everybody I talked with about employment work had advised me to see Miss Douglass, one of the first recognized employment managers in New York, a pioneer in the field. I found the reception room outside her office crowded almost to suffocation.

'You won't mind,' she greeted me with a gracious smile, 'if I eat my lunch while we talk.' A tray with sandwiches and fruit was before her on her desk. 'It saves time, though I suppose it's a wretched way.'

Miss Douglass was different from the other women or men I had met in this new profession. She seemed full of joy, abounding in happy impulses. It was hard to realize that she had battled her way up from girlhood in the grime of the New York business world.

She entered enthusiastically into my prospects. In her low, soft, rapid voice she told me a few things that she thought, from her own experience, might be of value.

'For a woman to make her way in a man-made institution, her work must grow, oh! so quietly, as a plant throws out its leaves, noiselessly, till before the men are aware what has happened she has attained her stature among them. Your maturity is no drawback — it's an advantage. The business

world needs mature women, though it is so loath to admit it.'

Her last words, as she grasped my hand, were almost in a whisper: 'And don't be afraid! Don't be afraid!'

What was it I was not to be afraid of? I could not get her last words out of my mind. What did she mean?

Later I knew. In the years that followed, there were few mornings when I did not repeat to myself on waking the warning of that wise and gracious lady — 'Don't be afraid!'

II

I was given a desk in plain view of Mr. Barney's, hung up my hat and coat, and began my first day. His stenographer was to take my dictation as well as his. Dictation! I had never dictated. What was I to dictate and to whom? It was one of the minor frights of an agonizing day, but I found almost immediately that here was a place where you asked no questions. You watched, listened, and survived if you could.

The telephone on my desk rang. Someone was talking, but to my dismay, what with the roar outside and the unaccustomed click of typewriters all around, I could not make out a word that was said. The others in the room seemed to be hearing perfectly. Was I to admit that I could not? At twenty I should have had no hesitation in doing so. At forty-six I did not dare.

'Yes, yes,' I answered in a low voice, and hung up.

I had hardly taken my fingers away before it rang again. I concentrated my whole attention, but with no better result, except that now I could catch a suggestion of impatience at the other end. I felt faint, almost sick.

At the desk behind mine sat a Mr. Waterman, who like myself had entered the company that day, to assume

charge of the employment of men in the newly created employment department. Mr. Waterman had been a teacher, also a salesman. His jovial easy-going air struck me as slightly incongruous in this dignified environment, but I had reason to be grateful to him when my telephone rang for the third time. As I made the same strained effort to hear, he came to my side and, shielding me with his broad back from many watching eyes, said in a voice not to be overheard, 'Try this,' and showed me how to shut out the sounds that were bothering.

And now the job-seekers began to arrive. Heretofore the chief clerk, the secretary, anybody had done the hiring. Nothing could have been more haphazard than our start. We were given no instructions, almost no information of any sort except that a certain number of workers were wanted — typists, stenographers, file clerks, and so on. One of the first questions an applicant asked was, 'What will the job pay?' and this was the last thing we could find out. A list of employees with salaries paid them was open to our inspection, but the salaries were in code, and when we asked Mr. Barney for a key to the code he was plainly annoyed. New in his own position, he was extremely vague as to wages, knew none of the starting rates, and seemed to question our right to know them. Mr. Waterman and I found ourselves in a perplexing position.

About noon, when almost everyone had left the office for lunch, we discussed our predicament. We talked in low tones, but a small dapper man across the aisle, assistant chief clerk, — known in the company as 'the English Sparrow,' — had caught something. Crossing to us now with long strides, he began in the deep sonorous voice so often a compensatory gift to undersized men: —

'I'll tell you the whole thing. Listen to me! You want to get everybody as cheap as you can. That's the game. Name the least figure you think they'll take. If it don't catch 'em, raise a little. There are n't any regular rates. Why, in one department there's fifteen guys gettin' different pay and all doin' precisely the same thing. There'd be merry hell, of course, if they found out. But you want to warn everyone you hire that salaries are confidential,' he added with a slightly pompous air. 'They're liable to find the company can get along without 'em if they go blabbing what their pay is.' My commercial education had begun.

Each morning, before I got off my hat, applicants began to arrive — the high-heeled mincing miss, carrying her vanity case; the painted girl with roving eyes, who chewed gum without pause and whose parrot phrase, 'Chance for advancement,' inevitably met my inquiry, 'Why did you leave your last place?' Sometimes flower-like girls, with deferential manners and vague ambitions, arrived in limousines, accompanied by their maids. A young Russian woman who spoke eleven languages wanted a place in the foreign department. A poetess not without fame wanted any sort of job in which she could earn enough to keep from going hungry. There were middle-aged women, worsted by life, a bit drabbed perhaps, sensitive and apologetic, and the unforgettable well-bred girl who had sunk to the depths and done time in Bedford Reformatory, struggling to start again.

As one after another took the chair at my side, I smiled and shook hands. Some of them looked surprised. But it did no harm that I could see, and enabled me more quickly to thaw out an applicant and learn something about her. I soon found myself taking my lunch, as I had seen Miss Douglass do,

off a tray on my desk, for the lunch hour was the time when the best class of applicants came, those already in a job and seeking to better themselves.

Meantime I was getting acquainted with the company's executives, the lesser ones who headed departments. If I displayed my ignorance of business at every turn, they were tactful enough not to seem aware of it. They were furiously pressed in the wild tempo of Wall Street, all distracted with internal troubles of their own departments, without exception deathly afraid of the higher executives, and only too glad, it seemed, to find someone with whom they could talk over their problems. In hurried daily visits, now to one and then to another department, I was instructed in their respective routines so far as I was able to grasp them. In those early days in Wall Street I stood in the most profound awe of all commercial knowledge.

One morning, a few weeks after I had entered the company, I had an unexpected call from Mr. Wells, the affable gentleman who had suggested I take charge of the employment of women instead of selling bonds. He was assistant to the president, it seems, and it was the first time I had seen him since I had been taken into the organization. My heart had begun to beat fast when I saw him approach. 'How absurd!' I said to myself, but I could not help feeling agitated. Everyone around me lived in a state of constant dread.

Mr. Wells did not sit down. 'How many Remington-Wahls have we?' he asked, in a casual, pleasant enough tone.

Remington-Wahls! What in heaven's name were they? In my former protected private life I had never even heard the term.

'I don't know how many,' I was forced to answer, hoping my face was not coloring.

He started away and then came back. 'What about the Hollerith machines? Keeping them supplied? We've always had trouble getting key-punch operators.'

Hollerith machines! Key-punch operators! They might have belonged to the Neolithic Age for all the words conveyed. I do not know what I replied. Six months later I should have realized that Mr. Wells was only strolling around, asking a question here and there, to appear interested. But in those early days the nature of man in business was still as profound a mystery to me as the Remington-Wahl and the Hollerith machine.

Before seven that evening I had stuffed my unmechanical and unmathematical head with such knowledge of those machines as I could take in, and, what was more important for my purpose, had found out why it was difficult to get people to run them. Mr. Wells had done me a service.

If by day I was trying to get better acquainted with this intricate organization of which I had become a part, by night I was seeking out the theory of my job. Little had then been published on the new profession of what someone had called 'human engineering.' But this comparatively little was sufficient to keep the light above my bed burning till two or three every morning. There was so much to learn.

With what delight, then, I found that a course in Employment Management was to be given in the city, and by a group of men reputed to be authorities on the subject. It was to be an evening course, so I could avail myself of it. Believing that my position as employment manager would render me eligible, I laid my qualifications, with no misgivings, before the academic gentleman who received me. He cleared his throat. He was afraid my preparation was not adequate. I

admitted I had no degree, but my credits for college and university work were more, in the aggregate, than is necessary for a degree. When he still refused me any encouragement, I asked if I could come to hear the lectures, paying the fee, and asking for no certificate or endorsement of any kind. He was afraid not, and definitely ended all my hopes with a final dry 'Sorry!'

It was a keen blow, and I had hardly recovered from its sting when one evening, long after closing-time, Mr. Barney, staying late also, summoned me with a lift of his head. What had I done wrong? To my surprise, as I came up he blurted out: 'I want you to know we're delighted with your work. Holy Moses! The way you handle the crowd is a marvel, and everyone leaves you with a smile, whether she gets a job or not.'

Here was balm for my recent wound, but it was the English Sparrow who deserved some of the credit Mr. Barney had given me. At the end of a frantically busy Monday he had come to my desk and asked, 'Do you mind if I tell you something?'

'Why, no,' I answered, not too cordially. The little assistant chief clerk's busybody manner annoyed me when I was tired.

'I know it's none of my business,' he began, 'but you're making a lot of applicants hopping mad. You don't take 'em in order.'

'How can I, with such a mob?'

'Oh, well, it's none of my business, of course; but I thought maybe you'd like to know.'

The little whippersnapper, telling me how to run my job! I tried to dismiss the incident from my mind, but it stuck. All of a sudden, on my way home, a light broke. I *was* handling the waiting crowd badly.

Next morning I noticed my neighbor, the assistant chief clerk, fidgeting even

more than usual. It was not long till he crossed the aisle. 'I want to beg your pardon,' he started. I stopped him. 'Don't you dare! You did me a great service. I'm going to work out a system that will take care of applicants in order, or admit I'm unfit for this job.' He looked a trifle foolish as I ended warmly, 'Thank you more than I can say. I consider you my friend.'

It was the beginning of my alliance with the English Sparrow.

III

The first 'first-line' man I met was the treasurer. Mr. Barney acted as escort. It was apparent that Mr. Barney felt it was something of an event for me to meet a man of such rank. And, indeed, I felt it an event myself. The treasurer proved to be a grave bald-headed man of the fewest possible words. He indicated a chair. He did not, of course, rise to meet a mere employment manager. I have forgotten the occasion of the call. What I shall never forget is that I had great difficulty in keeping my voice from trembling as I answered the treasurer's questions or volunteered remarks. In vain I reminded myself that the treasurer was an ordinary man, by no means so distinguished as men of my social acquaintance in whose presence I had always been perfectly at my ease. What caused this difference in the way they affected me?

It was, I think, in part the solemnity with which executives in big business more or less consciously surround themselves. Part of my fright was due to my ignorance of business. Inside the International Investment Corporation it was difficult to remember that there was any important knowledge in the world except that of business. Then, besides, I had been inoculated with the all-pervasive fear that haunted every

corner of the vast building, fear of the bread line or its equivalent, fear of not measuring up, of getting 'kicked out' — a phrase I heard every day.

The president, at this time, I had only seen. I was in the domestic sales department, talking to the metropolitan sales manager about the sort of private secretary he wished me to secure. The new girl was to be as wise as Socrates, as beautiful as Cleopatra, as steady as a churchwarden. Suddenly the sales manager's eyes became riveted on the centre aisle. The air had become charged. 'Mr. Maynard,' the sales manager said in a low voice and, following his glance, I saw approaching between the marble balustrades of what was known as 'The Great White Alley' a man who suggested a lion more than any other human creature I had ever beheld. Truly magnificent!

The president fairly exuded power. 'The worst-hated man in Wall Street,' I had been told, 'the most feared, and the most admired.' I could believe it all. If I had trembled in talking to the treasurer, what should I do when I reached the formidable chief executive, if I ever did? The test soon came.

The assistant treasurer had for some time past been withholding from employees who had been discharged a certain amount due them by contract. Not all discharged employees realized that the amount was due them, but those who did began to complain to the employment department of unfair treatment. I made up my mind to go straight to the assistant treasurer, thus giving him an opportunity to change what was an illegal as well as an unfair practice. When I told him of the growing dissatisfaction with this manner of settling their final pay with employees, he laughed nervously, and admitted it was 'a thing we have been getting away with.' Just who 'we' was I did not know, and thought it unwise to

inquire. But the assistant treasurer made no promises and the practice continued. Finally I suggested to my associate, Mr. Waterman, that we lay the matter before Mr. Barney.

'Let it alone!' Mr. Waterman counseled. 'They don't expect a thing like that probed. You'll get fired for your pains, though of course on some other pretext.'

When I still urged that we should do something, Mr. Waterman, always jocular, interrupted me with a laugh: 'Not for me! You go to it, if you want to.'

Mr. Barney heard me with an expressionless face. Later in the day he suddenly appeared at my desk. 'Come with me,' he said under his breath. 'The Big Boss wants to see you.' In the anteroom outside the president's door he whispered: 'Stand your ground! Don't let them stampede you!'

Six or seven executives were sitting around in a hushed circle, among them Mr. Sydney, the assistant treasurer. None of them offered me a chair, so I crossed the Persian carpet and took the only vacant one, near the president, who was sitting behind his mahogany desk in a far corner, partly screened by a tall silver vase of pink roses and facing the open wood fire which made a bright spot in the big dusky room.

As I sat down, the president grunted out my name. Mr. Barney broke the ominous silence that followed. 'Tell Mr. Maynard,' he said, addressing me, 'what you told me.' Intent on being concise, I was free from my usual oppressive sense of fright. At the end of my recital the president roared: 'Mr. Sydney, what about it?'

The assistant treasurer got to his feet. He was a lean, refined-looking man in eyeglasses, in appearance not unlike a college professor. He was trembling like a leaf and his voice shook as he denied my allegations.

It was a veritable bellow that broke from the president this time, as he turned again to me: 'Well, now what?' I felt sorry for Mr. Sydney, but, facing him squarely, repeated our conversation in which he had admitted 'getting away' with the practice in question.

The president brought his fist down, jarring the silver vase till it threatened to topple over. 'It's the last we'll have of "getting away" with things in this place!' he shouted. 'Hear that, Sydney?'

Mr. Sydney squeaked faintly in reply. The president got up, shook hands with me, and thanked me very decently for coming. There was a twinkle in his slightly clouded eyes that showed me he rather enjoyed these scenes in which he played the devouring beast.

As Mr. Barney and I emerged into the hushed foyer of the president's suite, he clutched my arm and whispered gleefully: 'I guess they'll know you're on the map after this!'

Curiously enough, after this day in the president's office, the assistant treasurer was friendly to me as he had never been before. I wondered sometimes if he were not at heart rather grateful to me for having had a stop put to one of the practices he had fallen into — a species of petty 'dirty work' from which he must, however, have expected reward. At any rate he did me many kind services and, so far as I know, never raised a finger against me.

This meeting in the president's office marked a definite change in the manner of nearly all the upper executives. Henceforth they seemed to know I was among them. They no longer passed me in the corridor with a cool stare, but began to send for me to talk over various problems of personnel. Presently, instead of sending, they called on me. The first vice-president,

in charge of organization, became a frequent caller. Short and dark, his pugnacious face in odd contrast to the massive sloping forehead above it, his light and genial manner, masking an iron will, and his keen though merciless wit made him a man of great, if Satanic, charm. He was the one person in the organization entirely unafraid of the president, meeting the latter's theatrical rages with unruffled composure.

The first vice-president seemed to have plenty of time. He took me under his charge and I learned more from him of business structure and business psychology than I ever learned from anyone else. A fluent and diverting talker, he was the first man in the organization who seemed to realize that it was neither derogatory to his dignity nor detrimental to my work if he chatted with me sometimes about a new play, or the relative merits of Scotch and Irish terriers, thus granting me a human as well as a business status.

My fear of 'man in business' had by this time vanished. Business had ceased to be a mystery, and the executive I had daily dealings with was, after all, the same creature I had known as cousin, uncle, father, husband, or dinner partner.

The road to executive consideration was not, however, so easy as may appear. As time went on I often had calls from women who, like myself, in middle life, through financial reverses, were considering entering business. They had heard that without previous business experience I had almost immediately attained to a responsible executive position. They wanted a job like mine, and were not interested in considering anything else. By this time I had my own suite. They had been received by my secretary, had waited in the adjoining reception room, had been ushered into my private office by a page in uniform. All this was impressive.

There was a decorative quality to my job that appealed to them, and it was dignified. From their remarks it was evident that they thought it no more arduous than receiving at afternoon tea or playing hostess at the country club. They saw none of the hard, nerve-racking work behind the scenes, none of the slights I had received and was still receiving. I wondered how many of them would have cared to stand while a boor in a big position kept his back resolutely turned and barked out: 'Well, state your business! What is it?' How many of them would have cared to wait almost a year before a man whose office they entered thought of offering a chair? How many of them would have cared to fight against sneers and even insults in the hope that certain measures, which had nothing to do with their own advancement, and even threatened it, might go through?

My work, which was growing by leaps and bounds, soon included not only employment, but conferences on promotion, transfer, discharge, absence — all the problems that arise with a force of nearly two thousand employees. I was overwhelmed, and needed an assistant. But you do not get, in a business organization, merely by asking. If I needed an assistant I must fight for one. And I did.

After I had acquired capable helpers, I often visited other employment departments, sometimes employment agencies with which we had dealings, and sought to establish an entente cordiale with commercial and other schools and colleges in the city and suburbs that were sources of labor supply. There was never a lull in the rush of the day's work, never a time convenient for going; but I turned things over to my associates and went just the same. Once, when I returned, my secretary met me with a scared

look in her eyes. One of the higher executives had called during my absence. 'He seemed surprised not to find you, and asked where you were.'

Not long afterward, as I was again returning from one of these brief educational tours, I saw the first vice-president just turning away from my office. Without bothering to remove his hat, he accosted me with marked coolness: 'Been to the matinée?'

'No,' I returned, a little disturbed, but smiling at him; 'nor shopping. I've been trying to avoid a disease I find very common here.'

'A disease, eh?' He stared at me quizzically, his derby still on.

'Office blight.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'The disease that attacks men and women who never leave their desks. My job is dealing with people, an unending stream of them all day long. I must be alive. I give out — a good deal. So when I need recharging I go and get recharged, find out how I can do things better, and come back with fresh enthusiasm.'

There was a moment of silence; then the first vice-president's pugnacious face relaxed and he said with a comical look: 'Office blight has n't damaged you much yet, I should say!'

There was never afterward the least intimation from any quarter that I should not govern my time according to my own judgment. My freedom astonished and even alarmed some of the other women in the Wall Street district. One of them I saw frequently. A well-bred mature woman, always handsomely dressed, as befitted her sumptuous surroundings, she was always in a tremulous state, perpetually glancing back uneasily over one shoulder or the other. 'Oh,' she said to me one day, in a subdued, secretive voice, 'I wish I had the liberty you have! But they'd never give it to me here!'

'Give it!' I echoed laughingly. 'Is liberty ever given? Don't individuals, like nations, usually have to struggle for it?'

'You're right! You're right!' she came back, a wistful look in her fear-ridden eyes. 'But I should n't dare — I simply should n't dare do what you're doing. They'd never stand for it here. They don't fancy my visiting our own departments, much less going outside. I'm Director of Women, — we have a thousand girls in this company, — but it's only in name. You see, men don't think much of women in business, anyway, and if I asserted myself I'd simply be let out.' Then, darting at me a look almost of suspicion, she begged: 'Oh, don't ever repeat what I've said! My position is really very pleasant. I really would n't want any more responsibility than I have. After all, "Safety First," you know,' she laughed in her furtive way, as she clasped my hand in parting.

My independent attitude was looked at askance by most of the other employment managers, men and women, whom I met, and in time I was acquainted with the employment representatives of nationally known concerns from coast to coast. Counting out a notable score or so, which included the forceful, courageous, often brilliant labor-managers in the clothing industry, their attitude was one of blind subservience to the higher powers in the concerns they represented. They actually resented the suggestion that one of their functions was to discover better ways of dealing with the enlisted personnel of their companies. It was disloyal, they considered, to assume that their business superiors ever made mistakes.

No shock I received in the business world was so great as my shock on discovering the personnel of personnel men. These were the men, then, to

whom Big Business had delegated its intricate human side — the ragtag and bobtail among minor executives, or else arrogant, high-power men committed in advance, willy-nilly, to the employer's point of view.

IV

In spite of the extension of my job in other directions, to find new sources of labor and to winnow the human material that daily poured through the employment department continued to occupy much of my time. But it was gratifying when department heads began more and more to say: 'You employ the girls. I don't want to see them in advance. I'd rather you'd pick them. All I want is some more workers like the last.'

There were, of course, all sorts of special problems. For instance, the assistant treasurer, Mr. Sydney, could never keep a secretary. One of those men unable to delegate work, he was perpetually swamped, stayed late every evening, and expected his secretary to do so. Secretaries seldom remained with him longer than three weeks. His work was a very important part of the great organization and these constant changes were most upsetting. I began to ask girls whom I was interviewing for the job whether they minded working after hours habitually and Saturday afternoons as well. One was found, at last, who minded nothing, so long as she could advance. But she was a stodgy, oldish young woman, and the assistant treasurer declared it was impossible for him to dictate to so homely a person! There remained nothing to do, I assured him in a spirit of fun, but to reform his bad office-habits. And to this tremendous undertaking I had the temerity to address myself, not without a degree of success.

Middle-aged women were at all

times among our applicants. There were clerical positions in the company, such as filing, that these women, if they were unqualified for higher work, could fill more acceptably than the average girl in her teens. Their greater steadiness, day in, day out, made up for their lack of speed. Everywhere, however, I met the same objection when I suggested one of them to fill a vacancy: 'No elderly woman for me! You can't bawl 'em out!' So when I did, after a while, persuade some of the more open-minded department-heads to try workers of this age, I warned the women in advance not to show resentment if they were 'bawled out.' If they could take correction gracefully, they would hold their jobs. And every one of them who did so helped another woman of the same age to get a job.

But if there were objections to the middle-aged woman, so were there to the frivolous young thing in her teens on whom such an amazing proportion of the routine work of the company fell. I recall an energetic young executive coming to me one morning, his face flushed, and in a towering rage. 'I'm through with Miss Tate! Little fool does nothing but fix her hair. Made a mistake yesterday that may cost the company thousands — may cost me my job. Fire her or what you please, but take her off my hands!'

There were evenings, as I made my way up Wall Street, when I felt like an executioner. I should hardly have been surprised to find my wrists dripping with the blood of my victims. We always set the employment department machinery to work in their behalf, a service touchingly appreciated, and one that I felt was not purely sentimental but perfectly 'sound business,' for employers regarded as undesirable are 'blacklisted' among workers to no less extent than workers are 'blacklisted' among employers.

One of our frequent callers in the employment department was the girl who wanted a job, but just could n't work under a woman. This ungallant proviso in regard to her own sex often proceeded from coquetry. By disparaging women she sought to flatter men. But usually it betrayed the slacker, who had found from her own or others' experience that it was easier to 'get away' with things under the average man than under the average woman executive.

On the other hand, cases of friction between men executives and girl workers were of daily occurrence. I remember one case in particular. A young man, looked upon as a 'rising fellow,' had been given a sort of roving commission to increase efficiency in any department where he saw a lack of it. As a first step, he proposed to conserve space, always at a premium. In one department, where wide-carriage typewriters were used, he had the commodious desks on which they rested replaced by narrow tables. This change was effected on a Sunday. Even the supervisor knew nothing of it until she arrived on Monday morning.

A murmur arose. The old desks had suited the girls exactly. They could not work so rapidly at the new ones, which were inconvenient and uncomfortable. They begged the young man to give them back their old desks. He heard them politely, but would not agree to do so. When the girls failed, I tried to make him see things as they did. But I too failed utterly. I think he felt that his prestige was involved and that he could not afford to admit he had made a mistake.

Operators began to leave. But the large sales-sheets, on which the higher executives depended for their guidance, must be ready promptly. Pressure was put upon the supervisor, which she in turn put upon the girls. More oper-

ators left. Finally the supervisor herself handed in her resignation.

'If only he'd talked to me before he made the change,' was her parting lament. Tears stood in her eyes. 'I could have told him it would n't do. What the girls hate the worst in those new desks is that there aren't any drawers in them — no place to put things away — their purse and handkerchief and powder, maybe a magazine, a box of candy or something — *you know* —'

Yes, I knew. The outcome was that, after a long battle, the old desks were put back, but not till the department had been so demoralized that it did not run smoothly for a year afterward. Here was support to the contention of Frances Perkins, the first woman Industrial Commissioner of New York State, that it is less wasteful for business to adapt itself to women workers than to await the slow process of women workers adapting themselves to business.

There was the case of the auditor — inconsiderate to the last degree and grossly overworking every girl who came under his dominion. The girls left as soon as they could find jobs elsewhere, or stayed till they became nervous wrecks. So many of them were breaking that I ventured to call upon him. Wheeling in his chair, a heavy, flabby man with a swarthy expressionless face, he blurted out: 'I don't give a damn what happens to these girls! Let 'em break! Throw 'em on the dump-heap! There's plenty more where they come from.'

It was not more brutal than other executive admissions I had heard, but it was the most ruffianly in manner I had ever encountered. What struck me, however, was not so much the auditor's uncouth behavior as his Southern accent and inflection. He was a native, perhaps, of my own state;

at any rate, of a section where chivalry to women amounts to a cult. *What* women? It was apparent he had classed me with all other women who work for their living and had treated me accordingly. Would he have addressed his wife, his sister, or a social acquaintance in the tone he used for me? Would he ever have thought of his own daughter as a creature to be damned and thrown on the dump-heap?

Providence removed the auditor during an influenza epidemic not long after my visit to him. The unconcealed gayety that met the announcement of his sudden taking-off was something too terrible to behold.

But the outstanding discontent was due to the wages paid. They were so notoriously low as to have gained for the company the name of 'the Slaughterhouse.' Yet only capable workers, refined and well dressed, were desired. To secure this sort the company traded to some extent on its prestige.

The turnover was shockingly high. On our own initiative Mr. Waterman and I prepared monthly reports showing the number leaving and the reasons therefor. Practically all left for higher wages. The executives to whom we sent the turnover report received it with irritation, but they read it.

Wage increases, such as they were, were granted only at arbitrary periods, January and July. They were determined by a conclave anxious to get away to more congenial pursuits, golf or the 'Follies,' according to the season. It was a joke among the executives that on these fatiguing occasions they began to grant the small yearly advances to names beginning with A on the list of employees, worked through to the K's or perhaps to the N's, — determined by the lateness of the hour or the thickness of the cigar-smoke, — and then adjourned. Miss Perry in the P's, igno-

rant of executive procedure, wondered indignantly why she had been overlooked again this year. Mr. Smythe in the S's ate his heart out in silence when he found his loyalty and industry and accuracy again unrewarded. There was nothing personal in these omissions, but a list of almost two thousand was very long to go over when limousines were waiting below.

One morning I sought Mr. Barney. 'Well, what now?' was his salutation, with an obviously painful effort to smile. I went over the usual difficulty. 'Do you realize,' I asked, 'that it is utterly impossible for a girl to live in New York on what we pay for —'

'Rot!' he broke in. 'Don't give me any "living-wage" stuff! That Bolshevism won't go in this place!'

'Bolshevism' was just at that time gaining a place in the executive vocabulary, a useful word to apply to any sort of protest on the part of employees, or in their behalf.

'Well,' I said, forcing a light laugh, 'I suppose the thing to do, then, is frankly to admit we're a parasitic business.'

'Parasitic! What the hell's that?' He liked to learn, Mr. Barney. A word new to him was sure to arrest his attention.

'Any business that does n't pay enough for its employees to live on is parasitic. It feeds on the community. You pay, I pay, somebody pays, the difference between what it costs them to live and what they draw as wages.'

'Oh, that's highbrow stuff,' he objected, with a slight scowl.

At the end of our talk, Mr. Barney went so far as to admit that he knew the wages were entirely too low. But what was he to do? He could n't approach the Big Boss.

But I did n't stop. It was not business etiquette to go over Mr. Barney's head, but in view of the critical situa-

tion I felt the step justified when I tackled next the first vice-president.

'Shall we advertise,' I asked him, though not, certainly, with a serious face, 'for young men and women enjoying a private income? We might state that the company will be proud to receive applications from parties supported from other sources, as the company feels that the distinction of working for it should be sufficient reward in itself!'

The first vice-president grinned. 'Sit down and make me a visit,' he invited. 'This thing of wages — well, nobody knows anything about wages. "The Theory of Wage Payment," and all that sort of bunk — sounds well, does n't it? But who knows what factors should enter into wage payment?'

'You grant the matter's important.'

'Wage theories differ,' he stated, and began to expound them at some length.

'But in this company,' I interposed at last, 'there's not even a theory.'

'Oh, yes.'

I repeated laughingly the early advice given me: "'Get everybody as cheap as you can." If you add,' I continued, "'and hold them as cheap as you can," you have this company's policy as nearly as I can make it out.'

'Exactly!' he agreed, to my surprise; and, with the utmost good-humor, went on: 'Now I'll tell you something for your edification. To keep our first-line men, men capable of running a business like this, we have to let them dip their fingers pretty deep into the pot. So we shave the only thing we can shave — the wages bill.'

'I see.'

The subject of wages had at least been dragged into the open where it could be discussed.

I kept firing away on the same line. Executives began to listen with less irritation, and finally the fact that so many good workers were leaving the

company for better wages reached the president. The president was something more than magnificent sound and fury. At once he appointed a salary committee, which was to meet monthly and give serious attention to the wages being paid, and was empowered to grant increases as seemed advisable. The announcement of this committee was the most satisfactory moment I had known since I entered the company.

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It might seem that the chief troubles of the employment department were over. But it was strongly against the inclination of the salary committee to increase the pay roll. Mr. Waterman and I, meeting with the committee in an advisory capacity, were forced into the position of advocates. Late into the night, sweltering New York summer nights, meetings in the Board room went on. Blood was drawn, perhaps, on both sides. But I never felt more friendly toward the executives composing the salary committee than after such a battle, once the smoke had cleared away.

I had come to be a part, however small, of this high-power organization. I liked its speed, the stir and excitement of life in the Street; I liked these doughty fighting men with whom I did battle. Irascible, curt at times, fallen into selfish cold-blooded practices, there was fine human stuff in most of them, none the less. I had had an offer from a well-known company in up-State New York. But my future here in Wall Street was perhaps as good as anywhere else. Why should I leave? Up-State New York was an unknown country. A manufacturing concern had made me the offer. It would take me into a broader field, be a bigger position, and I wanted the industrial experience. I was still torn between desire to stay

and desire to leave when Mr. Barney sent for me.

'We've given Waterman notice,' he announced in a subdued voice.

I was not altogether surprised. 'Mr. Waterman is well liked by the employees,' I started, and urged everything I could think of in his behalf.

Mr. Barney made no response. He looked at me directly and, still in a low voice, said, 'I've got something to tell you, too.'

My heart jumped. It was n't the same thing that they had against Mr. Waterman, I knew that. I had been active. Far too aggressive — there was the trouble; too aggressive in behalf of the employees. The blood rushed to my face, and through my mind flashed the procession of girls to whom I had played executioner. I had thought I knew before how they felt, but I only realized now. The up-State offer was still open; but to leave voluntarily was one thing, to be 'fired' quite another!

'Mr. Barney,' I said, smiling faintly, 'if my head's to come off too, let's have it done merrily. Chop away!'

Mr. Barney's face was suddenly transformed by his irresistible boyish smile. 'You!' he exclaimed. And then he informed me that my salary had been almost doubled. 'And, by Jove, you've earned it!' he ended.

How big-spirited he was! I had not been easy, I knew, to drive in harness, as his subordinate; I had angered him more than once by kicking over the traces. But he had worked for my advancement, rejoiced in it.

The advancement itself was more than gratifying. It was revealing. I had opposed many things I found in the company, and my opposition had met the most stubborn resistance on the part of the executives. Yet they had just

placed the unmistakable seal of their approval on my services.

Their generosity made it harder than ever for me to think of leaving. But the question of Mr. Waterman's successor arose. I urged Mr. Barney now to give me charge of the men's as well as the women's employment department. There should be but one head.

'The Big Boss is for your doing it,' Mr. Barney admitted. So it had been considered! 'But some of the others are opposed. They'll never agree to it. It is n't that they think you could n't do it, but they're afraid it would injure our prestige to have it known a woman was interviewing men for us. They're afraid the right sort would n't apply.'

The matter was settled, I could see, and not to be reopened. In the end it was the issue that decided me to go.

When the day of my leaving arrived, a young girl whom I did not know was waiting outside my office door to stop me breathlessly: 'I work in the record department. Someone just told me you were going. Oh, I hope it is n't so! Seems as if you were the mother of us all!'

The mother! How proud I was that any of them had thought of me in that way! More than ever I felt like a deserter. And some of the old fears began to assail me again. I voiced them to an old family friend, a very old man, but still in active business, wise, full of humor and understanding.

'My dear lady,' he said, 'you have passed your novitiate'; and then, his faded old eyes twinkling, 'you have cut your teeth in Wall Street — the hardest place in the country. You have nothing to fear up-State!'

My wise old friend, however, proved but an indifferent prophet. The real struggles began for me in the years that followed.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT AND THE INFIDEL

BY HENRY R. MURPHY

TALAS, TURKEY
July 26, 1922

DEAR FAMILY: —

At last I've had the great experience; and such an experience as it was! All my life I have yearned to have something unusual happen to me, and yet it never happened, save in my imagination. Surely, I thought, in Turkey it must happen. A year and a half passed, however, and I began to think that I was one of those prosaic souls doomed to go through life unthrilled; but fortune — or Kismet, as we say out here — had better things in store for me.

You know, we have two orphanages 'way up in the Bozuk region, one at Yozghadt, and one at Keskin Madine. For almost two years no American has been permitted to visit these orphanages, and we had been getting such poor reports that we wondered just what was happening up there.

Last spring the bandit leader, Topal Osman, and his army stormed the town, and during the fighting two of our workers were killed and several children were injured. After that the military decided to take our buildings for barracks, and so the native director, Budvelie Toros, had to move his five hundred boys and girls to a dirty, tumble-down old shack.

While conditions at Keskin were not so bad, still it is a very unsettled region and we were in constant fear as to what might happen.

Over a month ago permission was granted by Angora for Miss L—— and me to make an inspection trip and to

move the children to Cæsarea if we saw fit. It was a glorious trip. For hours we followed along the Kuzil Irmak River, and from reeds growing near the banks Hasan, our driver, would stir up great flocks of storks.

We climbed high hills to a plateau region, scattered over which were numerous little villages or hamlets with only five or six houses made of mud brick. The people all came out from the fields or houses to speak to us — a very friendly, kindly people they were. On we went until we came to the town of Boghoslian, where we formerly had a thousand children.

In pre-war days, Boghoslian had been a rich, thriving city, populated mostly by Armenians. That whole region, which is known out here as the Bozuk or wild country, supplied a large portion of the wheat of Anatolia. There are tremendous stretches of open plains and of low rolling hills. The Turks saw the Armenian farmers of the Bozuk growing rich as the result of their labors in the wheat fields, so they decided in 1916, while the massacres were taking place, to get rid of these Armenians and to take the fields for themselves. So one fine morning the women and children were deported, while the men and older boys were surrounded by gendarmes, taken to a near-by valley, and massacred.

Four and a half years later I am in this valley. As we approached it I said, 'Look, we must be coming to a village, for here is a great watermelon patch.' Miss L—— replied, 'Wait.' As we

drove nearer I discovered what a gruesome mistake I had made — the 'watermelons' proved to be human skulls, and the 'vines' were the bones not yet buried.

The Turks have never done one thing in this great, rich, productive Bozruk region. There are some two hundred deserted villages and thousands of acres of tillable land all uncared for, growing to weeds. Such a crime! While parts of the world are starving for lack of bread, this region has been viciously depopulated and wonderful tracts of land now lie fallow. The Turk, the Turk, will he never learn? The Turkish peasant is so kindly, so docile; the Turkish official so cruel, so domineering. Had the peasant only some of the dominating qualities of the official, and had the official only some of the kindly qualities of the peasant, what a rich, respected, and progressive country Turkey might be! However, we all have hopes that Mustapha Kemal Pasha will right the errors of Turkey, though he has an awful hill to hoe.

We spent one night at a *Cherkez* (Circassian) village. As we rode up to the largest of the mud huts a girl came running out to see us. The Cherkez women are not so particular about veiling as are other Moslem women, so we were not surprised when she rushed forward to greet us, face exposed; but we were somewhat surprised when she grabbed Miss L—— and hugged her. She proved to be a Christian girl who had been in the Mission School under Miss L—— before the war. At the time of the massacres the chief of this Cherkez village took her to his home to protect her. He was a good man and later married her, and they had a child. After the war, when the Allies ordered Moslems to release all Christian girls who had been forced to marry against their will, he offered her her freedom, but she decided to stay with him so

as not to be separated from her child.

She ushered us into her home and called her husband, who greeted us cordially. At dinner that evening, quite contrary to the usual custom, the girl ate with her husband and with the guests. As we sat down, the chief murmured his Moslem prayer, with one hand extended palm up to catch the blessings of Allah, and the other hand behind him, palm down, to dispense a share of his blessings to others. When he had said Amen, he turned to his Armenian wife and said, 'Now you may say your Christian prayer.' This was most unusual, but the girl assured us that her husband had always permitted her to repeat her Christian grace after he had finished his. A pretty tolerant type of a man, was n't he?

Except for this little incident, our trip to Yozghadt was uneventful. Late one afternoon we rolled to the top of a mountain to see on one side of us the most gorgeous of sunsets, a riot of gay color; and on the other side, miles down below it seemed, lay the town of Yozghadt, clad in evening mist, peaceful and quiet. Down, down, down we went, bumping over the rocky road to the village, then along the main street, all shut up for the night, to the orphanage.

Early the next morning we paid our respects to the governor, who was cordial and offered us all possible aid. After coffee, cigarettes, and the exchange of numerous compliments, we told the Mutasarif — *Mutasarif* means 'governor' — that we wanted to move the children to Cæsarea, and he consented. We immediately, thereupon, set to work helping Budvelie get the five hundred children ready for the trip to Cæsarea. This required several days, but finally we got them all off, and were ready to go on to Keskin.

There are two roads to Keskin, one much traveled and not very interesting,

a second but little used, in very bad condition, but extremely interesting, as it leads through the old Hittite capital. Of course we wanted to go by the latter route, so we applied to the Mutasarif for permission. He hesitated, then told us that it was dangerous, that there were innumerable bandits in that region, but that if we would take a gendarme along with us he would consent. Of course we agreed, thinking that it was just a ruse on the part of the governor to get a special job and a little baksheesh for some friend of his in the gendarmerie. Our own driver, upon hearing where we were going, told us that he had a sick relative and must return at once, so we had to find a new wagon and driver. Several drivers refused to make the trip, some giving the bad condition of the roads as their excuse, others saying it was too hard on their horses, still others — and these we now know were the more truthful — confessing that they feared the brigands.

Our host begged us not to go, but we were determined. Finally we found a Cherkez lad with a rickety old araba (native wagon) who agreed to take us. Early the following morning we left Yozghadt, comfortably settled in our wagon, attended by a gendarme. The trip to Boghazkeuy, the little village built on the ruins of the old Hittite city of Pteria, was glorious. We climbed almost straight up at times, and from the mountaintops enjoyed marvelous views.

Late in the afternoon, while walking along a very bad stretch of road in order to ease up on the horses, we met two men who claimed that they had just been robbed. Judging from their looks, they had n't been robbed of much, so we put but little stock in their story, thinking they were just trying to arouse our sympathy and get a few piastres baksheesh. On this

whole trip from Yozghadt we passed just one village.

We pushed on for about an hour, and saw Boghazkeuy 'way down in the valley. The peasants were coming in from the fields — the men in true Oriental style, riding along on their little spindle-legged donkeys; the women tagging on behind with a load of brush balanced on their heads and a child or two hanging on to their skirts.

Long before we reached the valley the peasants had faded away into the haze and smoke surrounding the little village. Finally we approached the town, and lo! it was entirely enclosed within a great wall of mud brick, ten or twelve feet high. We drove up to a gate heavily studded with iron bolts and beat a tattoo thereon. Soon a little slot in the gate was opened, a head appeared, and we were asked what we wanted. Miss L——, fluent in Turkish, replied that we were travelers and wanted to know where we might find the nearest khan. The face disappeared, the slot in the gate was shut; we waited. The man returned and advised us that there was no khan near by, but the Bey would consider it an honor to entertain the travelers with such poor hospitality as he could offer.

This, of course, was what we wanted, and we accepted. Then the great gates were thrown open and we were bowed in. The Bey, a fine-looking man, stepped forward to greet us; servants helped us to alight, then took the driver, gendarme, and wagon away. Other servants brought us coffee, and we sat on low stone benches covered with rugs, by the side of a small mud pond. Coffee and exchange of compliments finished, the Bey conducted us to his home and gave us a beautiful room, very large, with many windows facing out in three directions. The stone floor was covered with *kelims*; the stone walls were hung with beautiful Oriental

rugs; the low *sadirs* or divans which ran around three sides of the room under the windows were thick with still more rugs. After the fashion of the land, there was not a single piece of furniture. Men servants — for that is all you ever find — brought us great brass basins and tall graceful pitchers of water, that we might clean up, and towels with wonderfully fine old Turkish embroidery.

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Of course word was quickly circulated that the Bey was entertaining foreign visitors, so as we passed through the streets we were the objects of most respectful curiosity — for the Bey rules with an iron hand, and woe to him who should molest or annoy his guests.

Hunger called and we returned to our palatial quarters to await the meal which was being prepared. Would it never come? A full day out in the open air with only a few hard, dry biscuits tends to create an appetite. At last we heard the pitapat of barefooted servants approaching. One appeared, clad in great, full, black *shalvars* (native pants), a bright-red girdle, a red-flannel jacket, and a red fez wound with a yellow turban. He bore a low stool and placed it on the floor in front of us, legs up. A second servant, clad exactly like the first, brought in a huge copper tray which he placed on the upturned legs of the stool. A third, who looked exactly like the other two, appeared, bearing a large copper bowl of soup and a pile of *tandur ekmek*. This *tandur ekmek* is bread baked in sheets about the thickness of heavy wrapping-paper and about a foot and a half in diameter. There were no spoons, knives, or forks, so we rolled our bread into cornucopias and scooped the soup out of the common bowl. Such soup as did n't run up our sleeves we ate from our improvised spoons, and that which

did gravitate toward our elbows we absorbed.

After the soup came chicken, the most delicious young chicken fried in deep fat that I ever ate. For over a year, you know, I have been strictly vegetarian, but I broke all my dietetic rules and regulations and ate every last shred of the chicken. My, it was good!

For dessert they brought on *yourt* and rich *pekmez*. *Yourt* is sweet milk specially inoculated with bacteria which turn it sour to the consistency of a custard. When made from rich milk it can be far more delicious than ice cream. *Pekmez* is like molasses, but is made from grapes instead of sugar cane.

Dinner over, the servants cleared away the tray and stool, the Bey appeared, coffee and cigarettes were brought on, and we chatted. Matches are an unknown quantity in these interior towns. A little brass bowl is filled with hot coals; this is passed around and each person lights his cigarette from the live coals. When we had sipped our coffee to the grounds, all the men of the village entered, each making three deep salaams, one for the Bey and one for each of the guests. The old and middle-aged men of the town occupied the places on the *sadirs* around the room and the young men hung about the doorway.

The only news these people have of the outside world is derived from the none too frequent travelers who stop there for the night. Hour after hour they kept us talking. Miss L——, who had to do most of the talking, grew hoarser and hoarser, and I became sleepier and sleepier. A long day, riding from before sunrise until after sunset, a hearty meal, and hours of conversing in a foreign tongue in a smoke-filled room, are enough to make the most active person weary; so we begged for permission to retire.

The Bey apologized profusely for

keeping us up. He clapped his hands, and the servants appeared with the bedding. One servant toted in a mattress covered with red silk; a second bore a quilt covered with pink and much lace; a third struggled with a heap of pillows of various bright hues. The bed was spread on the floor and we were invited to retire. We were then put to the embarrassment of explaining that we were not married and wanted separate beds.

This caused great consternation. 'Not married!' 'Well, where are your respective husband and wife?' 'What is the matter with you, anyway — as old as you are and not married?' 'What strange people these Americans are!' '*Aman!*' '*Aman!*' from each of the men present. (*Aman* is an exclamation of surprise.)

Into a near-by, dirty little stone room were pitched a few forkfuls of straw, and on this was spread a coarse blanket. Again it was announced that we might retire, so I headed for the pile of straw, leaving the bed of silk and lace for Miss L—. 'But no,' said the Bey. 'The bed of straw is for the *khanoum* (lady); the silk bed is for the *effendi* (man).' We expostulated, saying that we did n't do things thus. Finally, with a shrug of the shoulders, he consented, feeling more assured than ever that foreigners have the strangest of customs. The party divided, part remaining to see Miss L— safely tucked in, and part coming to help me to get settled for the night.

When they were assured of Miss L—'s comfort, and after they had seen me 'hit the hay' (literally speaking), they departed and we went off to sleep. But not for long; insects too well known to those of us who have been in the East, and known to a few people in America as 'bedbugs,' began to drop from the ceiling, to come up out of the floor, to generate spontaneously in

the air, in the straw, on the blankets.

By three o'clock in the morning I was so bitten up that I could scarcely bend my arms or legs. As I lay there in my agony, a description I had read of life in the English court at the time of Queen Elizabeth came to me, in which the author told of the grand finery, beautifully liveried servants, fine foods, dirt, bugs, and filth all mixed together. I could n't suppress a laugh, which made me feel better and brought to my mind the mud pond.

What a glorious thought! I crept stealthily out of the house to the pond. A sudden splash broke the quiet of the night, and I sat up to my neck in water cooling and refreshing to an itching body. After I had been there some few minutes, I heard footsteps and I thought it was the Bey himself — that he had discovered I was missing from my bed and so was searching for me. I tried to think up a suitable excuse to offer him, but none came to my mind. Then the reeds parted and lo! Miss L— splashed into the pond. She in her grand silk bed with lace and satin coverlets was as badly chewed up as I had been. So there we sat and laughed and talked until the stars faded and dawn streaked the eastern sky.

That day we spent investigating the old Hittite ruins. I know practically nothing of the Hittites save that they are mentioned in the Bible, that their history is obscure, and that the Armenians are thought by some to be descended from them. As yet no archaeologist has succeeded in deciphering their written language, and what little is known of them is derived from the Egyptian records.

We found the foundations of an old palace, enormous in area and with tremendous blocks of granite used in the base of the building. At the entrance, on either side, are two great lions carved from solid blocks. It made

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us both feel uncanny to be standing at the entrance to a building thousands of years old. What a story those lions would have told us could we have only applied the magic touch necessary for loosening their tongues!

Zia Bey was under the impression that the German excavators had told him that the Hittites had two capitols, one the winter headquarters at Carchemish in northern Syria, and the second, for the summer, at Boghazkeuy. The Hittites were of Mongol origin, so Zia claimed — and rightly, I should say, judging from the features we saw carved on the rocks. In some of the reliefs we could even make out pigtailed hanging down their backs.

We poked about and found more ruins which the Bey told us were thought to be temples, walls of a fortress, and a theatre. At the temples we saw great clay jars, larger than anything Ali Baba and his forty thieves ever hid in. These were probably for storing sacrificial wine. They were eighteen to twenty feet high, and at the height of my shoulders were eight yards in circumference.

In the afternoon we walked out to a group of carvings on a stone cliff. The cliff had been leveled off and in bas-relief a procession of about a hundred figures was carved. The relief seems to represent two different groups — one of Hittites, dressed in short tunics to their knees, with shoes turned up at the toes, high, pointed hats, and unpleasant faces, bearing gifts to a second group, dressed differently, with features slightly more pleasing. Zia Bey said that there was much discussion by the excavators as to whether the relief represented the marriage of the god of war to the mother goddess, or whether it represented the union of a Hittite princess with an Egyptian ruler. If the latter, then my dusky Hittite princess is the mother-in-law of Tutankhamen.

After another night in our respective chambers of horror, we started for Keskin bright and early. Our host, Zia Bey, gave us an escort of six men to make sure that we took the right track at the crossroads some twenty minutes away. After an exchange of many pretty greetings and compliments, we bade the Bey '*Kosh ja kaliniz*' (Live on in peace) and he bade us '*Selament ile*' (May you journey in peace), and we departed. At the junction of the roads, the escort pointed out a steep and little-used track up over the hill, salaamed, and left us to our fate.

We worked our way up the steep hill until we came to a shelf-like ledge, to the left of which the hill dropped at a tremendously steep angle to a dry river-bed below; to the right it sheered up to an almost perpendicular cliff. From the wall above great chunks of stone had fallen out and were obstructing the road. All that morning the gendarme had been taking pop shots at the numerous rabbits we had seen along the road, so when we were winding our way in and out among the fallen rocks we were not surprised to hear the reports of a rifle, but we did think that the gendarme might have chosen a less precarious spot to do his shooting. Then of a sudden more shots rang out, a couple of bullets whizzed over our wagon, and our driver flopped over backward on top of us, gesticulating and howling.

We peered out from under our canopy to see what was going on and realized that from the tops of all the surrounding rocks guns were aimed at us. Slowly heads, hooded in *bashlyks* (native headgear resembling woolen hockey-caps with long tails which are wound around the face from chin to eye), appeared above the guns. Keeping us all well covered, two of the bandits took the gendarme in hand,

relieving him of his gun, cartridge belt, knife, and horse.

We — or rather Miss L——, who speaks Turkish like a native — protested vigorously, 'We are *Inglise*,' to which they replied with a shrug of the shoulders. 'We are friends and recent guests of Zia Bey,' Miss L—— continued, 'and you all know what will happen to you if he hears of anyone molesting his friends.' They replied briefly that they had no fear of our good Zia, and paid no further attention to what we had to say; so we subsided while they conferred in low whispers. The conference over, they took the horses by the bridle and led us over the nearly perpendicular cliff to the river-bed below. I never came so near dying of fright in my life as I did on that trip down; it seemed as though we must go rolling cart over horse to a most unseemly and untimely end, but Allah willed it not so, and we reached the bottom uninjured, save for aching toes due to the curling process they had gone through on the descent.

The *chetties* drove our poor horses up the dry river-bed for miles. It was hard work for the beasts, dragging our heavy cart, loaded, through all that loose rock which composed the river-bed, and when they stopped for breath the bandits would beat them with the butts of their rifles. We wanted to get out and thus lighten the load, but permission was not granted; in fact we were most unceremoniously driven back into the wagon, just as the horses were forced to go on and on up the river-bed. Up and up we went, through a narrow pass where the water must rush with a terrific current in the springtime, and on to the den of these Anatolian Robin Hoods. In addition to the six men who had actually held us up on the hillside, we had gathered along the way seven other men who had been posted as guards and lookouts. Every precaution

had been taken — they felt that here was a worth-while find.

Upon arrival at their den, which was a sort of amphitheatre in a sand-bank, around the top of which were erected brush shelters, Miss L—— inquired icily as to who they might be and what they might want of us. It seems that they were *karchaks*, or deserters from the army, and that they wanted '*Kurmizur para*' — red money, gold. We replied that, knowing the reputation of the road, we had no '*kurmizur para*' with us. 'Oh yes,' they replied, 'Americans always have gold — much of it.' It was useless to argue with them.

They were evidently new at this hold-up business and did n't know just how to go about getting the gold. They decided that probably the gendarme had it, so he was stripped of all but his underwear and his woolen girdle — with no results. Well, then the *arabadje* (driver) must have it, so he was stripped of all but his underwear and a very ragged old coat, and still no gold. A third guess was that it must be hidden in the wagon, in the bags, or perhaps among the blankets, or even in our mattresses. Thereupon they set to work to dismantle the araba. Next they took our mattresses and blankets, feeling very sure that they would find their fortunes hidden there. In among the blankets they came upon two magazines, one a *Cosmopolitan* with a picture on the cover of a girl clad in an abbreviated bathing-suit just about to dive into the briny deep; the other an *Atlantic Monthly*. After looking the two magazines over, one of the *karchaks* showed his discriminating taste by shoving the *Cosmopolitan* into his pocket and throwing the *Atlantic* back at us.

Not finding gold anywhere in the araba, they decided it must be on me. I was not at all willing to lose my outfit, but as they were thirteen to two and were all armed we decided it was the

better part of valor to comply with their demands. By the time they had worked me into this submissive frame of mind, they had taken my hat and were tugging at my boots. In the *mêlée* I had hidden my watch in my boots, so of course I made it as difficult as possible to remove them. As the second boot came off, my watch dropped into the sand unnoticed by them. I put my foot over it, but in the task of getting my coat from me my foot was dislodged, and one bright-eyed young rascal spotted the gold case and pocketed it for himself when his companions were not looking. Then in my trouser pockets — the pants were Dad's old army breeches and were mended and darned and patched until they resembled one of Grandma's patchwork quilts; these the chetties had n't the least desire to possess, as their own were better — they found a jackknife Uncle Frank and Aunt Mabel had given me years ago. They were delighted with this good *inglise* knife and fought for the possession of it. In my coat pocket they found the equivalent of six or seven dollars, which was all the money we had with us, and all of our notes. We hated to lose these, as we needed them in writing up the report of our trip when we returned to Cæsarea.

For a while they considered searching Miss L——, but she soon put a stop to such ideas by calling to their minds what respect is due a woman according to their religion. Her words, together with concerted action on the part of the driver, gendarme, and myself, made them reconsider. They were disgruntled to think that there was no gold, but — 'Kismet.' It was boiling hot, just at noontime, there in the sand pit, so we crawled into the araba. The men wrangled and fought over the division of the booty; the temperature crawled higher and higher, and finally I dozed off. An hour or two later, when I came

to, I peered out toward the brush shacks to see the thirteen guns all aimed at us and each gun manned by a wide-awake chetty. Upon my showing signs of life, the little whippersnapper who had stolen my watch came down and began to talk with us. He tried to snatch my glasses and blew smoke at Miss L——. Finally, when I could stand it no longer, I hit him a good whack. He pulled out a vicious-looking dirk and said he would murder us. We did n't fear him in the least, because he was young and had no authority, though plenty of cheek. Miss L—— called him an '*alchak*' (a term not usually used by missionary ladies), then picked up the *Atlantic* they had left us and proceeded to read. The young chetty, a bit abashed, fingered his knife and swore quietly; so I turned to join Miss L——, and what do you suppose she was reading? Vernon Kellogg's article on 'The Biologist Speaks of Death.'

All afternoon we read, and by sunset we began to feel famished, having had nothing but excitement since leaving the Bey's home early in the morning; so we called for food. One of the chetties, a great overgrown lad about twice my size, appeared wearing my coat, the funniest sight yet. The waistline was just a little below his shoulders, and the sleeves were halfway up to his elbows. He brought a few sheets of native bread and a can of Campbell's tomato soup, the latter from our supplies. As he gave me this, he slipped me my keys and said he wanted to return the knife, which had fallen to him, but his companions would not let him. He was a nice lad and very pleasant. As we talked with him we opened the can of soup, smeared it cold on our bread, and devoured it to the last crumb and drop. If you want a new and tasty hot-weather supper, just try this sometime.

As it grew later and later, we began

to fear that they intended to hold us for ransom; but from a distant lookout came a signal and we were ordered to get into the araba, the gendarme and driver were pushed in on top of us, and we were told to 'Haidygit'—to 'beat it.' They struck our horses and sent us flying down the river-bed.

After racing along for half an hour, we noticed a path leading across the river, so we turned off and followed it until we came to a little Turkish village. Everything was quiet; a moon was just coming up in back of a distant row of poplar trees whose upper branches seemed to be supporting the skies. A brook which ran through the town was a shimmering ribbon.

The houses were cavelike rooms dug into the hillside. The road led over the roofs of some of the houses, so the rumbling of our araba awakened the occupants. They opened little trapdoors in the roof and poked out their heads. We inquired for the chief of the village, who shortly after presented himself. We told our story. The chief listened attentively, expressing regrets that we had been so treated and offering sympathy at our losses. Then he noticed that I was shivering in my near-nakedness, so he gave me his coat. It was made of rough wool with a complete inner lining of fleas. In about five minutes' time I was so hot that I was able to return the jacket to its owner. In the meantime the village elders assembled, wrinkled old men clad in shalvars and bright jackets. To them we told our story, and they heaped curses on the robbers' heads, after which they called the younger men of the village, and again we told our tale.

While we were repeating our story, the *chavoursh* (village chief) had ordered supper prepared. When it appeared, never did eggs fried in deep fat, fresh milk, fried native bread, and yourt with pekmez look so good. When we

had eaten to capacity, they asked us for news, so again we sat and told what we knew of America and Europe, and of the price of wheat in Cæsarea. The *chavoursh*, noticing our weariness, invited us to share his accommodations, so we left the roof, where we had eaten and talked, and went down into his dugout.

In the middle of a mud floor, some twenty-five feet square, a fire smoldered. Such smoke as could escaped through the trapdoor in the roof, but for the most part the smoke seemed to prefer to remain in the room. On one side of the fire was spread straw, and huddled together in a dark corner were the womenfolk of the house; on the other side of the fire were the cows, sheep, goats, and donkey of the owner. We were invited to choose our places on the straw and the family would fit themselves in around us as best they could. Several nights running in native houses had made us rather wary, so we asked if it would be possible for us to sleep out of doors. The man admitted that we could, so rugs were spread on the roof, and a bed made up. Nearly exhausted, and too weary to bother much about proprieties, we crawled in. Just as we were getting settled, the *chavoursh* came up to inform us that the robbers who had held us up came quite frequently to this village to demand food; that they had n't been for several days, and that they would probably come that night.

This proved to be a bit too much for us. I could just see those chetties taking my underwear and trousers, which were all I had left to my name, so we decided that this was no place for us. Our erstwhile host said that there was a rich charcoal-burner at the other end of the village who had built a sort of stockade, and that he would be glad to entertain us. With a groan, for Miss L— was dead tired and I was mighty lame

from sunburn, we moved across the village. En route we had to plough through a new-mown hayfield. When we had covered about half the distance, I could go no farther and said that I would stay right where I was, that the other two could go on. Finally, after much discussion, we decided that by putting one arm around the neck of the chief and one around Miss L—— I could ease up on my feet, and in time we reached the home of the charcoal-burner.

He received us in a small enclosure which was packed with all kinds of beasts: sheep, goats, donkeys, oxen, cows, calves, lambs, kids, chickens, hens — a regular menagerie. He pointed to our bed, high from the ground. We thought it must be on a pile of cordwood and tumbled in. As we lay there recounting the events of the day and wondering what would happen next, our bed shivered from stem to stern, then heaved up in the middle. Miss L—— rolled one way, I another. We grabbed at each other's hands, and slowly the bed subsided. We were both scared stiff. I'm not sure that it was n't worse than going over the cliff.

In a shaky voice Miss L—— called my attention to a native lamp, a clay cup full of oil from which hung a burning wick. Her voice may have been shaky, but it did n't compare with my legs as I wormed my way in and out among the cattle toward this Turkish Mazda. Clutching it, I tore back. Miss L—— crawled out, and with fear and trepidation we looked under the bed. The sight that caught our eyes caused us to explode with laughter: our bed consisted of pine boughs laid across the backs of two water buffaloes; on top of the boughs was a mattress. Of course, every time the buffaloes moved or sneezed, our bed was shaken up. The idea of making the bed upon the animals was for warmth.

Between laughter, jolts, quakes, and fleas, we put in a fine night. When morning came, Miss L—— and I each shot a glance at the other and again went off in spasms of laughter. Imagine the disheveled condition we were in — each burned to a crisp, dirty, and bespattered by the flocks of birds overhead. Oh, but we were funny sights!

After a breakfast of warm milk and honey, we started off. The chavoursh told us that there was another bad spot down the road where travelers were sometimes bothered by robbers; so he gathered the men of the village together, each armed with his particular tool, — some with ploughshares, some with adzes, others with axes, poles, and grub hooks, — and they escorted us past the danger spot. I was very cold, but pride forbade me to say anything while the men were with us. However, as soon as they left with a loud cheer, I willingly accepted Miss L——'s petticoat, which I wound about my shoulders cape-fashion.

All day long we kept on going, and late in the afternoon we reached Yozghadt. Of course the first thing to do was to report to the Mutasarif, so we made our way to the government palace (a fine name for a tumble-down mud-brick structure). The Mutasarif received us as though we were dressed in silks and satins, ordered coffee and cigarettes, and exchanged compliments for ten or fifteen minutes; then we told our story, all that had befallen us. He was most exercised — so were Miss L—— and I, but for different reasons. He sent for the chief of the gendarmie and for the military commandant. Upon their arrival, it was decided that a posse should be sent out to apprehend the villains who had so audaciously held up Americans. But the gendarmes could n't go, said the chief, nor could the soldiers, said the commandant, each fearing that his men would run away or

be killed; so the village bell was struck and men came running into the village from all directions—from the mosques, the government buildings, the stores, the bazaars, the fields. A speech was delivered; a posse of volunteers was collected and sent off.

After buying a few native clothes and getting a new araba—our Cherkez lad declared he had had enough of us—we spent the night with friends. Early the next morning we started off by the regular road for Keskin, and in due time reached there. Here we decided that it was best to move the children to Cæsarea, so after making all arrangements we left for home.

Never did a place look so good to either of us as did Talas. We just tore for the bathtubs and indulged in a glorious and much needed soak and wash.

How excited our coworkers were and how envious they are! But our

native friends all shudder. Had they been in our places, they would never have returned alive.

The day after our arrival home, we went to our Mutasarif and told our story, and asked what word he had received from Yozghadt. He had received no news beyond the fact that we had been robbed, but he sent a messenger for news. The messenger returned with the word that the bandits had been captured, and that all the things we had listed as having been stolen from us were recovered and the governor of Yozghadt was sending them back to us by a special trusty messenger. A few days passed and no messenger arrived; so we sent word to this effect and to-day came the climax of the whole experience—a letter from the governor of Yozghadt saying that the trusty messenger by whom he was sending our possessions had run away en route and had taken all our stuff with him!

OTHER LITTLE SHIPS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

‘AND there were . . . *other little ships*.’ An aged minister is preaching upon that inherent longing in each human soul for companionship—for someone, human or divine, who shares the experiences of life, and can understand its joys and its struggles. He paints a picture before the mind—a wide stretch of sea, a vast expanse of sky, a far-off horizon; in the foreground a ship, a small ship tossing upon the ocean billows with great forces playing all around it, and it seems an insignificant thing upon the great broad

troubled waters alone—and yet not alone, for over there on the far-away horizon are *other little ships*.

The picture fades away, and in its place the fancy paints upon a larger canvas the vast boundless ocean of *spacetime*. Stately ships are sailing in all directions. No human hand upon the helm directs their courses, an unseen force propels them onward, each ship a star, each star a sun, each sun a glowing ball of gas radiating light and heat in all directions. Look well at the stately ship in the foreground of the

picture, for about it are circling an attendant fleet of smaller ships, and one of them — a very little ship — is weighted down with a living cargo in myriad forms: flowers and trees, insects, birds, beasts, and *man*. On its prow its name is written — The Earth.

The picture alters as in a dream. We are no longer the fanciful painters upon the canvas of the imagination; we are in the picture, a part of it, and on The Earth we are sailing around our Sun and with it across the ocean of spacetime — from whence we know not, whither we know not. Steered always by an unknown hand, we play no part in the running of our ship, we go where it takes us and we know not why we are on it. We look out across vast spaces and see only other suns, and beyond them more suns, and beyond them suns and clusters of suns; and in a moment of oppressive loneliness we cry, 'Are there no other little ships? No other little ships like The Earth? Are we alone and unique in the universe of spacetime?' Out of the abyss of space comes no reply, only the commanding challenge, 'Think.'

We drop the metaphor. We turn to the written page for answer to this question, to the pages written during the past few years by the men whose aim and object have been to think, to think long and deeply about these problems, and who have brought all the light of modern astronomy, physics, and mathematical analysis to converge toward a solution.

I

Let us begin with Laplace, whose nebular hypothesis about the year 1800 gave a vivid and plausible picture of the origin of the solar system, a picture which has only recently been abandoned, though still regarded by men of science as one of the grandest generali-

zations of the human mind. A large nebula, or gaseous mass, in rotation is postulated. Its equatorial portion becomes unstable and masses of gas are thrown off into space, but centrifugal force and gravitational attraction find their balance and the ejected masses become planets and gradually cool and contract. Thus stability is attained and the solar system is gradually evolved from a single nebula. This hypothesis being in the background of men's minds, it was natural for speculation to take the form which it did — namely, that what happened automatically in the case of the sun might happen to other nebulae. Hence the general feeling grew that a system of planets probably accompanied every celestial object like our sun. Thus there was every reason to suppose that conditions which favored the advent of life on the earth might repeat themselves with a somewhat similar result in a multitude of cases.

The development of spectroscopy by Huggins and Lockyer gave further weight to this view, for their analysis of the light from individual stars established the fact that our sun is unexceptional among the stars in size, chemical constitution, and temperature.

With the advance in observation and calculation of the speeds and masses of the planets and rate of rotation and mass of the sun, there was given to the astronomer a means of testing the validity of the Laplacian theory. There is a great principle, first enunciated by Newton, known as the law of conservation of momentum. The product of the mass of a body multiplied by its velocity is called its momentum, and if there be a group of bodies moving about one another the momentum of any one member of the group will change with every change in its speed, but the sum of the momenta of the group taken as a whole will never change unless

external influences are brought to bear upon it.¹

In the light of this law the evolution of the solar system as explained by Laplace would necessitate a rate of rotation of the sun two hundred times greater than that which it now possesses. It is found that while the sun contains 744/745 of the mass of the entire system, it contributes only 2 per cent of the revolutionary momentum, whereas the planets whose combined mass is 1/745 contribute 98 per cent of the momentum. These facts are part of the evidence against the nebular hypothesis, for such an unequal partition of momentum could not arise in the way suggested by Laplace.

The next advance in theories of earth genesis was made by T. C. Chamberlin of Chicago, who with F. R. Moulton gave to the world the planetesimal theory. This for the first time suggested a biparental origin. In brief the theory is that in bygone ages, when the sun was hotter and less dense than it now is, and in a highly eruptive state, another star chanced to steer its course through space toward our sun, and, passing close around it in a great curved path, went off again into the depths of space. The effect of this close approach upon our sun — and for all we know upon the other star as

well — would be that two great tides would be raised upon its surface and drawn far out into tapering spiral arms as the direction of attraction changed. Condensation would naturally take place about any portions of these tidal arms more dense than the neighboring portions. These condensations would form the nuclei of the planets and to them would be attracted the small particles of matter, called planetesimals, widely scattered around them. Thus very gradually each young planet would grow in size and importance, and as it grew more massive its power to capture neighboring planetesimals would increase until the space between the planets became almost devoid of matter.

With the further aspects of this beautiful theory we are not here concerned, our interest being centred upon its position as a stepping-stone to the researches of an English mathematician, astronomer, and physicist, J. H. Jeans. It is from him that mankind has within the last six years received two replies to the question, Are there other little ships?

II

While still a student at Cambridge, Jeans attacked the problem of determining the forms of equilibrium of a rotating fluid. Poincaré and Roche in France and Sir George Darwin in England had outlined the possibilities. Jeans carried the mathematical analysis yet further and showed that the normal mode of break-up for a huge star was not that suggested by Laplace but that suggested nearly a century later by Poincaré — namely that the equatorial section will gradually cease to be circular, becoming more and more elliptical and then unsymmetrical, like a pear on its side. The lesser lobe grows more and more distinct until a critical stage is reached when the mathematics

¹If a dancer were spinning on one toe, his hands would be moving faster through the air if his arms were outstretched than if they were close to his sides. Thus the momentum of his hands would be greater in the former position. To increase the effect, suppose him to spin with arms outstretched and a ten-pound weight in each hand, and suddenly, while spinning, to lower his arms to his side. At once he would be seen to spin faster than before. This is because the momentum of hands and weights has been suddenly reduced, since their velocity is less than formerly, and so the whole body tends to spin faster in order to conserve the total momentum. This may easily be verified by anyone, though the effect is only momentary, due to the friction of air and floor, which quickly reduces the spin.

stops short. What happens next is left to the imagination, for when mathematical equations take up the tale it is with a binary star, not a single star, that they have to deal. Thus far observation confirms theory, for nearly half the known stars are double stars revolving about their common centre of gravity.

When Jeans came to investigate the disruption of a star by the loss of matter from its equator, — the Laplacian idea developed in detail by Roche, — he came to the conclusion that this was an impossible occurrence for a single star of mass only that of our sun or even many times greater. He felt, however, that this might indeed be the true story of a vastly grander evolution, the evolution of a whole galaxy of stars.

But in vain did he look for any force within a giant sun which was in itself sufficient to account for the formation of a solar system. He was forced to turn to the biparental theory; but the probability that such an occurrence should take place, that two stars should come so close together, was ludicrously small — once in a thousand million years! Are we then justified in attributing our existence as a planet to such an absurdly improbable cause?

Harold Jeffreys, geophysicist of Cambridge, in his recent book, *The Earth*, answers this query with a quotation: 'It is an old maxim that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.'

Professor Eddington of Cambridge Observatory summarized the conclusions of Dr. Jeans in the following paragraph: —

It has seemed a presumption, bordering almost on impiety, to deny to them (the millions of single stars) inhabitants (on planets about them) of the same order of creation as ourselves. But we forget the prodigality of Nature. How many acorns

are scattered for one that grows into an oak? And need she be more careful of her stars than of her acorns? . . . If, indeed, she has no grander aim than to provide a home for her pampered child Man, it would be just like her methods to scatter a million stars whereof but two or three might happily achieve the purpose.

The exact points of difference between the tidal theory of Jeans and the pioneer theory of Chamberlin need not detain us. The latter considers, in general terms, many probable factors which would influence the disruption of the ancestral sun, while the former considers only those factors which are amenable to rigorous mathematical analysis. To one type of mind rigorous conclusions from admittedly limited premises are less satisfying than the vague conclusions resulting from more comprehensive premises, while to the mathematical mind the former conclusions alone carry any weight.

We thus see that to the question, Are there other little ships? the answer of Jeans in 1919 was, Not impossible, but highly improbable.

III

So the matter has stood for several years. No voice was raised to question the dictum, save an occasional poetic sentimentalist who clung to the old idea of a plurality of earths and dazzled the imaginations of his hearers by proclaiming the possibility that every star in the firmament was a sun to a family of planets, on some of which — nay, perchance on many of which — there existed life. But to all such speculations the scientist merely shook his head and, following his example, we shook our heads likewise.

We were still solemnly shaking our heads when, a few months ago, a voice was raised in protest with an authoritative and familiar ring about it, for it

was none other than the voice of Jeans. Will he confirm or reverse his former judgment? Are we or are we not upon a unique planet in the ocean of space-time?

Jeans has been endeavoring to ascertain the age of our galaxy, and it is interesting to trace the ideas upon which he has based his estimate. In 1908 Einstein showed theoretically that matter may cease to exist as matter, its energy being liberated in the form of radiant energy and as light and heat. In 1918, from quite another point of view, W. D. MacMillan of Chicago came to a very similar conclusion. Both he and Jeans have suggested that the tremendous flow of energy from a star may be accounted for on the assumption that the mass of the star is actually diminishing, matter being transmuted into radiant energy and dissipated gradually into space. There being no way of testing this suggestion, it lay dormant until, last March, Eddington found that it was one of only two possible explanations of an extraordinary relation which he had discovered, a relation between the mass of a star and its absolute luminosity, a relation which holds true no matter what the density of the star. This established relation is in direct contradiction to the accepted theory of stellar evolution proposed some years ago by H. N. Russell under the name of the Giant and Dwarf Theory, unless a gradual decrease in the mass of a radiating star be postulated.

Now Jeans considers this sufficient proof of the plausibility of the postulate, and from the known amount of energy radiated into space by our sun he calculates how many tons of matter it is losing per year to maintain this flow of energy.² He next compares its

² Jeans finds that the sun is losing mass at the rate of four million tons per second to supply the energy which it is radiating into space.

present mass with that of a giant star like Sirius, two and a half times as heavy, and reaches the amazing conclusion that if our sun began its career as a star of the size of Sirius, no less than a million million years would have had to elapse for it to have been reduced to its present size.

This figure is about one thousand times greater than any previous estimate of the age of the sun, and Jeans seeks to find some means of confirming it. His mind turns to another observed fact, known but unexplained for many years — namely, that on the whole the most massive stars are moving more slowly through space than the less massive stars.

Suppose that all the stars of our galaxy began their careers with haphazard velocities. The mutual gravitational influences would tend in the course of time to produce the state known as equipartition of energy³ — that is to say, there would be a retarding effect upon the massive stars and a speeding-up of the smaller stars. Now Jeans undertook to calculate the probable time since the haphazard velocity stage to the present stage of partial equipartition, and the result is of the order of a million million years — one confirmation of his first calculation!

A second confirmation always brings a thrill of excitement, and this he looked for, and not in vain, in a study of the orbits of binary stars. On the Poincaré-Jeans theory of the fissure of a large star into two, forming a binary system, there is no force involved to produce wide separation of the two components. Attention was drawn to this some time ago by Russell, who pointed out that observation has shown many of the binaries to be moving about their

³ The equipartition of energy among the stars would be complete if the product of the mass by the square of the velocity for any one star was equal to that for every other star.

mutual centres of gravity in very large eccentric orbits. It is evident that only the influence of other stars could produce this result, and once again calculation gives a million million years as the probable time which would have to elapse before the interstellar influence could produce so marked a change on the orbits of these double stars.

There is an effect of this postulated loss of mass due to radiation, which has really been involved in the results of the last two paragraphs — namely, that the stars of our galaxy are slowly but surely drawing farther and farther apart. As mass diminishes, distance from the common centre of gravity must of necessity increase in obedience to the universal law of conservation of momentum.⁴ This implies that in by-gone ages there was closer packing of the stars than at present, hence more frequent collisions or close approaches of two stars than is now possible.

The conclusion of all this follows unambiguously, and we listen to Jeans's own words: —

'Finally, it may be remarked that the extension of the time-scale that is now proposed increases enormously the chance of solar systems being formed by tidal action. . . . With the longer time-scale and the recognition that our system of stars must have been more closely packed in the past

⁴Suppose the dancer above referred to were suddenly to drop a heavy cloak, thereby decreasing his mass, his total momentum could be conserved only if velocity were increased. Thus he would spin faster and his arms would tend to fly out so that their contribution to the total momentum would be increased.

than now, we can think of planetary systems as being, if not quite the normal accompaniment of a sun, at least fairly freely distributed in space.'

'A result of the first order,' says Professor Turner of Oxford, and truly it is a result which will set in motion many wheels of thought. No longer is our system to be thought of as unique and alone in the vastness of space and time. There are many other suns shedding their radiance and life-sustaining rays of light and heat upon a family of planets. Just as life came into being upon this planet and developed in countless forms, so probably on many another planet the spark of life may have fallen and countless forms of life may have resulted — very different perchance, very similar perchance, to the life upon this earth. The cosmologist has sketched for us the outline of a vast picture, but it is left for each on-looker to paint in the details according to the dictates of his own fancy.

'I am affrighted,' wrote Pascal, 'at the thought that I am abandoned to myself, shut in and alone amid the myriads of the universe' — the cry of the individual from the solitude of his own spirit.

Are there other little ships? It is the cry of man looking out across the vast ocean of spacetime, and to him the mathematician makes reply: Though you may never dip your flag to a passing ship, nor ever exchange a signal with one far distant, yet you may know that it is highly probable that just over the horizon there are *other little ships*.

PIGTAILS, LTD.

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

How such an odd and curious notion had ever come into Miss Rawlings's mind, she herself could not possibly have said. When had it come? She could not answer even that question, either. It had simply stolen in little by little like a beam of sunshine into a large room.

Not, of course, into an empty room, for Miss Rawlings had many, many things to think about. She was by far the most important person in the Parish, and everyone — from Arch-deacon Tomlington and his two curates, Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Timbs, down to little old Mrs. Ort, the humpbacked charwoman who lived in the top attic of a cottage down by Clopbourne (or, as they called it, Clobburne) Bridge — everyone knew how *practical* she was.

But once that sunny beam had begun to steal into Miss Rawlings's mind and into her life, it had lightened up with its precious gold everything that was there. It was nevertheless an extremely fantastic notion, because it could not possibly be true. How *could* Miss Rawlings ever have lost a little girl if there had never been any little girl to lose? Yet that exactly was Miss Rawlings's idea. It had flittered into her imagination like a nimble, bright-feathered bird. And once it was really there, she never hesitated to talk about it; not at all. 'My little girl, you know,' she'd say, with a little emphatic nod and a pleasant smile on her broad face. Or rather, 'My little gal' — for she always pronounced the word as if it rhymed with

Sal, the short for Sarah. This too was an odd thing; for Miss Rawlings had been brought up by her parents with the very best education, and never mispronounced even such words as 'Chloe' or 'Psyche' or 'epitome' or 'misled.' And so far as I know — though that is not very far — there is not a single word of one syllable in our enormous English language that is pronounced like Sal; for Pall Mall, of course, is pronounced Pell Mell. Still, Miss Rawlings did talk about her little girl, and she called her her little gal.

It never occurred to anybody in the Parish — not even to Mrs. Ort — to compare the Little Gal to a gay little bird or to a beam of sunshine. Mrs. Tomlington said, indeed, — and many other persons in the Parish agreed with her, — that it was merely a bee in Miss Rawlings's bonnet. But whether or not, partly because she delighted in bright colors, and partly because, in fashion or out, she had entirely her own taste in dress, there could not be a larger or brighter or flowerier bonnet for any bee to be *in*. Apart from puce silk and maroon velvet and heliotrope feathers and ribbons, and pompons and suchlike, Miss Rawlings's bonnets always consisted of handsome, spreading flowers, — blue-red roses, purple pansies, mauve cineraria, — a complete little garden for any bee's amusement. And this bee sang rather than buzzed in it the whole day long.

You might almost say it had made a new woman of her. Miss Rawlings had always been active and positive

and good-humored and kind. But now her spirits were so much more animated. She went bobbing and floating through the Parish like a gay balloon. Her *interest* in everything seemed to have first been multiplied by nine, and then by nine again. And eighty-one times anything is a pretty large quantity. Beggars, blind men, gypsies, hawkers, crossing-sweepers, positively smacked their lips when they saw Miss Rawlings come sailing down the street. Her heart was like the Atlantic, and they like rowboats on the deep — especially the blind men. As for her donations to the parochial Funds, they were first doubled, then trebled, then quadrupled.

There was first, for example, the Fund for giving all the little parish girls and boys not only a bun and an orange and a Tree at Christmas and a picnic with Veal and Ham Pie and Ice Pudding in June, but a Jack-in-the-green on May-day and a huge Guy on November the fifth, with squibs and Roman candles and Chinese crackers and so on. There was not only the Fund for the Delight of Infants of Every Conceivable Description; there was also the Wooden-Legged Orphans Fund. There was the Home for Manx and Tabby Cats; and the Garden by the River with the Willows for Widowed Gentlewomen. There was the Threepenny-Bit-with-a-Hole-in-It Society; and the Organ Grinders' Sick Monkey and Blanket Fund; and there was the oak-beamed Supper Room in the 'Three Wild Geese' for the use of Ancient Mariners — haggis and toad-in-the-hole, and plum-duff and jam roly-poly — that kind of thing. And there were many others. If Miss Rawlings had been in another parish, it would have been a sad thing indeed for the cats and widows and orphans and organ monkeys in her own.

With such a power and quantity

of money, of course, writing cheques was very much like just writing in birthday books. Still, you can give too much to any Fund; though very few people make the attempt. And Miss Rawlings *was* a practical woman. Besides, Miss Rawlings knew perfectly well that charity must at any rate begin at home, so all this time she was keeping what the Ancient Mariners at the 'Three Wild Geese' called a 'weather eye' wide open for her lost Little Gal. But how, it may be asked, could she keep any kind of eye open for a lost Little Gal, when she did n't know what the lost Little Gal was like? And the answer to that is that Miss Rawlings knew perfectly well.

She may not have known where the absurd notion came from, or when, or why; but she knew that. She knew what the Little Gal looked like as well as a mother thrush knows what an egg looks like; or Sir Christopher Wren knew what a cathedral looks like. But as with the Thrush and Sir Christopher, a good many little things had happened to Miss Rawlings first. And this quite apart from the old wooden doll she used to lug about when she was seven, called Quatta.

One morning, for example, Miss Rawlings had been out in her carriage and was thinking of nothing in particular, just daydreaming, when not very far from the little stone Bridge at Clobburne she happened to glance up at a window in the upper part of a small old house. And at that window there seemed to show a face with dark bright eyes watching her. Just a glimpse. I say 'seemed,' for when in the carriage Miss Rawlings rapidly twisted her head to get a better view, she discovered either that there had been nobody there at all, or that the somebody had swiftly drawn back, or that the bright dark eyes were just two close-together flaws in the diamond-

shaped bits of glass. In the last case what Miss Rawlings had seen was mainly 'out of her mind.' But, if so, it went back again and stayed there! It was excessively odd, indeed, how clear a remembrance that glimpse left behind it.

Then again Miss Rawlings, like her great-aunt Felicia, had always enjoyed a weakness for taking naps in the train, the flowers and plumes and bows in her bonnet nodding the while above her head. The sound of the wheels on the iron lines was like a lullaby, the fields trailing softly away beyond the window drowsed her eyes. Whether asleep or not, she would generally close her eyes and *appear* to be napping. And not once, or twice, but three separate times, owing to a scritch of the whistle or a sudden jolt of the train, she had suddenly opened them again to find herself staring out — rather like a large animal in a field — at a little girl sitting on the opposite seat, who, in turn, had already fixed *her* eyes on Miss Rawlings's countenance. In every case there had been a look of intense, patient interest on the little girl's face.

Perhaps Miss Rawlings's was a countenance that all little girls are apt to look at with extreme interest — especially when the owner of it is asleep in the train. It was a broad countenance with a small but powerful nose with a round tip. There was a good deal of fresh color in the flat cheeks beneath the treacle-colored eyes; and the hair stood like a wig beneath the huge bonnet. Miss Rawlings, too, had a habit of folding her kid-gloved hands upon her lap as if she were an image. None the less, you could hardly call it only a 'coincidence' that these little girls were so much alike, and so much like the face at the window. And so very much like the real lost Little Gal that had always,

it seemed, been at the back of Miss Rawlings's mind.

I don't mean at all that there was any kind of ghost in Miss Rawlings's family. Her family was far too practical for that; and her mansion was most richly furnished. All I mean is that all these little girls happened to have a rather narrow face, a brown pigtail, rather small dark-brown bright eyes, and narrow hands, and, except for the one at the window, they wore round beaver hats and buttoned coats. No; there was no ghost *there*. What Miss Rawlings was after was an absolutely real Little Gal. And her name was Barbara Allan.

This sounds utterly absurd. But so it had come about. For a long time — having talked about her Little Gal again and again to the Archdeacon and Mrs. Tomlington and Mr. Moffatt and other ladies and gentlemen in the Parish — Miss Rawlings had had no name at all for her small friend. But one still, summery evening with a faint red in the sky, while she was wandering gently about her immense drawing-room, she had happened to open a book lying on an 'occasional' table. It was a book of poetry — crimson and gilt-edged, with a brass clasp — and on the very page under her nose she had read this line: —

Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

The words ran through her mind like wildfire. Barbara Allan — it was *the* name! Or how very like it! An echo? Certainly some words and names *are* echoes of one another — sisters or brothers once removed, so to speak. Tomlington and Pocklingham, for example; or quince and shrimp; or angelica and cyclamen. All I mean is that the very instant Miss Rawlings saw that printed 'Barbara Allan' it ran through her heart like an old tune in a nursery. It *was* her Little Gal, or

ever so near it; as near, that is, as any name can be to a thing — namely, crocus or comfit, or shuttlecock, or mistletoe, or pantry.

Now if Miss Rawlings had been of royal blood and had lived in a fairy-tale — if, that is, she had been a Queen in Grimm — it would have been a quite ordinary thing that she should be seeking a little lost Princess, or badly in need of one. But, except that her paternal grandfather was a Sir Samuel Rawlings, she was but very remotely connected with royalty. Still, if you think about it, seeing that once upon a time there were only marvelous Adam and beautiful Eve in the Garden, — that is, in the whole wide world, — and seeing that all of Us as well as all of the earth's Kings and Queens must have descended from them, *therefore* all of Us must have descended from Kings and Queens. So too with Miss Rawlings. But — unlike Mrs. Tomlington — she had not come down by the grand staircase, so to speak.

Since, then, Miss Rawlings did not live in a fairy-tale or in Grimm, but was a very real person in a very real Parish, her friends and acquaintances were all inclined in private to agree with Mrs. Tomlington that her Little Gal was nothing but a bee in her bonnet. And that the longer it stayed there the louder it buzzed. Indeed, Miss Rawlings almost began to think of nothing else. She became absent-minded, quite forgetting her soup and fish and chicken and French roll when she sat at dinner. She left on the gas. She signed cheques for the Funds without looking back at the counterfoils to see what she had last subscribed. She gave brand-new mantles and dolmans away to the Rummagers; ordered coals from her fishmonger's; rode third-class with a first-class ticket; addressed a postcard to Mrs. Tomfoolington — almost every kind of

absent-minded thing, indeed, you can imagine.

And now she was always searching — even in the house sometimes; even in the kitchen-quarters. And her plump country maids would gladly help too. 'No, m'm, she ain't here.' 'No, m'm, we ain't a-seed her yet.' 'Lor, yes 'm, the room's all ready.'

Whenever Miss Rawlings rose from her chair she would at once peer sharply out of the window to see if any small creature were passing in the street beyond the drive. When she went awalking she was frequently all but run over by cabs and vans and phaetons and gigs, because she was looking the other way after a vanishing pigtail. Not a picture-shop, not a photographer's could she pass without examining every single face exhibited in the window. And she never met a friend, or the friend of a friend, or conversed with a stranger, without, sure enough, beginning to talk about Young Things. Puppies or kittens or lambs, perhaps, first, and then gradually on to little boys. And then, with a sudden whisk of her bonnet, to Little Girls.

Long, long ago, now, she had learned the whole of 'Barbara Allan': —

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cried, *Woe to Barbara Allan!*

'O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.'

Oh, dear, how sad it was; and you never knew! Could it be, could it be, she cried one day to herself, that the dead lovely Barbara Allan of the poem had got by some means muddled up in Time, and was in actual fact *her* Little Gal? Could it be that the maiden-name of the wife of Miss Allan's father had been Rawlings?

Miss Rawlings was far too sensible

merely to wonder about things. She at once inquired of Mr. Moffatt—who had been once engaged to her dearest friend, Miss Simon, now no more—whether he knew anything about Barbara Allan's family. 'The family, Felicia?' Mr. Moffatt had replied, his bristling eyebrows high in his head. And when, after a visit to the British Museum, Mr. Moffatt returned with only two or three pages of foolscap closely written over with full particulars of the ballad and with 'biographical details' of Bishop Percy and of Allan Ramsay and of Oliver Goldsmith and of the gentleman who had found the oldest manuscript copy of it in Glamis Castle, or some such ancient edifice, and of how enchantingly Samuel Pepys's friend Mrs. Kwipp used to sing him that air, but nothing else, Miss Rawlings very reluctantly gave up all certainty of this. 'It still might be my Little Gal's family,' she said, 'and on the other hand it might not.' And she continued to say over to herself, with infinite sorrow in her deep rich voice, that tragic stanza:—

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cried, *Woe to Barbara Allan!*

And 'Oh, no! Not Woe,' she would say in her heart.

Soon after this, Miss Rawlings fell ill. A day or two before she took to her bed she had been walking along Cinnamon Avenue, and had happened to see the pupils of the Miss Miffinses' Young Ladies' Seminary taking the air. Now the two last and smallest of these pupils—of the Crocodile, as rude little boys call it—were walking arm in arm with the nice English mistress, chattering away like birds in a bush. Both of them were rather narrow little creatures, both wore beaver hats beneath which dangled brown pigtails. It was yet one more astonishing

moment, and Miss Rawlings had almost broken into a run—as much of a run, that is, as, being of so stout and ample a presence, she was capable of—in order to get a glimpse of their faces.

But, alas and alack, the wrought-iron gates of the School were just round the corner of Cinnamon Avenue, and the whole Crocodile had completely disappeared into the great stone porch beyond by the time she had come in sight of the two Monkey-Puzzles on the lawn, and the brass curtain-bands to the windows.

Miss Rawlings stood and gazed at these, for the moment completely forgetting polite manners. The hurry and excitement had made her hot and breathless—and the wind was in the East. It dispirited her, and, instead of ringing the bell and asking for the Miss Miffinses, she had returned home and had at once written an invitation to the whole school to come to tea the following Sunday afternoon. In a moment of absent-mindedness, however, she had left the note on her little rosewood secrétaire beside the silver inkstand that had belonged to Sir Samuel. And two days afterward,—on the Friday, that is, the month being February,—she had been seized with Bronchitis.

It was a rather more severe attack than was usual for Miss Rawlings, even in foggy November, and it made Miss Rawlings's family physician a little anxious. There was no immediate danger, he explained to Nurse Murphy; still care is care. And, Miss Rawlings being so rich and so important to the Parish, he at once decided to invite an eminent Consultant to visit his patient—a Sir James Jolliboy Geoghehan, who lived in Harley Street and knew more about Bronchitis (Harley Street being also in a foggy parish) than any other medical man in Europe or in the

United States of America (which are *not* usually foggy places).

Fortunately Sir James took quite as bright and sanguine a view of his patient as did Miss Rawlings's family physician. There Miss Rawlings lay, propped up against her beautiful down-pillows with the frills all round, and a fine large pale-blue-ribboned Bed Cap stood up on her large head. She was breathing pretty fast and her temperature, according to both the gentlemen's thermometers, was 102.6 — though that, of course, is all but four degrees lower than a domestic chicken's temperature every day of its life. A large copper kettle was ejecting clouds of steam from the vast cheerful fire in the vast brass and steel grate, with the Cupids in the chimneypiece. There were medicine bottles on the little table, and not only Nurse Murphy stood on the other side of the bed, but Nurse O'Brien also. And the more solemn *she* looked the more her face appeared to be creased up in a gentle grin.

Miss Rawlings panted as she looked at them all. Her eye was a little absent, but she too was smiling. For if there was one thing Miss Rawlings was certain to do, it was to be cheerful when most other people would be inclined to be depressed. As she knew she was ill she felt bound to be smiling. She even continued to smile when Sir James murmured, '*And the tongue?*' And she assured Sir James that, though it was exceedingly kind of him to call, it was n't in the least necessary. 'I frequently have bronchitis,' she explained, 'but I never die.' Which sounded a little like 'rambling.'

When Sir James and the family physician had gone downstairs and were closeted together in the gilded library, Sir James at once asked this question: 'What, my dear sir, was our excellent patient remarking about a

Miss Barbara Allan? Has she a relative of the name?'

At this Miss Rawlings's family physician looked a little confused. 'No, no; oh dear, no!' he exclaimed. 'It's merely a little fancy, a caprice. Miss Rawlings has a notion there is a little girl belonging to her somewhere — probably of that name, you know. Quite harmless. An aberration. In fact, I indulge it; I indulge it. Miss Rawlings is a most able, sagacious, energetic, philanthropic, practical, generous, and — and — humorous lady. The fancy, you see, has somehow attached itself to the *name* "Barbara Allan" — a heroine, I believe, in one of Sir Walter Scott's admirable fictions. Only that. Nothing more.'

Sir James, a tall man, peered down at Miss Rawlings's family physician over his gold pince-nez. 'I once had a patient, my dear Dr. Sheppard,' he replied solemnly, in a voice a good deal deeper but not so rich as Miss Rawlings's, 'who had the amiable notion that she was the Queen of Sheba and that I was King Solomon. A *most* practical woman. She left me three hundred guineas in her will, for a mourning ring.' He thereupon explained — in words that his patient could not possibly have understood, but that Dr. Sheppard understood perfectly — that Miss Rawlings was in no immediate danger and that she was indeed quite a comfortable little distance from Death's Door. Still, bronchitis *is* bronchitis; so let the dear lady be humored as much as possible. 'Let her have the very best nurses, excellent creatures; and all the comforts!' He smiled as he said these words, as if Dr. Sheppard were a long-lost brother. And he entirely approved, not only of the nice sago-puddings, the grapes, the bee-ootiful beef-juice (with toast *or* a rusk), the barley water *and* the physic, but of as many

Barbara Allans as Miss Rawlings could possibly desire. And all that he said sounded so much like the chorus of some such old sea-song as 'Yo-ho-ho,' or 'Away to Rio,' or 'The Anchor's Weighed,' that one almost expected Dr. Sheppard to join in.

Both gentlemen then took their leave and, Dr. Sheppard having escorted Sir James to his brougham, for this was before the days of machine carriages, the two nurses retired from the window and Miss Rawlings sank into a profound nap.

In a few days Miss Rawlings was much, much, much better. Her temperature was 97.4, her breathing no more than twenty-four or -five to the minute. The flush had left her cheeks, and she had finished three whole bottles of medicine. She devoured a slice from the breast of a chicken and even enjoyed her sago pudding. The nurses *were* pleased.

But, if anything, Miss Rawlings's illness seemed to have increased her anxiety to find Barbara Allan as quickly as ever she could. After all, you see, we all of us have only a certain number of years to live, and a year lasts only twelve calendar months, and the shortest month is only twenty-eight days, excluding Leap Year. So if you want to do anything badly it is better to begin at once, and go straight on.

The very first day she was out in Mr. Dubbins's invalid chair she met her dear friend Mr. Moffatt in Combermere Grove, and he stood conversing with her for a while under the boughs of almost as wide a spreading chestnut-tree as the village blacksmith's in the poem. Mr. Moffatt always looked as if he ought to be comforted with a sleek bushy beard. If he had, it is quite certain it would have wagged a good deal as he listened to Miss Rawlings. 'What I am about to do, my dear Mr. Moffatt, is advertise,'

she cried, and in such a powerful voice that the lowest fronds of the leafing chestnut-tree over her head slightly trembled as they hung a little listlessly on their stalks in the Spring sunshine.

'Advertise, my dear Felicia?' cried Mr. Moffatt. 'And what for?'

'Why, my dear old friend,' replied Miss Rawlings, 'for Barbara Allan, to be sure.'

Mr. Moffatt blinked very rapidly, and the invisible beard wagged more than ever. And he looked hard at Miss Rawlings's immense bonnet as if he actually expected to see that busy bee; as if he even feared it might be a Queen Bee and would produce a complete hive.

But after bidding him good-bye with yet another wag of the bonnet and a 'Yes, thank you, Dubbins,' Miss Rawlings was as good as her word. She always was. Three days afterward there appeared in the *Times* and in the *Morning Post* and in the *Daily Telegraph*, and five days later in the *Spectator*, the following:—

WANTED as soon as possible, by a lady who has lost her as long as she can remember, a little girl of the name (probably) of Barbara Allan, or of a name that *sounds* like Barbara Allan. The little girl is about ten years old. She has a rather three-cornered-shaped face, with narrow cheek-bones, and bright brown eyes. She is slim, with long fingers, and wears a pigtail and probably a round beaver hat. She shall have an *exceedingly* happy home and Every Comfort, and her friends (or relatives) will be amply rewarded for all the care and kindness they have bestowed upon her, for the first nine years or more of her life.

You should have seen Miss Rawlings reading that advertisement over and over. Her *Times* that morning had a perfume as of the spices of Ambrosia. But even Miss Rawlings could not have hoped that her advertisement would be so rapidly and spontaneously

and abundantly answered. The whole day of every day of the following week her beautiful wrought-iron gate was opening and shutting and admitting all kinds and sorts and shapes and sizes of little girls with brown eyes, long fingers, pigtails, and beaver hats, *about* ten years of age. And usually an Aunt or a Stepmother or the Matron of an Orphanage or a Female Friend accompanied each candidate.

There were three genuine Barbara Allans. But one had reddish hair and freckles; the second, curly flaxen hair that refused to keep to the pigtail-ribbon into which it had been tied; and the third, though her hair was brown, had gray speckled eyes, and looked to be at least eleven. Apart from these three, there were numbers and numbers of little girls whose Christian name was Barbara, but whose surname was Allison or Angus or Anson, Mallings, or Bulling, or Dalling, or Spalding, or Bellingham, or Allingham, and so on and so forth. Then there were Margories and Marcias, and Margarets, Norahs, and Doras, and Rhodas and Marthas, all of the name of Allen, or Allan, or Alleyne, or Alyn, and so on. And there was one little saffron-haired creature who came with a very large Matron, and whose name was Dulcibella Dobbs.

Miss Rawlings, with her broad bright face and bright little eyes, smiled at them all from her chair, questioned their Aunts and their Stepmothers and their Female Friends, and coveted every single one of them, including Dulcibella Dobbs. But you *must* draw the line somewhere, as Euclid said to his little Greek pupils when he sat by the sparkling waves of the Ægean Sea and drew triangles on the sand. And Miss Rawlings felt in her heart that it was kinder and wiser and more prudent and proper to keep strictly to those little girls with the three-cornered

faces, high cheek-bones, 'really' brown eyes, and truly appropriate pigtails. With these she fell in love again and again and again.

There was no doubt in the world that she had an exceedingly motherly heart, but very few mothers could so nicely afford to *give it rein*. Indeed, Miss Rawlings would have drawn the line nowhere, I am afraid, if it had not been for the fact that she had only Ten Thousand Pounds or so a year.

There were tears in her eyes when she bade the others Good-bye. And to everyone she gave, not one bun, not one orange, but a *bag* of oranges and a *bag* of buns. And not merely a bag of ordinary Denia oranges and ordinary currant buns, but a bag of Jaffas and a bag of Bath. And she thanked their Guardianesses for having come such a long way, and would they be offended if she paid the fare? Only one was offended, but then her fare had cost only 3*d.* — 2*d.* for herself, and 1*d.* (half price) for the little Peggoty Spalding she brought with her. And Miss Rawlings paid *her* sixpence.

She kept thirty little ten-year-olds altogether, and you never saw so many young fortunate smiling pigtailed creatures so much alike. And Miss Rawlings, having been so successful, withdrew her advertisements from the *Times* and the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Spectator*, and she bought a most beautiful Tudor house called Trafford House, with one or two wings to it that had been added in the days of Good Queen Anne, and William and Mary, which stood in entirely its own grounds not ten miles from the Parish boundary. The forest trees in its park were so fine — cedars, sweet chestnuts, and ash and beech and oak — that you could only get a tiny glimpse of its chimneys from the entrance to the drive.

Things *are* often curious in this world, and coincidences are almost as common as centipedes. So Miss Rawlings was more happy than surprised when, on looking over this mansion, she counted — and to make sure counted again — exactly thirty little bedrooms, with some larger ones over for a matron, a nurse, some parlormaid, some housemaids, some tweenymaids, and a Boy to clean the buttonboots and shoes. When her legal adviser explained to her that this establishment, what with the little chests-of-drawers, basins and ewers, brass candlesticks, oval looking-glasses, dumpety beds, three-legged stools, dimity curtains, woolly rugs, not to speak of chiffoniers, whatnots, hot-water bottles, soup ladles, and so on and so forth, — not to mention a uniform with brass buttons for the man with whiskers at the park gate, — would cost her at least Six Thousand a year, that bee in Miss Rawlings's bonnet buzzed as if indeed it *was* a whole hive gone a-swarmer.

'Well, now, my dear Mr. Wilkin-son,' she said, 'I made a little estimate myself, being a *business* woman, and it came to £6334.10.0. How reasonable! I shall be over three hundred pounds in pocket.'

So in a few weeks everything was ready — new paint, new gravel on the paths, geraniums in the flower-beds, quilts as neat as daisies on a lawn on the dumpety beds, and the thirty Barbara Allans sitting fifteen a side at the immensely long oak table (where once in Henry VIII's time monks had eaten their fish on Fridays), the matron with the corkscrew curls at the top and the chief nurse in her starched cap at the bottom. And Miss Rawlings seated in the South bow-window in an old oak chair, with her ebony and ivory stick and her purple bonnet, smiling at her Barbara Allans as if she

had mistaken Trafford House for the Garden of Eden.

And I must say every single pigtail of the complete thirty bobbed as merrily as roses in June over that first Grand Tea — blackberry jelly, strawberry jam, homemade bread, plum cake, the best beef-dripping for those who had not a sweet or a milk tooth, Sally Lunn's, heather honey, maids-of-honor, and an enormous confection of marchpane, with cupids and comfits and silver bells and thirty little candles standing up in the midst of the table like St. Paul's Cathedral on the top of Ludgate Hill in the great city of London. It was a lucky thing for the Thirty's insides that Grand Teas are not everyday teas.

And so, when all the thirty Pigtales had sung a Latin grace put out of English by Mr. Moffatt and set to a tune composed by a beloved uncle of Miss Rawlings's, who also was now no more, the Grand Tea came to an end. Whereupon the Thirty — looking themselves like yet another Crocodile with very fat joints — came and said good-night to Miss Rawlings, though some of them could scarcely speak. And as Miss Rawlings knew that not *all* little girls liked being kissed by comparative strangers, she just shook hands with each, and smiled at them as if her motherly heart would almost break. And Dr. Sheppard was Medical Adviser to the thirty little Pigtailers, and Mr. Moffatt came every other Sunday to hear their catechisms.

Miss Rawlings had never been much attached to rules and regulations for other people, though she kept faithfully to a few for herself. She loved everyone to be free and everything to be easy, considering how hard most things are. And this was the Order of the Day with the Pigtales in their Home.

At half-past seven in Summer, and at nine in Winter, the boy in buttons

rang an immense bell, its clapper tied round with a swab of cotton-wool, to prevent it from clanging too sonorously. This great quiet bell was not only to waken from their last sweet dreams the slumbering Pigtails in their little beds, but to tell them they had yet another half-an-hour between the blankets before they had to get up. Then hairbrushes, toothbrushes, nailbrushes, as usual. Then 'When morning gilds the sky,' and breakfast in the wide white room with the primrose curtains looking out into the garden. And if any Pigtail happened to have been not quite so good as usual on the previous day, she was allowed — if she asked for it — to have a large plateful of porridge with or without salt for a punishment. No less than ninety-nine such platefuls were served out in the first year — the Pigtails were so high-spirited. Still, it can be imagined what a thirtyfold sigh of relief went up when breakfast on December 31 was over and there had n't been a hundredth.

From 9 A.M. to 12 M. the Pigtails were one and all exceedingly busy. Having made their beds, they ran out into the garden and woods — some to bathe in the stream, some to listen to the birds, some to talk, and some to sing; some to paint, some to play, and some to read, and some to dance; some just to sit; and some high up in a beech tree to learn poems, to make up poems, even to read each other's. It all depended on the weather. The sun shone, the rooks cawed, the green silken leaves whispered; and Miss Rawlings would stand looking up at them in their verdurous perch as fondly as a cat at a canary. There was not at last a flower or a tree or an insect or a star in those parts, or a bird or a little beast or a fish or a toadstool or a moss or a pebble, that the little Pigtails did not know by heart. And

the more they knew them the more closely they looked at them, and the more closely they looked at them the more they loved them and the more they knew them — round and round and round, and round.

From twelve to one there were 'Lessons.' Then dinner, and tongues like jackdaws raiding a pantry for silver spoons. In the afternoon those who went for a walk toward the stranger parts went for a walk. Some stayed at home in a little parlor and sang in chorus together like a charm of wild birds. Some did their mending and darning, their hemming and featherstitching, and some did sums. Some played on the fiddle, and some looked after their bullfinches, and bunnies, and bees, and guinea pigs and ducks. Then there were the hens and the doves and the calves and the pigs to feed, and the tiny motherless lambs, too (when lambs there were), with bottles of milk. And sometimes of an afternoon Miss Rawlings would come in and sit at a window just watching her Pigtails, or would read them a story. And Dr. Sheppard asseverated not once but three times over that if she went on bringing them sweetmeats and candies and lollipops and suckets to such an *extent* not a single sound white ivory tooth of their nine hundred or so would be left in the Pigtails' heads. So Miss Rawlings kept to Sundays.

At five was tea-time: jam on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; jelly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and both on Sundays. From six to seven there were 'Lessons,' and when the little Pigtails were really tired, which was always before nine, they just skipped off to bed. Some of them had munched their supper biscuits and were snug in bed, indeed, even before the rest had sung the evening hymn. And the evening hymn was always 'Eternal Father' — for being all of them so

extremely happy they could not but be 'in peril on the sea' just as sailors are, for happiness may fly away like birds in corn, or butterflies before rain. And on Sundays they sang 'Lead, Kindly Light' too, because Miss Rawlings's mother had once been blessed by the great and blessed Cardinal Newman. And one Pigtail played the accompaniment on the fiddle, and one on the sweet-tongued viola, and one on the harpsichord; for since Miss Rawlings had read 'Barbara Allan' she had given up pianofortes. And then, sleepy and merry and chattering, they all trooped up to bed.

So this was their Day. And all night, unseen, the stars shone in their splendor above the roof of Trafford House, or the white-faced moon looked down upon the sleeping garden and the doves and the pigs and the lambs and the flowers. And at times there was a wind in the sky among the clouds, and sometimes frost in the dark hours settled like meal wheresoever its cold brightness might find a lodging. And when the little Pigtales awoke there would be marvelous cold fronds and flowerets on their windowpanes, and even sometimes a thin crackling slat of ice in their water-jugs. On which keen winter mornings you could hear their teeth chattering like monkeys cracking nuts. And so time went on.

On the very next June 1, there was a prodigious Garden Party at Trafford House, with punts on the lake and refreshments and lemonade in a tent in the park, and all the Guardianesses and Aunts and Stepmothers and Matrons and Female Friends were invited to come and see Miss Rawlings's little Pigtales. And some brought their sisters, and some their nieces and nephews. There were Merry-go-Rounds, Aunt Sallys, Frisk-and-Come-Easies, A Punch and Judy Show, a Fat Man, a fortune-teller, and three marvelous acrobats

from Hongkong. And there were quantities of things to eat and lots to see, and Kiss-in-the-Ring, and all broke up after fireworks and 'God Save the Queen' at half-past nine.

The house, as I keep on saying, was called Trafford House, but the *Home* was called 'The Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Narrow Cheek-bones, Beaver Hats, and Pigtales, Ltd.' And it was 'limited' because there could be only thirty of them, and time is not Eternity.

And now there were only three things that prevented Miss Rawlings from being too intensely happy to go on being alive; and these three were as follows: (a) She wanted to live always at the House: but how could the Parish get on without her? (b) What was she going to do when the Pigtales became twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and so forth, and Grown-Up? And (c) How could she ever possibly part with any of them or get any more?

For, you see, Miss Rawlings's first-of-all Barbara Allan was aged ten, and had somehow managed to stay there. But because, I suppose, things often go right in this world when we are not particularly noticing them, and don't know how, all these difficulties simply melted away like butter in the sun.

In the first place, Miss Rawlings did at last — in 1888, to be exact, one year after Queen Victoria's first Jubilee — did, I say, at last go to live at the Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Beaver Hats, and Pigtales, Ltd. She was called The Matron's Friend, so as not to undermine the discipline. When her Parish wanted her, which was pretty often, the Parish (Thirty or Forty strong) came to see her in her little parlor overlooking the pond with the punts and the water lilies.

Next — though how, who can say? — the little Pigtails somehow did not grow up, even though they must have grown older. Something queer happened to their Time. It cannot have been what just the clocks said. If there was n't more of it, there was infinitely more *in* it. It was like air and dew and sunbeams and the South Wind to them all. You simply could not tell what next. And, apart from all that wonderful learning, apart even from the jam and jelly and the Roast beef of Old England, they went on being just the right height and the right heart for ten. Their brown eyes never lost their light and sparkle. No wrinkles ever came in their three-cornered faces with the high cheek-bones, and not a single gray or silver hair into their neat little pigtails — that could at any rate be seen.

Next, therefore, Miss Rawlings never had to part with any of them or to look or advertise for any more.

Yet another peculiar thing was that Miss Rawlings grew more and more like a Pigtail herself. She grew younger. She laughed like a schoolgirl. Her face became a little narrower, even the cheek-bones seemed not to be so wide. As for her bonnets, as time 'went on' they grew up instead of broadwise. And when she sat in Church with the Thirty, in the third pew down from Mrs. Tomlington's, you might almost have supposed she *was* a widish pigtail, just a little bit dressed up.

It is true that in the very secretest corner of her heart of hearts she was still looking for the one and only absolute little Barbara Allan of her lifelong daydream; but that is how things go. And the thought of it brought only a scarcely perceptible grave glance of hope and inquiry into her round brown eyes. And underneath — oh, dear me, yes — she was almost too happy and ordinary and good-natured and homely

to be telling this story about at all.

We all die at last — just journey on — and so did Miss Rawlings. And so did the whole of the Thirty, and the matron, and the chief nurse, and Mr. Moffatt, and Dr. Sheppard, and the Man with whiskers at the park gates, and the Boy who cleaned the button-boots; parlor-maids, tweeny-maids, Mr. Tomlington, and all. And if you would like to see the Old House and the little graves, you take the first turning on the right as you leave the Parish Church on your left, and walk on until you come to a gatepost beyond the milestone.

A path crossing the fields — sometimes of wheat, sometimes of turnips, sometimes of barley or oats or swedes — leads to a farm in the hollow with a duckpond, guinea fowl roosting in the pines at evening, and a lovely old thatched barn where the fantailed doves croon in the sunshine. You then cross the yard and come to a lane beside a wood of thorn and hazel. This bears a little East, and presently, after ascending the hill beyond the haystack, you will see — if it is still there — the Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Beaver Hats, and Pigtails, Ltd.

And not very far away is a little smooth-mown patch of turf with a beautiful thatched wall around it, which Mr. Moffatt consecrated himself. And there, side by side, sleep the Little Thirty, with their pigtails beside their narrow bones. And there the tweeny-maids, the parlor-maids, the Man with whiskers at the park gate, and the Boy who cleaned the button-boots, lie. And there Miss Rawlings, too. And when the last trump sounds, up they will get as happy as wood larks, and as sweet and fresh as morning mushrooms. But if you want to hear any more about *that*, please read the Poems of Mr. William Blake.

SPARS

BY GRACE LATIMER WRIGHT

ONE tiny wave from out the sea
Has swept some battered spars to me.
I find no trace from whence they 've come —
No line, no mark, to say why here
They should appear.
And yet my soul, oppressed and horror-spel,
All night will dream of lost, sad mariners
Or of those cottages along the shore
Where lighted candles gleam forevermore
To welcome home the lost, the non-returning.

These spars speak, oh, so clearly to my heart
All that the longing, waiting souls impart
Of those that fail in their returning.

'LET JOY BE UNREFINED!'

BY LEO CRANE

I

THE ceremony of the Snake Dance begins many days before that public conclusion the tourist sees. The date of the dance is announced by the pueblo crier from the housetops. The priests of the Antelope and Snake clans go to their respective kivas where, amid chants and exorcism, the wardrobe is looked over and all necessary tools and sacred equipment are prepared. A certain number of songs are sung each day, according to a strict ritual. It is during this time that new members are initiated, whether or not with revolting rites is for those to answer who know.

Then comes the snake-hunt, occupying four days, each day to a different point of the compass, north, west, south, and east. One would think that snakes have fixed and respected neighborhoods, so readily do the hunters procure them; and one monster bull-snake, fully seven feet long and proportionately thick, must be trained by the Second Mesa devotees, for it always occupies the centre of the stage at Machongnovi. Very likely snakes live to participate in many dances.

This facility in procuring snakes caused me to ask a young Hopi how they were located.

'By tracking,' he answered, pointing to the dusty sand at our feet. 'See! There is a snake's track. We can follow him home and dig him out, if you want.'

Well, we did n't do it, because I had

something less dangerous on hand; and I must confess that I could not discern the delicate trail of the snake he referred to. But then, too, I have followed Indian trackers as they sought to run down a man. They would call off his movements as if reading from a book. As a desert tracker, I was a good Indian Agent.

Armed with a hoe, for excavating the more retiring, with a buckskin sack of sacred meal, — for this must be sprinkled on the votaries, — a larger bag in which to carry them, and a snake-whip of feathers, the hunters go forth. They wear moccasins and a loin-cloth only. An ordinary member of the snake family, such as a bull snake, no matter his size, is simply picked up with slight ceremonial fuss. But the rattlesnake often objects. He is most likely to sound his displeasure, and to coil swiftly for defense. Perhaps he has never attended a Snake Dance. In this event, the hunter blesses him with meal and proceeds to attract his attention with caresses of the snake-whip. After several strokes of the long eagle feathers, the snake uncoils and seeks escape; but swifter than he is the unerring hand that nips him just back of the head. He is waved in the air, stroked with a quick pressure along his spine, and dropped into the sack with the others. And no more attention is paid to the sack's contents when carrying it back to the kiva than if it contained so much corn.

II

The public part of the Snake ceremony consumes about twenty minutes of time. The *kisi*, a bower of cottonwood boughs, something like a miniature tepee, is erected midway of the plaza and to one side. The *kisi* screens a hole in the rock-floor, and just before the dance begins a mysterious bag is carried out and placed therein. It contains the snakes. The hole is covered or roofed by a thick piece of board.

Early in the day the crowd of sight-seers has gathered on the mesa-top, and in late afternoon it begins massing at the Walpi plaza. There is the usual wrangle over prominent places, and the inevitable bickering as to who engaged them first. Soon the roofs and terraces and balconies are hidden by the people. The odd stairways and other points of vantage cause the crowd to group as if arranged by a stage director. A dozen or more crown the Snake Rock itself. They wait patiently, expectantly, as small boys await the head of the circus parade. Old Judge Hooker arrives, garbed for the occasion, and harangues them with Hopi cries, announcing to all and several that this great ceremony will positively be held on this date, once and once only this season, and imploring them to grant it the respect it deserves. The Indians present pay attention to his speech, for on this occasion at least the Judge has the Agency police within call; but the whites do not know what he has said, and so care very little about it. This waiting in a too-crowded place is a monotonous and tiring procedure. There is much stirring about, leaving a good place and then wishing one had n't.

And suddenly comes a distant sounding of rattle-gourds, a faint but insistent noise, like dried peas blown against glass.

'Here they come!' calls the ever-present small boy, who perches perilously on a projecting house-pole.

Quietly, ceremoniously, the Antelope priests in single file enter the plaza. Their gourds sound steadily, and with slow measured steps they march about the stage four times. When passing the *kisi*, each man stamps with his right foot on the board that shelters the snakes. They sprinkle meal. And they are followed by the guardian of the Bull-roarer, a tall man who carries a huge Indian bow ornamented with feathers, and who stops in mid-stage to sound his awesome instrument. With all the force of his arm he whirls that wooden plumb-bob on a sinew string. It moans with the wind voice of the Desert. Then the Antelope men form a straight line with the *kisi*, their backs to the houses and their faces to the plaza.

Now sounds a hurried noise, much clatter and scuffling, as the Snake priests approach. They burst into the plaza as if determinedly answering a call to battle. They are headed by the most robust of the clan, large powerful men. With rigid faces, fixedly staring, their elbows set as runners, they stride down the plaza. The crowd massed at the far end is always in the way. The Snake priests must go to the farthest end of this shelf on their first round, after which they shorten each lap until four have been completed. The crowd must fall back. It has no license to be there at all, and there is nothing in Snake-clan etiquette signifying change because curiosity has come out of the East. Their rushing single file of men is projected straight at the narrow end of the shelf. Finding that it was impossible to fix such a throng in place, I would station two guards at that point to warn and part the spectators. Just what would happen if the whites did not yield is

problematical. I recall that once the headman of the dancers took me in the side with his elbow. He did not stop to apologize. It was two hundred rapidly moving pounds meeting much less than that. I did not completely recover from the blow until the dance was over. A head-on crack like that might easily propel one over the cliff.

These Snake priests are nude to the waist, their upper bodies daubed in black, with the lightning sign traced in white. Their hair is disheveled and streaming, and crowned with red feathers. About their eyes are reddish smears, and a circle of white is thickly painted about each mouth. They wear ornamented kilts of knee-length, and moccasins; and with some show of uniformity each man packs all the trumpery the clan has adopted as part of its regalia. They have armlets and bracelets of silver, and necklaces of many strands — beads and bone and turquoise. From the rear of each belt dangle one or more handsome fox-skins. Fastened just below the right-leg knee are curious clappers made of tortoise shells. Thus, as they stride tumultuously about, there sounds above the dry rattling of the Antelope gourds all the hurried clatter of this moving harness.

Each time they pass the kisi they stamp fiercely on the board. It gives back a hollow sound. And perhaps the snakes of former spectacles know that they will soon be wanted.

Then the Snake priests quiet down a bit and align themselves in a long row, facing the Antelope men. A chant is begun. It is low in tone and quite ceremonial in spirit. Their bodies sway. A curious waving motion is made with the hands, one dancer's wrists engaging his partner's. The gourds whir their singing sounds. And an old Indian, a feeble, aged man, passes down the line with a bowl of water. This he

sprinkles at the kisi. The age of this participant and his evident fervor always attract notice. He appears and disappears. And it is just at this point, when the action is most impressive, when all touring eyes are bulging to a degree, that the inevitable dog wanders into the sanctuary and begins to investigate. I have never known a Snake Dance that did not produce its uninvited mongrel at this time. He is never shooed or kicked away. He is always the most disreputable animal of a people noted for their impoverished canines. Lank and lean, with a cringing expression of dog humility on his face, he contrives to spoil the scene.

There is a noticeable pause. The line of Snake priests breaks into pairs and, with a curious, half-stamping dance, they pass to the kisi. The man on the right stoops, plunges his arm into the snake-hole, and brings forth a snake. The dancer is humped over now, his body bent forward, his head projecting. The one with him places an arm across his shoulders, and with a feather-whip attracts the weaving head of the reptile. The first dancer holds the snake by its middle for a moment, and then places it in his mouth, permitting the two ends to dangle freely.

Behind these two steps watchfully the 'gatherer,' and follows them about. With a humping, irregular motion the pair dance around the plaza, and finally the snake is dropped to the ground. The gatherer quickly retrieves it, if it is a patient, well-behaved snake; but if it is a rattler and acts unreasonably, proceeding to coil and sound its warning, the gatherer swiftly acts with the deftness of a juggler. His eyes never leave the defiant snake. He pinches a bit of meal from his pouch and sprinkles it toward the unwilling symbol of the gods. Then he waves his whip over the snake. If it strikes, he will let it alone for a brief time. There in the little

plaza is a fighting rattlesnake, a vicious coiled spring, fangs darting, restless, angry. The dancers avoid it. The crowd shrills its approval of the scene.

But the gatherer is watching. Soon the snake gives a quick wriggle and is off, darting for the mesa edge, and those forming the crowd there begin anxiously to shift their feet. Another second and the Indian has pounced down on it, swishing the snake from under the very toes of the spectators. He waves it through the air in the motion of his capture, strokes it into limpness as he watches his dancers. Then it dangles from his left hand, and he proceeds to the next adventure.

Meantime, other couples have approached the kisi and have produced their snakes. The differences in reptiles now attract attention. There are long, thin, nervous snakes, and short, fat, sluggish ones. A shout of amazement goes up when a very large specimen of bull snake is seen, its tail almost trailing the earth. But varying snakes do not affect the priests. The Antelope men continue the whirring of their gourds, and with the Snake men the action becomes faster. Seven or eight couples are now stamping around, and the gatherers have a busy time of it.

And then comes the signal that the bag of the kisi is empty. All snakes have been produced in the open, and danced with, and dropped, and gathered up. Now two priests describe with meal a large circle on the ground before the Dance Rock. The dancers approach and throw all the snakes into this circle. They crowd around it as meal is sprinkled, and perhaps some exorcism is muttered. For a second they poise there, as if under a spell; and then certain appointed men thrust their hands into the squirming mass, catch up as many snakes as possible, and rush from the plaza to liberate the votaries in the far Desert.

This distribution of the snake messengers ends what one may term the intriguing features of the ceremony. Soon the panting runners return to engage in the so-called 'purification' rites, the taking of the emetic; and a number of the curious follow them to be in at the death. It is not of importance that one should witness this part of the programme; it is simply a matter of taste. Physicians may wish to time the potency of desert brews. The priests are then washed from head to foot by the women of the clan. Water is poured over them from large bowls. Dripping, the priests disappear into their kiva. Soon the women are hurrying there too, bearing in trays all sorts of viands. The dancers, who have fasted, would absorb a bit of nourishment. God knows they have earned it!

Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, the celebrated ethnologist, writes that after the Snake Dance of 1883 two of the liberated snakes were caught and taken to the National Museum at Washington for examination. He states that their fangs and poison-sacs were found to be intact. He does not accept the belief that these Hopi Indians have an antidote for the poison of rattlesnakes. It is his view that the desert rattler can inflict a deadly bite only after coiling and lunging viciously on its victim. And there is little to the theory that the snakes have been drugged or dulled into lethargy, since I have many times seen the rattlesnakes coil and fight wickedly. Several persons, particularly Mr. Herbert F. Robinson, the Government Engineer for the Navajo and Hopi country, claim to have seen Snake priests bitten in the dance. I could not make such a statement. But it is possible that the paint with which the priests are so liberally daubed has, for snakes, a repugnant odor; and having anointed their hands and arms, and especially their mouths, faces, and

necks with this ointment, they secure a certain immunity. And the stroking of the snakes, when picked up, may explain the safety of the gatherer. This action no doubt produces a partial paralysis of the snake's muscular system. But this does not answer for those who thrust bare hands and arms into the snake bag at the kisi.

If one must see a Snake Dance, the best show is at Walpi in years of odd numbers. The ceremony is held also at Machongnovi, Chimopovi, and Hotevilla. Since 1918 there has been no dance at Oraibi, perhaps because of factional disputes, although a disciple of Christianity has claimed part of the credit. There is a solemnity observed at Hotevilla, among the reactionaries, with prophet Youkeoma, the second man in the line of Antelope priests; but the men of Walpi preserve more of Indian color and thrill of action in their performance. Perhaps they have realized the advantage of a good show, well staged and costumed and vigorously enacted. While they do not invite the tourists, they keep them coming, and business in Snake Dance week is brisk along all lines.

Not all of the Hopi people are members of the Snake clan. Those of the uninitiated are as diffident with rattle-snakes as the rest of us. This lodge has difficulty in keeping up its membership. Sometimes a Hopi is invited to join, or is ordered to report for duty in the Snake kiva, and he declines this honor. It is well for him to remain away from dances thereafter, or he may have to hold a punishment snake as a penalty.

III

It was through the courtesy of Mr. John Lorenzo Hubbell, that early pioneer and baronial trader of the Navajo Desert, that I chanced to view the most secret of the Snake Dance

rites, the baptism or washing of the snakes in the kiva. This occurs in the morning of the day of the public ceremony. Perhaps one might call it the consecration of the messengers; for, as I have understood it, the snakes are the tribe's envoys to the gods, bearing its petition for rain and its thanks for harvests.

Perhaps, as Mounzwi, I might have achieved this success earlier, but it was my method in dealing with the Hopi, an always suspicious people, not to display an interest in their secrecies. Of necessity — or perhaps I should say in good judgment — I had to police their dances, to prevent possible clashes between the nonunderstanding Indian and the nearly always unreasonable and overcurious tourist; but I have never asked an Indian, anywhere, to give me an 'inside' concerning his primitive beliefs. Having to guide and often to judge that same Indian, it would have been an unfair advantage to take of my position, and would at once have classed me, the appointed mentor, as a piece of curiosity no different from the white men he so often wrangled with. Moreover, I had other means of acquiring information. The traders told me all they had garnered through the many years of trafficking with Indians, and each newcomer — tourist, artist, or itinerant official — presented me with the varying chaff of his very swift and gullible gleanings.

The always helpful Mr. Hubbell bridged this dilemma by inviting me as his guest, and I could accept without losing caste. Hubbell had been admitted to the kiva many years before; then Dr. Fewkes in 1899, as he relates; and since then the Indians have received Mr. Roosevelt, General Hugh L. Scott, and a few others. Perhaps not more than a score of white men have witnessed this ceremony.

In our little party were a visiting

superintendent, an engineer of the Desert Service, and Mr. Ford Harvey, son of the immortal Fred who rescued so many hungry travelers along the Santa Fe, and to whom should be erected a monument of bronze.

From the poles of the kiva ladder flew the feather-plumes that signify the progress of secret rites. An Indian met us at the top, and we filed after him down the ladder into the cool, dim atmosphere of that underground rock-walled vault. It had a peculiar odor — perhaps an earthy, perhaps a snaky, smell.

Kivas usually are empty places. Bare and cold, unless filled with eye-stinging smoke from firebrands, I had not found them inviting on my rounds of the mesas. I had held councils in them when making the first steps against factional religious persecution. Again I had sat in them, chatting with the makers of costumes and drums, smoking their bitter and powerful tobacco, and afterward wishing sincerely I had not. Most often the kiva is the club for retired old men of the tribe, lonely, feeble fellows, where they curl up to drowse and sleep, or where they weave some ceremonial scarf. It is not good form to idle in the neighborhood of kivas when the feather-plumes are displayed.

The ladder ended on a stone platform, raised above the main kiva-floor. In the corners of this platform stood large clay jars, and greeting us, albeit silently, from the corners and about the jars were snakes. Not just a few snakes that had wandered out of their pottery containers, but congested wads of snakes, piled carelessly in the corners of the kiva, and with nothing to prevent their leaving when the spirit moved them. However, they were quiet, somnolent, save for beady eyes and for an occasional slithery movement that caused one to watch his step.

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At the upper end of the kiva was an elaborate sand-painting after the fashion of the Navajo, no doubt another adoption, of foreign origin. A sand-painting is a mosaic-like picture of Indian symbols and fetishes, worked out in colored sands. This was surrounded or fenced by peeled wands, placed close together on end. And at this ceremonial altar stood, practically nude, two of my schoolboys, bronzed lads of about sixteen, who had taken part that morning in the sunrise race.

Under the ladder and on the main floor a number of older Indians were grouped, having close to them large bowls of clay holding water or other liquids. And these priests were arrayed for ceremony. The sacred-meal pouches were in evidence. Soon a chant was intoned. The Hopi chants are primitive, but have in them an echo of Catholic litanies. I have seen a Hopi priest anoint with and toss the sacred meal just as his forbears saw the padres bless the people. The Hopi is an assiduous adapter. And while listening to the chanting I have often expected to catch the refrain: '*Ora pro nobis.*' The padres were sacrificed to the desert gods in that red revolt of 1680, but their peaches dry each season on the pueblo housetops, and Hopi ceremonies carry an unconscious echo of the black-robos who taught the solemnity of ritual.

Around the walls of the kiva, at the height of one's head, were wadded pegs set in the stone, and draped over these were masks and costumes. As my position at the end of the platform brought me close to one of these bundles, I leaned against it and the wall, half turned, to give an eye to the nearest snakes of my corner, and another eye to the proceedings of the elders. A snake wriggled out from the pile and came closer; but the Indian who had received us waved him back with a

feather-whip. Someone was watching that sector, and I grew more confident.

We stood there for a little time in silence. From above came the noises of the crowd, thronging through the village streets. One could look up through the square opening of the entrance and see the blue Arizona sky. The ladder was very comforting. Several of the guests sat down on the edge of the platform, but I did not. I leaned comfortably against my pile of regalia, and kept a wide-angled view of the whole interior.

Then one of the Indians crossed the platform, gathered a few snakes, and passed them swiftly to the old men at the bowls. They uttered invocations, stretched the snakes out, and anointed them with meal, all the while chanting in a low tone. A number of the men had lined up against the wall, carrying rattles and insignia. They too began a chant. And then suddenly the old men plunged the snakes into the water of the bowls — a quick, unceremonious ducking, the choir raising its chant to a savage crescendo. It was no longer rhythmic and solemn. It was like a scream of death, a wild, unreasoning challenge that ended in a blood-curdling shriek; and at that final cry the snakes were hurled up the kiva, to fall on the sand-painting. The peeled wands were knocked over by their swirling bodies. Somnolent before, the snakes now waked up and twisted about, seeking escape, their heads raised, their tongues darting in and out. A hissing and whirring sounded. Their movements in the sand caused the design to be obliterated.

Now came another handful of snakes, swiftly passed for the baptism, and again the low chanting, but faster now, faster, and always that wild ending of the chant, and the throwing of the reptiles. More and more snakes squirmed on the wrecked sand-painting.

All the wands were down now. And in among the snakes, with a calmness that chilled the blood, walked my two schoolboys, nude as Adam, hustling back to the sand those that darted for the walls. Twice snakes reached the stone bench along the kiva's end and, climbing it, sought crevices of the upper wall. Each time a boy reached for the disappearing truant and nonchalantly dragged him back to his place in this wildest of pagan rites.

Finally all the snakes had been removed from our corners, and several inches of them made a moving carpet where had been the mosaic. There came a pause, a significant cessation of action, as if the priests had reached an unexpected, unforeseen part of the service. There was a quick consultation among the headmen. One of the boys, Edward, began looking around. He went to the nearest peg and removed some of the costumes, dropping a mask to the floor. He examined the mask. Then he went to another peg and performed this same search. And then he came straight toward me, at the end of the platform.

'What is it, Edward?' I asked him.

'We had sixty-five rattlesnakes, Mr. Crane,' he replied stolidly, 'and now we count but sixty-four. Let me look through those dresses you are leaning against. That other one may be —'

'Excuse me,' I said hurriedly, as I went up the ladder.

IV

Of course all Indians should not be forced into the same mould. Let us try to give each his chance to develop what is best in him. Moreover, *let us be wary of interfering overmuch with either his work or his play.* It is mere tyranny, for instance, to stop all Indian dances. Some which are obscene or dangerous must be prohibited. Others should be permitted, and many of them

encouraged. *Nothing that tells for the joy of life, in any community, should be lightly touched.*

— ROOSEVELT, *A Booklover's Holidays*

When I first read this, I thought of and began to compare the different types of Indian dances and ceremonies I had witnessed: the Butterfly, Basket, and Corn dances, the Snake and Flute dances of the Hopi; the Medicine Sings, and squaw dances, and the Ye-be-chai of the Navajo; the colorful pageants of the Pueblos, after Catholic Mass is celebrated on the name-days of their patron saints and the fiesta begins; the memorial ceremony of the Mohave, and their cremation of the dead. And those slam-bang, whirlwind dances of the Sioux.

Some of these were commemorative; some were fixed ceremonials; some were of little moment and some seemed nothing more serious than masquerades; some were filled with superstition and had just a touch of smouldering fanaticism under the veneer of paint and feathers. A few were social gatherings, a break in the monotony of existence, having in them 'the joy of life.' And, while all of the native dances should have thrown around them a thin line of supervision and restraint, many of them should by no means be 'lightly touched.'

The Snake Dance may be dangerous, and it is certainly revolting at first sight. And perhaps it should be prohibited. That is a point of view. I am not thoroughly convinced of its danger to Indians, since I never heard of a Hopi dying from snake-bite. I saw so many Snake Dances that the edge has been dulled from my original thrill. If tourists were denied the pleasure of seeing it, I believe the ceremony would soon languish, and pass away entirely with the going of the elders from the mesa stage. Certainly I sought to prevent its perpetuation through the

initiation of children, but without result, for I was unsupported in this, and alone I feared my inability to stifle a pagan war.

But of those things that should be dealt with gently, the tiny shows that the vacationist seldom sees and the Bureau has never heard of, I recall the Dance of the Dolls.

One afternoon, at First Mesa, I came along a trail toward the witch's camp, meaning to start for home once the team was harnessed. I met an Indian of the district walking with my interpreter, who said:—

'He wants you to stay and see the Dolls' Dance.'

Now I had quite a collection of Hopi dolls, those quaint figurines carved with some skill from pieces of cottonwood, and dressed in the regalia of twig and feather and fur to represent the various kachinas of the clans. But I had never heard of a dance devoted to these little mannequins.

'What sort of dance is that?' I asked.

'It is called the Dolls-Grind-Corn Dance,' he replied.

'When — to-morrow?' thinking of those monotonous open-air drills, having various names but scarcely to be distinguished one from the other.

'No. To-night, in the kiva.'

This interested me. I could see that the interpreter longed to remain overnight among his people, and to take in this show.

'Well,' I said, 'is it worth climbing that mesa in the dark?'

'I think you would like it,' he answered; 'it is a funny little dance, and the children go to see it.'

So I did not order up the team.

After supper, when the twilight had faded into that clouded blackness before the stars appear, I scrambled after my guide up the mesa trail. When we reached the end of that panting climb, the houses of the people were murkily

lighted by their oil lamps, but most of the householders were abroad, going toward the various kivas. To the central one we went, and down the ladder.

The place was lighted by large swinging lamps, borrowed for the occasion from the trader, lamps that have wide tin shades and may be quickly turned to brilliancy or darkness by a little wheel at the side. I had expected to find it a gloomy place, whereas they had arranged something very like the lighting of a theatre. It was a trifle difficult to find a place in that crowded vault. The far end was kept clear, but the two long sides and the ladder end were packed with Hopi women and their little ones. Just as I have seen in our theatres, the children could scarcely repress their nervous interest, now sitting, now standing on tiptoe, turning and watching, as if this would hasten matters.

I seated myself on a lower rung of the ladder, believing this place would be most desirable from my point of view, because from it I had a view of the kiva's centre and could most easily make my way to the upper air when things became too thick. A crowded kiva is rather foreign in atmosphere when filled to its capacity and with lamps going. But I soon found that I should be disturbed. From above came the noise of rattles and the clank of equipment, calls and the shuffling of feet. A line of dancers descended upon me. I moved to let them pass into the lighted centre-space. They were garbed in all the color and design of Hopi imagination, and wore grotesque masks. They lined up, and I sensed that their mission was one of merry-making. Two clowns headed the band, and soon had the audience convulsed. They hopped about, postured, and carried on a rapid dialogue. There was a great deal of laughter.

I had my usual experience in trying

to gain a knowledge of the show through an interpreter, quite the same as that lady who accompanied an attaché to hear a speech by Bismarck in the Reichstag. You will remember that the visitor kept demanding interpretation, whereas the attaché remained silent, intently listening, as the Iron Chancellor droned on, monotonously voluble.

'What does he say?' asked the visitor for the fifth time.

'Madam,' replied the attaché, 'I am waiting for the verb!'

And that is about as far as I ever got toward exact knowledge of the clowns in any dance. I have tried it many times. The interpreter always enjoyed the show for himself first, and left me in outer darkness. Occasionally he would attempt to explain some part of the horseplay in progress, probably such simple portions as he thought my feeble intellect would rise to.

'You see,' he would begin, pointing, 'he is one of the uncles!'

And apparently there are always two, paternal and maternal, I suppose. The uncle is the great man of the Hopi family. The father does not amount to much — he can be divorced in a jiffy and, while the mother is the household boss, she is always dominated by the grandmother, if living, and dictated to by the uncle in matters concerning alliances with other families. Perhaps one should call him a social arbiter. He has a great deal to say about weddings, marriage portions, and the like. Whenever I have watched the clowns at these smaller dances, and have asked their rôles in the play, invariably they have been the uncles. Perhaps the Hopi in this manner square themselves at the expense of the family martinet.

I could not see that there was anything to cause suspicion of evil in this little scene. In old Navajo dances the

clowns would often engage in dialogue that interpreters feared to translate. This is the charge too against the clowns of certain Pueblo and Zuni dances; and the clowns of the Hopi have been known to indulge in antics that were not elevating. I cannot bring myself to believe, however, that the clowns of the Dolls' Dance were relating anything other than crude witticisms, for the little children laughed as loudly as the others, and it seemed sheer fooling. Had a slapstick been in evidence, I should have been sure of the nature of the proceedings; but the Indians have not developed exactly this form of humor.

Then the dancers filed out, up the ladder, and away.

'They go to another kiva,' said my companion.

And almost immediately came another and different set of fun-makers. They took the centre of the kiva and soon had all laughing at similar jokes and grimaces. So, I thought, the old tiresome reel over again, to be continued throughout the night. For I had seen this dancing in relays last an entire day, stopping only for hasty meals and new costumes or make-up, and to one who does not understand the differences in scenes it becomes an intense boredom. I arose, about to depart; but my interpreter pulled me down.

'Wait! Wait!' he urged. 'They will put out the lights —'

This time the dancers did not leave the kiva. One of them came to the lamp just above me, and at a signal all the lights were dimmed. The kiva was in thick darkness. One could hear childish sighs of expectation. Perhaps the lights were off for thirty seconds, although it did not seem so long. Then they flared up, to reveal a curious little scene that had been constructed in the dark. I had not noticed that the dancers packed anything in with them.

The setting may have been in that crowded kiva all the time; but where had it been concealed?

At any rate, it was a queer little show, quite like that of our old friend Punch. There was a painted screen of several panels, and in the centre ones were two dolls, fashioned to represent Hopi maidens. Before each was the corn-grinding metate. And farther extended on the floor before them and their stone tubs was a miniature corn-field — the sand, and the furrows, and the hills of tiny plants.

Hardly had the first sigh of pleased surprise from the children died away, when, even to my astonishment, the dolls became animated, and with odd lifelike motions began to grind corn, just as the women grind daily in the houses of the villages, crushing the hard grain between the stone surfaces of the metate and the *mano*. These mannequins worked industriously, and with movements not at all mechanical. Then a little bird fluttered along the top of the screen, piping and whistling. Shrills of delight from the youngsters, to be followed by audible gasps, for from a side panel came twisting a long snake, to dart among the corn hills of the scenic field, and then to retreat backward through the hole from which it had appeared. These actions followed each other in quick succession. The fellow behind the screen was quite skillful in working his marionettes for the delight of the children of the tribe.

Perhaps in all this there was some deep-laid symbolism, checking rigidly with the North Star and the corn harvests of the past and future. Perhaps it was a primitive object-lesson, to encourage thrift and industry as a bulwark against famine. But if you ask me, I saw in it exactly a repetition of the district schoolhouse or the country chapel at holiday time, when Cousin Elmer obliges with a droll

exhibition of whiskers and sleighbells and cotton snowflakes. Sometimes the Hopi at these festivals for children give them presents too, and a handful of piki-bread bestowed by a clown, however bizarre his facial appearance, has all the gift-wonder of our childhood Santa Claus and his treasure-pack.

Touch lightly! They — all children will be gone soon enough. A little while and you can rest from anæmic policies and sophist sermons. The Desert will be lonely without its simple shepherds and their simple customs. Those who strain to inherit it, through legislation, will pack with them no poetry and attract no culture. Great cattle and sheep camps, monopolies, grimy oil-rigs, and yawning coal-drifts will mar the Desert. A few old books, a few paintings, — their creators gone, too, — will picture what you once possessed and experimented with and auctioned off. For one Shelton, discredited perhaps by a clamor of sanctimonious mediocrity, you have entrusted these people and their empire to twenty Bumbles. Twice you have sought to partition their community life, to make swift the end, to hasten the advent of the speculator who follows estates and bids for the possessions of the dead. At length, — because at length you will succeed in selling the desert heritage, — there will be only the museum case, and dust, and a ticket.

V

The Snake Dance ends very close to sunset. The crowds leave the mesa-top, down the trails afoot or mule-back, down the rocky roads in rough wagons, a scrambling multitude. The sun is gilding the western walls of First Mesa, throwing the east-side roads and trails in shadow, and above, the ruined crest of the headland looms black in a gorgeous halo. The farther eastern

valley is bathed in a strange lemon light. The far-away northern capes gleam luminously in scarlet and gold, and then suddenly are gone. Huhkwat-we, the Terrace of the Winds, pales in lavender and grayish green. Twilight, with its mysterious desert hush, steals over Hopi-land. Something has been fulfilled in accordance with an ancient prophecy. The desert gods have been appeased.

Soon it is dark, and stars appear as vesper candles. And then, all about the foot of the great fortresslike mesa, lighting the sand dunes and gleaming warmly through the peach trees, grow camp-fires. Where is usually a heavy silence at evening, broken only by sheep bells, now one hears laughter, many voices, the sound of the chef at work; and the smell of cooking rises. Coffee and bacon, desert fare, spread their aroma, and a ravenous hunger comes to one. Here is a tiny group about a tented auto, there amid horses and harness and camp dunnage are thirty around one board. 'Come and get it!'

I recall incidents of my introduction to these scenes. Armijo, the trader's relative, had brought his treasured violin. I heard its tones from the trail and, when I came to Hubbell's camp, there a group of them, musicians of the posts, were making ready to match their skill against the melody that tourists bring. Supper put away, the concert began.

'How do you like this?' asked the master of the bow and, as he swept the strings, that saddest of memory songs cried poignantly, a song fit for a desert night and a desert camp: 'La Golondrina.' Such harmonies of double-stopping I had seldom heard. It seemed to me — or was it desert magic? — that Kreisler could do no more. Silence. And then applause from fifty camps.

And Ed's guitar. Soon the lilting airs

of old fandangos would sing through the stunted trees, and one could imagine that the long-dead children of the padres made fiesta.

'Now, doctor,' said someone.

'What do you play, doctor?' I asked.

'I play the banjo,' he replied — I thought with a shade of mockery in his voice. Now I had just heard the Spaniard's violin sob a song that had swept a nation, and Ed's lightsome Mexican airs were no mean music for a summer camp. Night, under the old trees and in the shadow of the mesa of the gods, brings quite the romance of serenades; and especially soothing after a long tiresome day.

But — a banjo! That thumpety, plankety, plunkety thing! I was sorry I had spoken. He would oblige with something to fit clogs and the levee, and the whole atmosphere of that evening would vanish, never to return! The doctor opened a case.

'What would you like to hear?'

That is a terrible question from a banjoist, is n't it?

'Well — what do you play?'

'Oh, anything — popular classical stuff. Now there's the Melody in F or Mendelssohn's Spring Song, Schubert's Serenade, the Fifth Nocturne —'

'Great God!' I cried. 'On a banjo!'

I think he pulled this little joke on all strangers, for, after allowing it thoroughly to soak in, he brought that wonder instrument closer to the fire and began strumming the strings of it until its resonant cadences hushed all the noises of the camps. Then, softly through the grove, sounded the Melody in F, in organ tones.

Of course you will perceive that I am no musician and no critic. I have not the ear of the one or the language of the other. I am simply one of those who like to hear what I like — hopeless. The Andante from the Sonata

Pathétique haunted and eluded me for years and, but for a wandering pianist disguised as an investigator, I might have classed it with a dream. Sordid duties dull one to accept coarser things on a phonograph.

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'I have played through the East and on Canadian circuits, but I don't care for the stage. I took up concert work, traveling with glee clubs and orchestras, but that was n't much better. Hurried life. I like the quiet places.'

And he was a doctor in the Indian Service!

Someone called: 'Play it again!'

And he played it again — on a banjo!

Down under the hill were camped a bunch of troubadours that once had trooped with a second company, passing as the Original New York Cast. By the light of a lantern they played accompaniments on an old melodeon, dragged from the schoolhouse. A rousing chorus, and then a tenor voice: the Irish Love Song. Followed a roar of applause that brought drowsy Indians to the mesa edge. Strange Americanos! Strange Bohannas, who mock at drums and chanting, and who then make such queer music and many cries.

And by midnight the fires would die down, one by one, to mere glows. The pueblo lights, high up along the mesa cornice, would be blotted out. Beyond the camps, only the sound of horses munching, the bray of a desert nightingale from the upper corrals, or the canter of a mounted policeman through the sand, as he gave a last look around before rolling in his blanket. Then silence under the dark star-strewn sky, a tranquil desert silence, to be broken perhaps — who knows? — by ghostly sandals, as the padre walked to see that curious company, asleep in his one-time garden, guests of a pagan feast.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

THE difficulty in approaching the question of the relation between Religion and Science is that its elucidation requires that we have in our minds some clear idea of what we mean by either of the terms, 'religion' and 'science.' Also I wish to speak in the most general way possible, and to keep in the background any comparison of particular creeds, scientific or religious. We have to understand the type of connection which exists between the two spheres, and then to draw some definite conclusions respecting the existing situation which at present confronts the world.

The *conflict* between religion and science is what naturally occurs to our minds when we think of this subject. It seems as though, during the last half-century, the results of science and the beliefs of religion had come into a position of frank disagreement, from which there can be no escape, except by abandoning either the clear teaching of science or the clear teaching of religion. This conclusion has been urged by controversialists on either side. Not by all controversialists, of course, but by those trenchant intellects which every controversy calls out into the open.

The distress of sensitive minds, and the zeal for truth, and the sense of the importance of the issues, must command our sincerest sympathy. When we consider what religion is for mankind, and what science is, it is no exaggeration to say that the future course

of history depends upon the decision of this generation as to the relations between them. We have here the two strongest general forces (apart from the mere impulse of the various senses) which influence men, and they seem to be set one against the other — the force of our religious intuitions, and the force of our impulse to accurate observation and logical deduction.

A great English statesman once advised his countrymen to use large-scale maps as a preservative against alarms, panics, and general misunderstanding of the true relations between nations. In the same way, in dealing with the clash between permanent elements of human nature, it is well to map our history on a large scale, and to disengage ourselves from our immediate absorption in the present conflicts. When we do this, we immediately discover two great facts. In the first place, there has always been a conflict between religion and science; and in the second place, both religion and science have always been in a state of continual development. In the early days of Christianity there was a general belief among Christians that the world was coming to an end in the lifetime of people then living. We can make only indirect inferences as to how far this belief was authoritatively proclaimed; but it is certain that it was widely held, and that it formed an impressive part of the popular religious doctrine. The belief proved itself to be mistaken, and

Christian doctrine adjusted itself to the change. Again, in the early Church, individual theologians very confidently deduced from the Bible opinions concerning the nature of the physical universe. In the year A.D. 535, a monk named Cosmas wrote a book which he entitled *Christian Topography*. He was a traveled man who had visited India and Ethiopia; and finally he lived in a monastery at Alexandria, which was then a great centre of culture. In this book, basing himself upon the direct meaning of Biblical texts as construed by him in a literal fashion, he denied the existence of the antipodes, and asserted that the world is a flat parallelogram whose length is double its breadth.

In the seventeenth century the doctrine of the motion of the earth was condemned by a Catholic tribunal. A hundred years ago the extension of time demanded by geological science distressed religious people, Protestant and Catholic. And to-day the doctrine of evolution is an equal stumblingblock. These are only a few instances illustrating a general fact.

But all our ideas will be in a wrong perspective if we think that this recurring perplexity was confined to contradictions between religion and science, and that in these controversies religion was always wrong and science always right. The true facts of the case are very much more complex, and refuse to be summarized in these simple terms.

Theology itself exhibits exactly the same character of gradual development, arising from an aspect of conflict between its own proper ideas. This fact is a commonplace to theologians, but is often obscured in the stress of controversy. I do not wish to overstate my case, so I will confine myself to Roman Catholic writers. In the seventeenth century a learned Jesuit, Father Petavius, showed that the theologians of the first three centuries of Christianity

made use of phrases and statements which since the fifth century would be condemned as heretical. Also Cardinal Newman devoted a treatise to the discussion of the development of doctrine. He wrote it before he became a great Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, but throughout his life it was never retracted and continually reissued.

Science is even more changeable than theology. No man of science could subscribe without qualification to Galileo's beliefs, or to Newton's beliefs, or to all his own scientific beliefs of ten years ago.

In both regions of thought, additions, distinctions, and modifications have been introduced. So that now, even when the same assertion is made to-day as was made a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago, it is made subject to limitations or expansions of meaning which were not contemplated at the earlier epoch. We are told by logicians that a proposition must be either true or false, and that there is no middle term. But in practice we may know that a proposition expresses an important truth, but that it is subject to limitations and qualifications which at present remain undiscovered. It is a general feature of our knowledge that we are insistently aware of important truths; and yet that the only formulations of these truths which we are able to make presuppose a general standpoint of conceptions which may have to be modified. I will give you two illustrations, both from science.

Galileo said that the earth moves and that the sun is fixed; the Inquisition said that the earth is fixed and that the sun moves; and Newtonian astronomers, adopting an absolute theory of space, said that both the sun and the earth move. But now we say that any one of these three statements is equally true, provided that you have fixed your sense of 'rest' and 'motion' in the way

required by the statement adopted. At the date of Galileo's controversy with the Inquisition, Galileo's way of stating the facts was, beyond question, the fruitful procedure for the sake of scientific research. But in itself it was not more true than the formulation of the Inquisition. But at that time the modern concepts of relative motion were in nobody's mind, so that the statements were made in ignorance of the qualifications required for their more perfect truth. Yet this question of the motions of the earth and the sun expresses a real fact in the universe, and all sides had got hold of important truths concerning it. But, with the knowledge of those times, the truths appeared to be inconsistent.

Again I will give you another example taken from the state of modern physical science. Since the time of Newton and Huyghens in the seventeenth century there have been two theories as to the physical nature of light. Newton's theory was that a beam of light consists of a stream of very minute particles, or corpuscles, and that we have the sensation of light when these corpuscles strike the retinas of our eyes. Huyghens's theory was that light consists of very minute waves of trembling in an all-pervading ether, and that these waves are traveling along a beam of light. The two theories are contradictory. In the eighteenth century Newton's theory was believed, in the nineteenth century Huyghens's theory was believed. To-day there is one large group of phenomena which can be explained only on the wave theory, and another large group which can be explained only on the corpuscular theory. Scientists have to leave it at that, and wait for the future, in the hope of attaining some wider vision which reconciles both.

We should apply these same principles to the questions in which there is

a variance between science and religion. We should believe nothing in either sphere of thought which does not appear to us to be certified by solid reasons based upon the critical research either of ourselves or of competent authorities. But, granting that we have honestly taken this precaution, a clash between the two on points of detail where they overlap should not lead us hastily to abandon doctrines for which we have solid evidence. It may be that we are more interested in one set of doctrines than in the other. But, if we have any sense of perspective and of the history of thought, we shall wait and refrain from mutual anathemas.

We should wait; but we should not wait passively, or in despair. The clash is a sign that there are wider truths and finer perspectives within which a reconciliation of a deeper religion and a more subtle science will be found.

II

In one sense, therefore, the conflict between science and religion is a slight matter which has been unduly emphasized. A mere logical contradiction cannot in itself point to more than the necessity of some readjustments, possibly of a very minor character, on both sides. Remember the widely different aspects of events which are dealt with in science and in religion respectively. Science is concerned with the general conditions which are observed to regulate physical phenomena, whereas religion is wholly wrapped up in the contemplation of moral and æsthetic values. On the one side there is the law of gravitation, and on the other the contemplation of the beauty of holiness. What one side sees the other misses, and vice versa.

Consider, for example, the lives of John Wesley and of Saint Francis of Assisi. For physical science you have

in these lives merely ordinary examples of the operation of the principles of physiological chemistry, and of the dynamics of nervous reactions; for religion you have lives of the most profound significance in the history of the world. Can you be surprised that, in the absence of a perfect and complete phrasing of the principles of science and the principles of religion which apply to these specific cases, the accounts of these lives from these divergent stand-points should involve discrepancies? It would be a miracle if it were not so.

It would, however, be missing the point to think that we need not trouble ourselves about the conflict between science and religion. In an intellectual age there can be no active interest which puts aside all hope of a vision of the harmony of truth. To acquiesce in discrepancy is destructive of candor and of moral cleanliness. It belongs to the self-respect of intellect to pursue every tangle of thought to its final unravelment. If you check that impulse, you will get no religion and no science from an awakened thoughtfulness. The important question is, In what spirit are we going to face the issue? There we come to something absolutely vital.

A clash of doctrines is not a disaster — it is an opportunity. I will explain my meaning by some illustrations from science. The weight of an atom of nitrogen was well known. Also it was an established scientific doctrine that the average weight of such atoms in any considerable mass will be always the same. Two experimenters, the late Lord Rayleigh and the late Sir William Ramsay, found that if they obtained nitrogen by two different methods, each equally effective for that purpose, they always observed a persistent slight difference between the average weights of the atoms in the two cases. Now I ask you, would it

have been rational of these men to have despaired because of this conflict between chemical theory and scientific observation? Suppose that for some reason the chemical doctrine had been highly prized throughout some district as the foundation of its social order — would it have been wise, would it have been candid, would it have been moral, to forbid the disclosure of the fact that the experiments produced discordant results? Or, on the other hand, should Sir William Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh have proclaimed that chemical theory was now a detected delusion?

We see at once that either of these ways would have been a method of facing the issue in an entirely wrong spirit. What Rayleigh and Ramsay did do was this. They at once perceived that they had hit upon a line of investigation which would disclose some subtlety of chemical theory that had hitherto eluded observation. The discrepancy was not a disaster — it was an opportunity to increase the sweep of chemical knowledge. You all know the end of the story: finally argon was discovered, a new chemical element which had lurked undetected, mixed with the nitrogen. But the story has a sequel which forms my second illustration. This discovery drew attention to the importance of observing accurately minute differences in chemical substances as obtained by different methods. Further researches of the most careful accuracy were undertaken. Finally another physicist, Ashton, working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge in England, discovered that even the same element might assume two or more distinct forms, termed 'isotopes,' and that the law of the constancy of average atomic weight holds for each of these forms, but as between the different isotopes differs slightly. The research has effected a great stride in the power of chemical

theory, far transcending in importance the discovery of argon, from which it originated. The moral of these stories lies on the surface, and I will leave to you their application to the case of religion and science.

In formal logic a contradiction is the signal of a defeat, but in the evolution of real knowledge it marks the first step in progress toward a victory. This is one great reason for the utmost toleration of variety of opinion. Once and forever this duty of toleration has been summed up in the words, 'Let both grow together until the harvest.' The failure of religious Christians to act up to this precept, of the highest authority, is one of the curiosities of religious history. But we have not yet exhausted the discussion of the moral temper required for the pursuit of truth. There are short cuts leading merely to an illusory success. It is easy enough to find a theory, logically harmonious and with important applications in the region of fact, provided that you are content to disregard half your evidence. Every age produces people with clear logical intellects, and with the most praiseworthy grasp of the importance of some sphere of human experience, who have elaborated, or inherited, a scheme of thought that exactly fits those experiences which claim their interest. Such people are apt resolutely to ignore, or to explain away, all evidence which confuses their scheme with contradictory instances. What they cannot fit in is for them nonsense. An unflinching determination to take the whole evidence into account is the only method of preservation against the fluctuating extremes of fashionable opinion. This advice seems so easy, and is in fact so difficult to follow.

One reason for this difficulty is that we cannot think first and act afterward. From the moment of birth we

are immersed in action, and can only fitfully guide it by taking thought. We have, therefore, in various spheres of experience to adopt those ideas which seem to work within those spheres. It is absolutely necessary to trust to ideas which are generally adequate, even though we know that there are subtleties and distinctions beyond our ken. Also, apart from the necessities of action, we cannot even keep before our minds the whole evidence except under the guise of doctrines which are incompletely harmonized. We cannot think in terms of an indefinite multiplicity of detail; our evidence can acquire its proper importance only if it comes before us marshaled by general ideas. These ideas we inherit — they form the tradition of our civilization. Such traditional ideas are never static. They are either fading into meaningless formulæ or gaining power by the new lights thrown by a more delicate apprehension. They are transformed by the urge of critical reason, by the vivid evidence of emotional experience, and by the cold certainties of scientific perception. One fact is certain: you cannot keep them still. No generation can merely reproduce its ancestors. You may preserve the life in a flux of form, or preserve the form amid an ebb of life. But you cannot permanently enclose the same life in the same mould.

III

The present state of religion among the European races illustrates the statements which I have been making. The phenomena are mixed. There have been reactions and revivals. But on the whole, during many generations, there has been a gradual decay of religious influence in European civilization. Each revival touches a lower peak than its predecessor, and each period of slackness a lower depth. The average

curve marks a steady fall in religious tone. In some countries the interest in religion is higher than in others. But in those countries where the interest is relatively high it still falls as the generations pass. Religion is tending to degenerate into a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life. A great historical movement on this scale results from the convergence of many causes. I wish to suggest for consideration two of them which lie within the scope of this article.

In the first place, for over two centuries religion has been on the defensive, and on a weak defensive. The period has been one of unprecedented intellectual progress. In this way a series of novel situations has been produced for thought. Each such occasion has found the religious thinkers unprepared. Something, which has been proclaimed to be vital, has finally, after struggle, distress, and anathema, been modified and otherwise interpreted. The next generation of religious apologists then congratulates the religious world on the deeper insight which has been gained. The result of the continued repetition of this undignified retreat, during many generations, has at last almost entirely destroyed the intellectual authority of religious thinkers. Consider this contrast: when Darwin or Einstein proclaims theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science. We do not go about saying that there is another defeat for science, because its old ideas have been abandoned. We know that another step of scientific insight has been gained.

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. This evolution of religion is in the main a disengagement of

its own proper ideas from the adventitious notions which have crept into it by reason of the expression of its own ideas in terms of the imaginative picture of the world entertained in previous ages. Such a release of religion from the bonds of imperfect science is all to the good. It stresses its own genuine message. The great point to be kept in mind is that normally an advance in science will show that statements of various religious beliefs require some sort of modification. It may be that they have to be expanded or explained, or, indeed, entirely restated. If the religion is a sound expression of truth, this modification will only exhibit more adequately the exact point which is of importance. This process is a gain. In so far, therefore, as any religion has any contact with physical facts, it is to be expected that the point of view of those facts must be continually modified as scientific knowledge advances. In this way the exact relevance of these facts for religious thought will grow more and more clear. The progress of science must result in the unceasing modification of religious thought, to the great advantage of religion.

The religious controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries put theologians into a most unfortunate state of mind. They were always attacking and defending. They pictured themselves as the garrison of a fort surrounded by hostile forces. All such pictures express half-truths. That is why they are so popular. But they are dangerous. This particular picture fostered a pugnacious party spirit that really expresses an ultimate lack of faith. They dared not modify, because they shirked the task of disengaging their spiritual message from the associations of a particular imagery.

Let me explain myself by an example. In the early mediæval times Heaven

was in the sky, and Hell was underground; volcanoes were the jaws of Hell. I do not assert that these beliefs entered into the official formulations, but they did enter into the popular understanding of the general doctrines of Heaven and Hell. These notions were what everyone thought to be implied by the doctrine of the future state. They entered into the explanations of the most influential exponents of Christian belief. For example, they occur in the Dialogues of Pope Gregory the Great, a man whose high official position is surpassed only by the magnitude of his services to humanity. I am not saying what we ought to believe about the future state. But, whatever be the right doctrine, in this instance the clash between religion and science, which has relegated the earth to the position of a second-rate planet attached to a second-rate sun, has been greatly to the benefit of the spirituality of religion by dispersing these mediæval fancies.

Another way of looking at this question of the evolution of religious thought is to note that any verbal form of statement which has been before the world for some time discloses ambiguities, and that often such ambiguities strike at the very heart of the meaning. The effective sense in which a doctrine has been held in the past cannot be determined by the mere logical analysis of verbal statements, made in ignorance of the logical trap. You have to take into account the whole reaction of human nature to the scheme of thought. This reaction is of a mixed character, including elements of emotion derived from our lower natures. It is here that the impersonal criticism of science and of philosophy comes to the aid of religious evolution. Example after example can be given of this motive force in development. For instance, the logical difficulties inherent

in the doctrine of the moral cleansing of human nature by the power of religion rent Christianity in the days of Pelagius and Augustine — that is to say, at the beginning of the fifth century. Echoes of that controversy still linger in theology.

So far my point has been this: that religion is the expression of one type of fundamental experiences of mankind; that religious thought develops into an increasing accuracy of expression, disengaged from adventitious imagery; that the interaction between religion and science is one great factor in promoting this development.

IV

I now come to my second reason for the modern fading of interest in religion. This involves the ultimate question which I stated in my opening sentences. We have to know what we mean by religion. The churches, in their presentation of their answers to this query, have put forward aspects of religion which are expressed in terms either suited to the emotional reactions of bygone times or directed to excite modern emotional interests of a non-religious character. What I mean under the first heading is that religious appeal is directed partly to excite that instinctive fear of the wrath of a tyrant which was inbred in the unhappy populations of the arbitrary empires of the ancient world, and in particular to excite that fear of an all-powerful arbitrary tyrant behind the unknown forces of nature. This appeal to the ready instinct of brute fear is losing its force. It lacks any directness of response, because modern science and modern conditions of life have taught us to meet occasions of apprehension by a critical analysis of their causes and conditions. Religion is the reaction of human nature to its search for God.

The presentation of God under the aspect of power awakens every modern instinct of critical reaction. This is fatal; for religion collapses unless its main positions command immediacy of assent. In this respect the old phraseology is at variance with the psychology of modern civilizations. This change in psychology is largely due to science, and is one of the chief ways in which the advance of science has weakened the hold of the old religious forms of expression.

The nonreligious motive which has entered into modern religious thought is the desire for a comfortable organization of modern society. Religion has been presented as valuable for the ordering of life. Its claims have been rested upon its function as a sanction to right conduct. Also the purpose of right conduct quickly degenerates into the formation of pleasing social relations. We have here a subtle degradation of religious ideas, following upon their gradual purification under the influence of keener ethical intuitions. Conduct is a by-product of religion — an inevitable by-product, but not the main point. Every great religious teacher has revolted against the presentation of religion as a mere sanction of rules of conduct. Saint Paul denounced the Law, and Puritan divines spoke of the filthy rags of righteousness. The insistence upon rules of conduct marks the ebb of religious fervor. Above and beyond all things, the religious life is not a research after comfort. I must now state, in all diffidence, what I conceive to be the essential character of the religious spirit.

Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something

which gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest.

The immediate reaction of human nature to the religious vision is worship. Religion has emerged into human experience mixed with the crudest fancies of barbaric imagination. Gradually, slowly, steadily, the vision recurs in history under nobler form and with clearer expression. It is the one element in human experience which persistently shows an upward trend. It fades and then recurs. But when it renews its force it recurs with an added richness and purity of content. The fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience.

The vision claims nothing but worship; and worship is a surrender to the claim for assimilation, urged with the motive force of mutual love. The vision never overrules. It is always there, and it has the power of love presenting the one purpose whose fulfillment is eternal harmony. Such order as we find in nature is never force — it presents itself as the one harmonious adjustment of complex detail. Evil is the brute motive force of fragmentary purpose, disregarding the eternal vision. Evil is overruling, retarding, hurting. The power of God is the worship He inspires. That religion is strong which in its ritual and its modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision. The worship of God is not a rule of safety — it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. The death of religion comes with the repression of the high hope of adventure.

THE GLASS WINDOW

THE RETURN OF THE QUARE WOMEN

BY LUCY FURMAN

FROM the first day of September, when she saw their wagons pass out of sight around a mountain shoulder down Troublesome, Aunt Ailsie Pridemore could think of little else but the quare women, their coming-up from the Blue Grass in June, the setting-up of their tents on the hill overlooking courthouse and village, the flocking of people from far and near to see, the absorption of the young in all the cheerful and busy doings, the peace in the Kent-Fallon war, the joy of old folks like Uncle Ephraim Kent and herself in learning to read; and, at the last, the mass meeting, urging the visitors to stay always and found a school, and the offers of land, labor, and timber for the purpose.

The six months which must pass before the women could come back seemed to Aunt Ailsie an interminable time, and ordinary pursuits palled terribly. 'Pears like I wisht I might never see a cookpot or a dishrag or a broom or a battling-stick or a reel or a wheel or a loom no more,' she would say to herself as she worked. 'I'm plumb werried out with 'em, and with these here hills and clifts and creeks.'

All the fall, save at foddering and corn-gathering times, Uncle Lot rode in to the Forks every day and joined Uncle Ephraim up in his timber, where the two measured and marked the great yellow poplars which were to go into the new schoolhouse.

Two or three times Aunt Ailsie rode

in to the Forks to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, at the hotel, and then enjoyed a surreptitious delight with her grandson, little John Wes, slipping off into an upper room where the quare women had left their boxes of library books in Giles Kent's care (Giles being the school-teacher at the Forks). Here the two would hunt out storybooks with large print and bright pictures, the six-year-old boy sometimes deciphering words too hard for his granny. This pleasure was none the less sweet because forbidden, for, in giving his consent that Aunt Ailsie should learn to read, Uncle Lot had stipulated that her reading must be Scripture only.

On occasional rainy days, when Uncle Lot had to remain at home, he spent his time poring over the Bible, by fat-pine light, the windowless old house being very dark when doors had to be closed against the cold. At such times he was very apt to observe Aunt Ailsie's laxness and listlessness.

'There you have sot, a-gaping at the fire, and hain't cyarded a roll for half a hour,' he would comment; or, as she sat dreaming at the big loom, 'I hain't heared you tromp ary treadle for allus. 'Pears like your mind wanders wusser every day. And I can tell you pine-blank where hit's a-wandering to. Hit's them quare women. You hain't been at yourself sence they come in.'

'Pears like I think of 'em un-thoughted, paw,' she would reply,

guiltily. 'I don't aim to, but my wits jest wanders to 'em. They was so much company for me, and holped up my sperrits so, and larned me so much I never knowed.'

'Your lawful spouse and daily labors is company enough for you, a body would think; and as for sperrits, the God of Israel would holp up your sperrits a sight more if you would call upon Him in prevailing prayer. And I don't figger any larning you got has profited you none—I hain't seed you sarch the Scripters ten minutes on eend sence you larnt your A B C's.'

'You hain't no great of company for me, paw; you air allus gone to funeral-meetings of Sundays, and week days when you hain't at work you'd ruther company with Job or Solomon or any of them old dead-and-gone fellers as me. And as for Scripter, hit's got sech a lavish of hard words I can't make out to read half of 'em, skasely, and leetle fine print too, and the house so dark, and fatwood light so flickery.'

'Yes, old Satan hisself could n't make no more excuses! I warn you, Ailsie, you air treading dangerous ground, giving ninety-nine thoughts to them women to one to your God, setting the creetur afore the Creator, which is idoltery. While hit's a good thing for the young of this country to have them women here, hit hain't so good for old folks like you, that gets their minds tore up easy, and has itching ears and lusting eyes, allus a-craving something they have n't got, everly ready to run after every new vanity they see, forgetting the words of the Apostul: "Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live sober and righteous and godly in this present world."

'As your God-appointed head, I admonish and lay down to you, right now, that when them women returns back I hain't aiming to put up, not for a minute, with what I done last summer.

Keeping at home is the onliest business a woman has got, according to both Scripter and reason. "Let the women be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, obedient to their own husbands," says the Word. And keep at home when them women comes back, I now put my foot down and decree you shall. For if I don't, by summer I won't have any home or woman or gyarden or vittles or cow-brutes or chickens or peace or satisfaction in life, but might as well, and better, be a widder-man, for hit'll be jest one everlasting traipse-and-gad, hoove-and-set, hip-and-hurrah, from one day's dawn to tother, world without eend! Wherefore my intentions for you atter the women comes back is, to wit, if you do your work well-up all week, I may leave you go in of Saturdays to see 'em, but not nary nother time, never!'

This ultimatum was received by Aunt Ailsie with her usual meek 'Yes, paw.'

The slowest time will pass at last; and finally mid-March did arrive, and with it the two quare women, Amy and Virginia. Fortunately they came on a Friday. When Aunt Ailsie rode in next day to the Forks, most of the village was gathered at the hotel to greet them. Then everybody went up to Polly Ainslee's three-acre bottom, which had been purchased by the citizens for the site of the new school, and over which a number of Uncle Ephraim's great logs were now scattered, having been snaked down by ox-teams from his mountain opposite.

The people all vied with one another in getting the women settled in Polly's small cottage, donating all sorts of things for their use and comfort. Aunt Ailsie gave a bedstead, made by Uncle Lot years before, with shuck mattress, fat feather-bed, and pillows complete, and a handsome wool coverlet in indigo

and white woven by herself, of 'Young Man's Fancy' pattern. Uncle Lot also permanently donated the 'pieded heifer' lent the women the summer before, Ronny Kent, younger brother of the now absent Giles and grandson of Uncle Ephraim, mending up the cowshed, and also building shelves for the books in the sitting-room-library of the women.

From week to week, as she rode in, Aunt Ailsie noted progress in the preparations for the new schoolhouse. Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Lot permitted no one to scribe and score the great logs but themselves, though others helped with the hewing. The rock pillars for foundations also had to be sunk directly under their eyes. Other men were engaged in riving boards for the roof and palings for the fence, and in hewing timbers for joists, rafters, and beams. It was always a busy scene, crop-time being not far off, when every man must work for himself.

During all of May, Aunt Ailsie and Uncle Lot were too busy hoeing corn to go in to the Forks; but on a Saturday in early June, when the ground was too wet for work, Aunt Ailsie again rode down her branch and up Troublesome, overtaking two covered wagons that lumbered and jolted on ahead. She recognized these as belonging to Uncle Adam Howard and his son Jasper. They stopped where she did, at the women's big gate, and she was delighted to discover that a strange young woman sat by the side of each driver.

Amy and Virginia came running down the walk, welcomed the two visitors warmly, helped them out over the wheels, and then apparently forgot all about them, to peer intently into the wagons.

'I'll gorrontee there hain't a one ruint,' said Uncle Adam. 'Mought be a few cracked, but none plumb smashed. I fixed a saft place for 'em to rest on.'

Aunt Ailsie, who drew near to the

visitors as to a magnet, heard one of them, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, say to the other with a groan, 'I wish he had fixed a saft place for *us* to rest on!'

Aunt Ailsie spoke up sympathetically. 'You two gals look plumb werried out. Here, set on this nigh bench and rest a spell.'

The girls sank down and took off their hats, one revealing a much-ruffled mass of dark hair, the other a head of ripply reddish-gold. Aunt Ailsie also sat down, and removed her black sun-bonnet.

Uncle Adam meanwhile was lifting off the wagon sheet, and displaying to the women, and also to the men who came running from the bottom, his precious cargo.

'I made the feller put all the glass in the sash,' he said, 'and then lashed several sash together in bundles, with hay betwixt, and then sot the bundles up eendways on two foot of hay, and tied 'em above to this-here frame. Then I tuck a extra half-day coming acrost the mountains. And I'll lay there hain't a pane broke beyand using.'

He began lifting out the sashes, his words being verified, to the general amazement. 'I would have said hit could n't be!' 'You done a right job, Adam!' 'I've lost good money on you, but I hain't begrudging hit!' For wagers had been laid that the glass for the school windows could not be brought from the railroad whole.

Aunt Ailsie, meanwhile, turned her attention to more interesting objects.

'What name do you two gals go by, and what's your business here?'

'Susanna Reeves is mine,' replied the brunette, 'and this other girl is Christine Potter. Her business here is to teach; but mine, everywhere, is simply to enjoy myself.'

Aunt Ailsie replied, in an earnest tone, 'Hit's what I allus craved to do myself. But I never got a chancet.'

'Why not?'

'My man, Lot, he's again' it. He's a Old Primitive.'

'He must be,' replied Susanna. 'But what has that to do with you?'

Aunt Ailsie's mouth dropped open. 'What has it got to do with me?' she repeated, in a shocked tone. 'Why, he's my man — my God-appointed head! Hit's my business, according to Scrip-ter, to obey every word he says.' She continued to gaze at Susanna in amazed silence for a moment or two; then, with a sudden intake of breath, said, 'But I don't say I hain't mighty worried-out with it sometimes.'

Then, resuming her catechism: 'Where did you gals come from, and how fur did you ride on the railroad train?'

'I came from the Blue Grass, and rode only one day by train and two and a half by wagon. Christine here rode two days and nights by train and the rest by wagon — she came all the way from New England.'

'I have heared a sight about old Eng-land in the song-ballats, but I never heared tell of no new England.'

'Well, it's here in America, 'way up north and east, on the Atlantic Ocean.'

'That hain't the briny deep — the old salt sea I have allus heard tell of in the ballats?'

'The very same.'

Aunt Ailsie took a long, thirsty, ex-haustive look at the fairer girl.

'And you have seed the briny deep, and lived by hit?' she asked.

'Yes, and crossed it twice on ships.'

She continued to stare, her dreaming soul in her eyes. 'And you air young, and have seed sech a sight of this wonderly world, and I am old — sixty-one I am, and been married forty-seven year, and raised eight offsprings, and got fifty-seven grands, and hain't never seed a railroad, or a ship, or a boat, or nothing but mountains and cliffs and

creeks, or traveled further than twelve mile.'

Then, as if dismissing a painful sub-ject: 'How old air you two gals?'

'Twenty-three,' replied Susanna.

'Twenty-two,' said Christine.

Aunt Ailsie shook her head sadly. 'Both on the cull-list,' she said, 'same as tother quare women. For I allow neither one of you hain't got ary man?'

Christine shook her head at once; but Susanna, after a moment of delib-eration, replied enigmatically: 'Well, I can't say I have, and I can't say I have n't.'

Aunt Ailsie was delightfully intrigued. 'How do you make that out?' she demanded.

'Well, you see, I'm engaged to one; I've got him that far — but he can't marry me yet.'

'Why not?' There was an edge of suspicion in Aunt Ailsie's voice.

'He's too poor.'

'Too pore! Too pore to marry! I never in life heared of a man too pore to marry! All he's got to do is to clear him a patch of new ground, and put him in a crap, and raise a house with the logs. Any man can't do that hain't no man at all! That-air man of yourn hain't no account, or else he's jest a-fooling you.'

'He claims,' said Susanna, 'that he had to go a lot in debt getting his medical and surgical education, and that he must pay those debts and get something ahead before he can marry; also that it takes a surgeon a long time to get a start.'

'Man's talk to a gal is the most ontrustable thing in life,' declared Aunt Ailsie. 'What is a surgeon?'

'A kind of doctor who — who oper-ates on people when necessary.'

'Operates? What's that?'

'Well, you know sometimes people have tumors or cancers or a bad appendix, and the only way to save

life is to cut them out. That is what Robert does.'

Aunt Ailsie's eyes bulged with horror. 'Cyarves on living humans!' she exclaimed.

'When it's the only way.'

'Hit's wicked and devilish and a pyore scandal!' pronounced Aunt Ailsie without hesitation. She gazed at Susanna with deeply troubled brow.

'I feel to warn you, Susanny,' she said, 'not to confidence no sech a man — not a minute; for the way things looks, he don't mean no good to you or nobody else. If I was you, I'd sooner die a old maid, like Christeeny here.'

'But I'm not such a *very* old maid,' protested Christine.

'Not but a year gone, so fur as time tells,' admitted Aunt Ailsie; 'but,' with a sad shake of the head, 'your chances is as good as nothing.'

'Why?' demanded both girls, in amazement.

'I hate to name it,' was the reluctant reply. 'I never was one to tromp on feelings. But facts is facts, and there hain't a person of the man-tribe nowhere but what is shy of a redhead. They allow hit means high-tempered, and up-headed, and rule-or-die; and, being men-folks, they generally aim to do the ruling theirselves — and got Scripter for it, too. Hit's a pyore pity for a gal to have sech a drawback; she better be snaggle-toothed and jimber-jawed and cross-eyed and pock-marked, all in one, so fur as men goes.'

'But Christine's hair is perfectly beautiful, the prettiest I ever saw,' declared Susanna.

'Pretty is as pretty does,' said Aunt Ailsie. 'Hit don't *signify* beautiful. I feel for you, Christeeny, I do, too. But for that red hair you'd be as sightly a gal as ever I beheld, with that-air white, tender skin, and them deep-blue eyes, and that headpiece set on your shoulders pine-blank like a deer. If your

hair was jest black now, or brown, or palish-yaller, there would be hope. But hit's too red!'

After a moment of thought she spoke more encouragingly. 'I have knowed of redhead gals biling warnut bark and toning down their hair a leetle grain, which is mighty sensible. And I would glad fix some for you, if you was to say so. If you leave hit be, your onliest chancet would be a widder-man so hectored and driv by young-uns and cow-brutes he would look over the red hair to get him a working woman. For I have tuck notice that redheads is mighty working. I allow, now, you can cook and clean and wash and scrub and gyarden and spin and weave and sew and tame down young-uns and, most of all, milk cow-brutes?'

'I'm afraid I can't do one of those things but sew a little,' admitted Christine.

Aunt Ailsie glanced around, holding up a quick hand. 'Ssh-ssh — don't let hit get abroad!' she admonished. 'Hit would everly destroy your chances. Last summer I fotched in a diligent widder-man, with a good farm and several head of property and nine orphan young-uns, to take his pick of the quare women; but when he found not nary one of the six could milk a cow, he tuck to his heels. Now you air too likely a gal not to try for a man, and if you will come down about oncet a week and take the night with me I will gorrontee to larn you milking and gyardening and spinning and weaving and a smatter of cooking and sewing. And then, with the warnut-juice, first thing you know you'll maybe ketch you a man, and be tuck off the cull-list.'

Both girls seemed to have difficulty restraining some kind of emotion, but after a little Christine replied, gratefully, 'Thank you — I shall be delighted. Shall we start in next week? And may I bring Susanna too?'

'Fetch her on along — hit'll maybe take her mind off of that-air cyarver! Fetch all the quare women, if you want. Though I hain't got no manner of hope left for tothers.'

Amy and Virginia now came up to the visitors with apologies for their absorption in the windows. 'It was such a feat, bringing them in unbroken,' they said. 'We only hope you girls are in as good condition. Come to bed at once.'

'We hope it's a feather-bed,' said Susanna.

'It is, a nice fat one, given us by Aunt Ailsie herself.'

Amy piloted the girls into the cottage, while Virginia stayed to watch the unloading. When all the large sashes were put away, there still remained in the second wagon a number of quite small ones, which Jasper began to hand down.

'What's them for?' inquired Aunt Ailsie of Virginia.

'Some small windows we brought in, thinking that people who have none might like to set them in their walls to let in the light. We intend trading them for things to eat.'

Aunt Ailsie sprang to her feet. 'Hit's what I have needed all my lifetime, and never knowed it!' she said. 'With one of them fine glass windows set in the south wall of old-house, the sunball will shine in all day, and lighten all my labors. I'll fetch you in apples or beans or anything I got to pay for it.'

'You'll fetch us in nothing more,' replied Virginia. 'We intended all along to give you one if you wanted it. Here, Jasper, knock off one of those crates and hand me a couple of those sashes. Aunt Ailsie can take them along on old Darb as she rides home.'

Jasper knocked off the crating and Virginia tied the sashes together.

'I'll hand them up to you,' she said, 'after you get on old Darb.'

Aunt Ailsie stood silent for a long moment, not making any start toward the nag, her face growing more and more sober and thoughtful.

'Virginny,' she said at last, 'there's a time for all things, and this hain't the time for to take home my glass window. Hit's this way. My man Lot, besides being the balkingest man ever drewed breath, is everly again' new things and new idees. If I was to ride up on old Darb and flant these here sashes in his very face, hit would sartain be the everlasting eend of glass window for me. To sudden him is pyore folly. What he needs is to get broke gradual to an idee, and kindly naychulized to it. So I aim to wrop it up in about four bundles of fodder, and tie it up again' the rafters in this-here cowshed loft of youn, where nobody won't never see it, and then bide my time. You know the Scriptor, "Continual drapping wears away a many a stone," and "Times and agitations brings onlikely things to pass."'

One afternoon Aunt Ailsie stopped old Darb at the women's gate just as Christine came out. She had been riding all afternoon, buying up wool, getting ready to weave a number of coverlets for which the quare women had brought in orders. She sat on one sack and carried another in her arms.

Suddenly she leaned down from the nag and spoke confidentially in Christine's ear. 'I aim to have a glass window myself some day,' she said.

'Oh, do you?'

'Yes, but Lot don't know nothing about hit yet. He's allus sot again' new things, and I have to walk saftly, and bide my time. But hit's put away safe up in yan cowshed loft, wropped in bundles of fodder. I'll have hit yet.'

'I hope so,' said Christine.

'Don't tell nobody what I told you.'

'Oh, no!'

Aunt Ailsie rode on home, meditating pensively upon the glass window. It was now three weeks since she had carefully put it away, but as yet no favorable opportunity had presented itself for broaching the subject to Uncle Lot.

That night, after they had eaten supper, and Uncle Lot, after a hard day sledding fodder down the hillsides, was sitting in old-house reading his chapter by fat-pine light, Aunt Ailsie began: —

'I rid up Troublesome this evening, and Bee Tree, too. Phoebe she allus has a leetle wool, and Cyarline Yonts more, and there was some on Troublesome, too. Got me a fair lot — not good like my own shearing, though. But hit'll take a sight of wool to weave the kivers them women spoke for, and I can't look for all to be extry wool.'

'How much was hit them women allowed you'd get for a kiver?' inquired Uncle Lot.

'Ten dollars,' replied Aunt Ailsie, in an awed voice. 'Ten whole dollars — and me able to weave two a week easy attar I once get my wool all cyarded and spun and spooled and reeled and dyed. Hit's a sight of money in this world for a woman to make! But they allow I do sech pretty weaving folks will pay high for hit.'

'Hit's a sight of money too,' agreed Uncle Lot, with marked satisfaction.

'Phoebe, she showed me a glass window David had jest sot in for Lowizy,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'one he got from the quare women. Eh, law, she'll take comfort now, laying there winters with the sunball shining right in on her, so's she can read her books so good! I'm glad for her.'

'Hit's good for shet-ins like her,' admitted Uncle Lot.

'And Rutheny's window that she got, soon as she heared the women had 'em to trade, hit holps her up a sight, too.'

'Glass windows is all right for them that wants em. I allow there hain't nothing blamable in 'em,' responded Uncle Lot, returning to his chapter.

'I was at the women's that day the load of glass windows came in,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'and Virginny she tried to give me 'n' you one for a present; said we had give her so much; and she allowed one would sarve us fine in yander south wall. She pressed me to fetch hit home on old Darb. I told her I never had heard you spend your opinion on glass windows; but being as you never was one to run attar new things, and being as you and me had lived well without one for forty-seven year, I allowed you would be again' it.'

Uncle Lot looked up over his square silver specs in great surprise.

'You never tuck hit?' he asked.

'No. I thanked her kindly, and come on along home.'

'I gonnies!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'You done right. I would n't 'a' thought hit of you, though! A glass window,' he ruminated, 'a glass window is about the last and leastest thing hit would enter my headpiece to crave. Hain't I lived here sixty-six year in perfect peace without ary 'n? And my good old maw and paw twenty year afore my day? I never was one to go back on my raising. What has sarved me and my forepayrents eighty-six year will sarve me on to my eend. Not that I got any prejudyce again' glass windows, for a schoolhouse or a church-house, or for young married folks jest starting in life — I take hit they don't do no harm. Several of our offsprings has 'em; Cynthy has several in her hotel; Ambrose and Jefferson has some; Phoebe and Link and Ben and Emmy and Nancy Ann hain't got none, and hain't none the wusser that I can see. But if they was to want, I'd say, have. New bottles for new wine, like the Scriptor says; but, likewise, old

bottles for old. Gimme the old and the tried, the pastures where I have used, the sights I have everly follered seeing.

'I'm right proud you tuck that stand, Ailsie, and right surprised, too, the cyarnal mind in general, and yourn in p'ticlar, being prone to lust atter every new thing hit sees. I remember me when Cynthy got her new cookstove, what a franzy you was in for one, though anybody in their right mind knows vittles is sweeter cooked on a open fire; and when Link fotched that-air washboard up the branch for Rutheny, what a notion you tuck to have one, when you got the very finest battling-log and wash-trough in the county; and as for lamp-ile, if I'd 'a' give in to you you'd have had us blowed to bits time out of mind. But hit pleasures me you use more jedgment about a glass window; it shows my counsel hain't been plumb throwed away.'

Aunt Ailsie made no reply, but washed dishes diligently. Uncle Lot selected a fresh stick of pine from the basket at his side, lighted it at the expiring one, fixed it firmly in the chimney-jamb, and, settling back in his chair and pushing up his spectacles, suffered his gaze to roam about the big old room. In the north wall was the wide, open chimney, in the east and west walls were doors, opening on front and back porches; but the south wall was solid, unbroken, its great, rounded, smooth logs apparently good for centuries to come.

'These-here old walls,' he resumed, half in reverie, 'was raised eighty-six years gone by my paw when he fotched my maw in. His hands chopped and peeled and scribed and scored and hewed 'em, and holped to raise and notch 'em. And from that day they have looked down on the joys and sorrows, the risings and settings, of a God-fearing generation. In that-air corner, where my maw's bed allus sot, her

thirteen offsprings first seed the light of day, me last of all. Them logs looked down on me as a leetle, puling babe, muzzling and mouthing the teat. They seed the first wobbly steps I tried to take, a-hanging on to my maw's skirt-tail as she went about her labors. The cracks betwixt 'em was allus my delight; I mind how, afore I could talk good, I follered laying in bed, working out the chinking with my toes. And when I got still bigger, a mean, mischievious chap as ever was, chock-full of original sin, I would dig out holes back in the clay with my hands, to hide my ill-got plunder in, corn pone or ginger cake or vinegar-pie I had snatched from the cupboard when my maw's back was turnt; or eggs I had stole from the old gray goose; or paw-paws I had beat the possums to; or chestnuts or scaly-barks or warnuts which, in their season, I had robbed the squirrels of, till they found my trove and tuck to robbing me back again. I have seed my paw take down his rifle-gun over the fireboard there and knock out the chinking in one of them cracks to shoot the deer that follered coming down to our very doors; for in them days folks was skase and game a-plenty. And when I got more sizable I would lay in bed of a night and watch at my big sisters a-talking to their young men afore the fire, and maybe holding hands, or bussing, atter the foolish way of lovers. So, when I shot up like a corn-stalk in new ground, and begun to prank around on a nag, and got courting on the brain, I kindly had some idee how to go about it. You was the gal, Ailsie, I sot my mind on, and though all flesh is grass, and beauty more fleetinger than the dew, I'll say you was as pretty a looker then as ever I seed.'

'I wa'n't a patching to you, paw. A prettier boy never rid down a creek.'

'I sot my mind on you,' continued

Uncle Lot, 'and when I had raised tother house yan side the old chimley here, I fotched you in. And again these old walls looked down on the joy of the bridegroom and the bride, and the waiters and kin all mustered at the infare. Then, afore long, they tuck another spell of seeing leetle feet pad about, and leetle hands explore cracks. Then come the awful day when my good old maw, laying there in her same bed, passed into glory, and pore old paw pined and pindled till he jined her. And then, afore we knowed it, our off-springs was all fledged and out of the nest, and you and me left here to our lone. Seems like to me, as I draw clost

to threescore and ten, nigh all I used to set store by has squandered and gone. But when I lift my eyes to these here old gray walls, that, like well-trying friends, still stands stanch and true and pine-blank the same, I feel stayed and upheld. Them logs is pyorely bound up in my bundle of life. I could n't no more get my consent to lay violent hands on 'em, and chop out a hole for a window, than if they was folks. Hit would be blasphemious!'

Very meekly Aunt Ailsie replied, 'I allowed you would feel that way about it, paw,' and, hanging up her dish-towel, lighted another stick of pine and started into 'tother house' to bed.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN 1840

FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND BOY

BY RICHARD FREDERICK FULLER

[RICHARD FREDERICK FULLER was born in Cambridge in 1824 and died in Wayland, Massachusetts, in 1869. He was the youngest of the Fuller children and Margaret, the most distinguished of the family, was the oldest. The children were all born in the Fuller home on Cherry Street in Cambridgeport. It is now used as a Community Centre, and called the Margaret Fuller House — a fitting memorial to one who cared so profoundly for the betterment of the human race.

As we turn the closely written pages, where the ink is now faded and brown, we seem to go with Richard Fuller into the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to take long walks through the

Concord woods with Henry Thoreau. We hear once again an echo of the voice of Margaret Fuller, helping and advising her younger brother in his college life. We breathe again that atmosphere of plain living and high thinking which in our modern complex, hurrying life we seem to have lost.

It is difficult to know just what to share with others in the old volume. Perhaps, before we open it, you should know that the burden of a large family fell upon Margaret Fuller by the sudden death of her father, Timothy Fuller, at Groton, Massachusetts, in 1835, after a few hours of what was said to be Asiatic cholera. He was a brilliant lawyer and at different times a member of

various branches of the State Government of Massachusetts, and from 1817 to 1825 was a Representative in Congress. After his father's death, Richard, the youngest of the family, felt that he must give up going to Harvard and enter business. So, leaving his father's farm in Groton, he went to work in a store in Boston. Later it was possible for him to go to Harvard, from which he graduated in the class of 1844.

The following extracts from his journal were compiled by his daughter.

— MARGARET FULLER MARQUAND]

... AFTER father's death, mother sadly but resolutely applied herself to the dairy and the economies of a farmer's household. Margaret regularly instructed the younger children. Arthur was bright and Ellen was diligent, but I was rather slow of apprehension. Margaret tried to stimulate us to a noble ambition. In the study of history she would dwell upon what was excellent in distinguished characters and try to incite us to emulation. I was deliberate in my judgment and not impressible. I remember discouraging her after one of her historical talks, in which she urged us to be ambitious of attaining what was valuable in life, by remarking that I would never be ambitious. Cæsar was ambitious, and I knew it was not right. She despaired at that time to enlighten my slow as well as obstinate understanding and left me to my obscure fate.

On the whole we were by no means superior scholars; and, being the first Margaret taught, she measured us principally by her own achievements. She could not conceal from us, even if she tried, that our progress was unpromising and unsatisfactory. She openly reproached us with mediocrity of understanding.

I desired particularly to eschew Greek, which I declared was a dead,

useless language, and nothing but a weariness to the flesh, but Margaret would not allow the point to be yielded to me. She was equally firm, too, in inducing mother to refuse the offer of a farming relative of considerable property and no children to adopt me as heir and make me a farmer. My special disgust for Latin grammar made me urge the acceptance. How grateful I have since been to this good sister as I have enjoyed the delights of an enlarged education, and felt that I had acquired treasures which would be precious in eternity instead of spending my strength in what Carlyle describes with disdain as 'making a little earth greener.'

The following year, when I was thirteen and Arthur fifteen, the farm was confided to our sole management. And I can proudly say it did not suffer.

One of the last winters of our stay in Groton, our housekeeping was suspended and all the family left Groton except myself. I boarded at a neighbor's, went to school, and took care of our cattle. I think Arthur was at Leicester Academy this winter, Margaret teaching school in Providence. Mother was seeking rest in boarding with the other children. When she departed she left me three dollars to serve as spending money for several months until her return. How large this sum seemed to me for such a purpose! And it proved very ample.

I come now to the time when we left Groton. After a good deal of effort we succeeded in selling the farm. I was almost fifteen and must soon take some decisive step in the career of life.

Margaret now rented a house in Jamaica Plain. We were obliged to rely upon what she earned by taking lady pupils into the house to make up the large deficiencies of the family income. Here I attended school, and made rapid progress, completing preparation for

college during the summer. I was fitted for college, and my teacher strenuously advocated my graduating. But Margaret and mother thought I had better engage in mercantile life. Besides, my practical talent in negotiation and management on the farm indicated my fitness for business life.

My uncle, Henry H. Fuller, a distinguished Boston lawyer, got me a place in the store of one of his clients, a dry-goods jobber in number forty Kilby street, Boston. A store which had given me any enlarged views of commerce, which had been connected with foreign shipping or managed on a large scale, might perhaps have engaged my interest. But here I was boy to sweep and dust and carry heavy bundles over the city, in short to 'grunt and sweat under a weary life,' with no initiation into business methods. I was sadly disappointed; and yet for a long time I dared not think of giving it up, so much did I shrink from discouraging my friends and incurring the imputation of being unsteady.

The work in the store was more irksome than any I had hitherto done. It had not the variety nor the outdoor scenery of farm work. I was a mere subordinate, therefore my mind was not called out in planning as it had been on the farm, nor had I the interest which results from responsibility. My eye ached too for the face of nature to which I had become habituated, and whose changing beauties had contributed much to my happiness. Whatever reminded of the country had a charm for me. I sometimes stole down to Haymarket Square to regale myself with the smell of the loads of hay and to look at the slow oxen. I resolved to go to college, and to enter, if possible, far enough in advance to make up for the year I had lost.

I resolved also, if any efforts of mine could accomplish it, to do this at a very

small cost. Margaret gave me a letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, that I might talk my affairs over with him.

This interview is fresh in my mind.

I had small expectations from it; I regarded him as a great man and myself as a little one; I did not expect him to be willing to take a microscope to look at me or my affairs. I was thoroughly astonished when he came in and took me by the hand and with words soft and sweet as music talked with me like a brother. I saw that his gentleness made him great. There was no condescension. He believed in the innate greatness of men and had a prescience to forecast unfolded powers while they yet lay in the unconscious germ. Every sincere person, therefore, interested him, and he, in regard to the capacities common to every human being, already gave them credit for attainments which were far distant in the future.

My dread of the presence of a great man was at once taken away when I saw he almost seemed bashful himself. This was, however, only the demeanor of a perfect sincerity and simplicity, for he had the same confidence in himself which he generously extended to others.

He at once entered into my feeling about mercantile life and my desire for a sphere of activity not only more elevated, but better conformed to conscience. He told me such feelings as mine were shared by many.

One sentence particularly impressed me, as he said of the favored classes in society, with rhythmic sweetness: 'Their bread no longer gives them comfort; their cake is no longer sweet to them.'

I was delighted with my interview and encouraged to prosecute my studies in Concord. Margaret had always liked Concord: not only on account of the

deep thinker who had there lighted his 'golden lamp,' but also for other friends, and for the natural beauties of many localities in that town.

She had wished father to go there when he purchased in Groton, but after looking he could find no suitable residence.

I hired a room in an old unpainted house, and here I lived and studied for five months. Except for a small portion of this time, the house had no occupant beside myself. The rent I paid was a mere trifle. Here I kept house in the cheapest and simplest style. I had a pint of milk each day, a loaf of brown bread on Saturday, and some potatoes. My breakfast was made on a thick piece cut out of the brown bread loaf, with a dipper of water. I then put some potatoes in the ashes of my peat fire, which were only baked at noon. These with milk then made me a wholesome and agreeable dinner. My supper was brown bread again with water. I purchased no meat, tea, coffee, or butter. My great object was by this rigid economy and by hard study to enter college at the next Sophomore turn, no poorer than if I had entered as Freshman when I went into a store, and thus make up for my lost years.

I hoped this would restore the confidence of my mother and sister and friends, and make them still regard me as a youth of promise.

I studied fourteen hours a day and only occasionally exercised, when invited to walk by Henry Thoreau or Reverend Mr. Frost. I sometimes felt as if I must give out, but I would then call to mind my object and renew my resolutions. My condition was greatly amended by the sincere kindness of several persons in Concord.

I hesitated to go much to Mr. Emerson's for fear of being burdensome. I felt I had nothing to impart to him and

ought not to take up his time. I disdained to make amends for my commons by his good table. But he complained of my not coming to see him; so I feared he might think me not to appreciate his kindness, and when he invited me to come every night to tea I concluded he must like to see me and I would feel free to come often. I did not, however, go to the extent of his invitation.

Mrs. Emerson was in the habit once a week of sending round pies to a good many objects of her benevolence. It was winter and some dozen pies she sent to various quarters were drawn by a boy on a large sled. This regularly stopped at my door with a pie for me. I am sure I was as grateful as any of the pensioners of her bounty and I think it did me as much good as any. It helped the brown bread wonderfully. Mrs. Samuel Hoar also was very mindful of me. She feared I had some prejudices against meat and butter which might injure my constitution. She often made and sent me a rich meat-pie which served as an excellent condiment for my food.

I also often took tea at her house and at that of Mr. Frost as well as Mr. Emerson's. I believe I never had better health in my life, and my spare diet accorded well with severe application.

For a short time I availed myself of the aid of a teacher of an Academy, to whom I recited. But I found my progress with him would not do and I gave him up. I had got to do the work myself. Miss Elizabeth Hoar, an admirable classic scholar, heard me recite once a week or oftener. She was of great help to me. She required elegance in translation as well as literal exactness.

In five months I reviewed my preparatory studies and went over the studies of the Freshman and the first half-year of the Sophomore, relying on making up the balance after my

admission. I must except mathematics, which I pursued only as far as the first six months of the Freshman year; this study was voluntary after the Freshman year.

I did not really expect to get admitted, for it did not seem possible. But I meant to spare no possible effort and leave the event with Providence.

At the time for examination, I walked from Concord to Cambridge. But before I leave Concord I must pay my devoirs to the kind persons who have befriended me. Elizabeth Hoar I have spoken of. I think she seemed as much like an angel as any person I ever knew.

Mr. Emerson's family was quite as much a magnet for me as Mr. Hoar's. If I had been a distinguished person whose hospitality he was returning, Mr. Emerson and his family could not have treated me with more consideration. Though I have often met persons of celebrity at his home or his own personal friends, he never allowed them to cast me into the shade. Nor was his conduct singular toward me in this respect. Such was his admirable courtesy that there seemed to be 'no great and no small' in his presence. His politeness was perfect. No, it was not politeness; for that never could or did attain such entire consideration for all others that persons of different degree in the same society felt perfectly satisfied. This was no labor with Mr. Emerson, but sprang spontaneously from his almost feminine delicacy and refinement. Besides, he not only served his guests, but made them serve him. Men were his books. I could see that clearly, and it often pleased me to notice these books read unconsciously to themselves. Indeed he made them their own enumerators, and as they talked it was a feast to me to watch the interest in his eyes. I could read too by what I saw reflected in his vision.

I was rejoiced when I could sit, as perhaps the disembodied do, an unnoticed observer. I gained much culture in this way.

Emerson did not like old or stale books, dictionaries, or spelling-books. Each of these human books had something piquant and peculiar about it. Generally it was quickly read — often a glance at the title-page and table of contents was enough; and then he wished it closed and needed not to open it again. Too often, however, the book would continue to read and reread itself after it was emeritus.

This was the principal drawback of Emerson's informers; and this infliction he could not escape. I could and did, by taking refuge in the society of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and other savants.

A delightful remembrance is the fireside-reading by Emerson of his lectures. Elizabeth Hoar used to be there and she acted as chorus; so I had to say nothing, and indeed I had nothing to say. I admired the coruscations of his style. I knew he would teach us to be self-reliant and brave. But beyond a spirit of exhilaration from his intellectual fireworks, shooting like stars from the spheres, what could a boy of my years apprehend of such profound idealism? It did, however, stimulate me to think. He once carried me to a neighboring town to hear him lecture. How different he seemed to me from the men who gathered to listen, but not to understand him! He was like Orion, stalking among the stars of that wintry night, stepping far above their heads.

Although among Emerson admirers, and with gratitude mingling with admiration, I do not claim to be of his school. Indeed I believe he is misjudged by those who fancy he has fitted a system of philosophy to square men's minds withal. I find his writing stimulating to thought, but his system nowhere.

He was as truly a scholar as any person I have ever known. For he was always learning. You never could tell and you cannot to-day what he will acquire next. You think he does not love music, you think there is a music of soul as well as sound, a devotional sphere of which he has no cognizance. But in his development he is protean, and this may be his next shape. Emerson is an iconoclast; that is his mission.

The idolatry of dead antiquity, the turning back to fall at great men's feet, instead of pressing forward to realize ourselves great lives — with all this he has waged an exterminating war. And who can compute what he has done in this respect as the vanguard of American literature.

Often I palliate some sentence of his by regarding it as a shot he sent at Pharisaism and Formalism; its meaning was not in itself, but ulterior in its purpose and aim.

I think these considerations are necessary to do justice to Emerson. A sweeter and a truer gentleman never graced our American circles. He is to be thanked for stimulating thought. He is to be followed — by me at least — no further than I find my own convictions to agree with his statements.

I must speak yet further of the household of Mr. Emerson. I have already paid a tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Emerson. Her devotional spirit has found much quickening in the thoughts of Swedenborg; but she was not alone and merely an æsthetic Christian, for the warm fountain of charity welled generously in her bosom and flowed abroad in rills of beneficence.

Well I remember, too, the dignified and matronly Madame Emerson, Mr. Emerson's mother. No gift of her son could make her gentle graces forgotten; and none more than he kept them in thoughtful remembrance. Two children of his household attracted my

frequent observation. Waldo, a lovely boy of six or eight years, made an impression on me which time has not effaced. He was singularly grave and dignified in his bearing and like an angel in his thoughts — a child angel, to be sure, inquiring with a child's eye into the things of life. Henry Thoreau — of whom I shall soon speak again — especially interested him by little feats of mechanic invention.

Waldo had a pure unconsciousness of the sins and sorrows of earth. He made once inquiries as to death and the grave which it seemed hard to answer to such unsullied thought as his. His gentle brow, pure as that of a seraph, we were not willing to trouble with the realities of this lower world. But his intelligence in its germ was grave and inquisitive, and the endeavor to present things in a suitable light to him disclosed our own need. This gentle boy was tenderly loved, but his singular childish dignity rather restrained affection from the usual caresses. His fair form was seen among us a little while and 'he was not, for God took him.'

I hardly dared enter their home after this unexpected stroke. What could I say to relieve, and dared I intrude upon such sorrow? I, however, received a note from Elizabeth Hoar, mentioning the time when 'they would lay the little statue away,' and I attended.

Waldo's bearing toward his little sister interested me. She had a certain directness of character which marked her family resemblance to the dear little brother.

Henry Thoreau, to whom I have already alluded, furnished me a good deal of companionship. He was a college graduate of high culture, but still more intimately versed in nature. He was thoroughly unselfish, truly refined, sincere, and of a pure spirit. His minute and critical knowledge of the everyday affairs of nature, as well as his poetical

appreciation of her fleeting graces, not only attracted me, but helped my education. Thoreau abounded in paradox. This led me to review the grounds of opinions rather than change them.

I saw it was his humor, and his vane would whip round and set in the opposite quarter if the world should conform to his statements.

Of Indian relics and history he was a careful student, and of the savage character an inveterate admirer; he had a good deal to say too of the Indian over the sea, which I thought better unsaid, as his natural bent rather apprehended the North American than the Asiatic.

His books, like his conversation, have veins of pure gold. Time will probably dip out his paradoxes and present his nice appreciation and beautiful sense of nature.

The Reverend Mr. Frost was another friend of mine in Concord. I took some walks with him, as well as occasional dinners and teas at his house. He was as unlike the others as possible, and for this reason, when their new world overstrained my thought, I found his more conservative sphere a resting-place.

Let me now resume my walk from Concord to Cambridge. I had a package with me and a letter of recommendation to the President of Harvard. I was caught in a shower on the way, and this letter got wet and I had to present it in this condition with an apology. But President Quincy told me he was an old farmer and did not mind it.

I underwent my examinations with small expectations of success. But the way appeared to have been smoothed for me and I suspected my Concord friends of having spoken a good word beyond what was in the letter. All the professors received me graciously and seemed to require no information as to

who I might be. Tutor Wheeler of Lincoln was a warm friend of Mr. Emerson, and I thought he must have exerted a kindly influence for me. At any rate, my herculean labors were brought to a close by success and to my astonishment, when I went to the President's office to learn the result, the only fault found with me was that I did not pronounce Latin correctly! So then I was admitted in the middle of the Sophomore year.

Debating clubs were a valuable aid to me at college. A greater aid was the society of my beloved family. During my last two years in college, Margaret rented a house in Ellery Street, Dana Hill, Cambridge; and mother also made the house bright with her presence. Margaret's society was very valuable or, rather, it was invaluable to me.

She could not bear the distances of conventionalism, nor those walls which we build around ourselves insulating us from God and man. I have never known other conversation like hers either in degree or kind. It was not merely that it was superior — it was of a different species from other discourse. The mind soared, the heart expanded, the cheek glowed, and the eye was filled with light. Invigorating mountain air may affect the body as her conversation did the soul. She did not so much display herself as ourselves in her inspiring discourse, while the influence of her mind fell on us like genial sunlight quickening to conscious joy and life, which in itself half forgets the luminary to which it is indebted. The thought, in leaving her company, was much less 'How remarkable she is!' than 'How remarkable I am! I had no idea my mind had such power, my tongue such eloquence, and my heart such ardor!' But when afterwards in solitude our thoughts were dispersed, disconnected, and ineffectual, or when conversation in ordinary life seemed like miserable

degradation compared with hers, then we said to ourselves: 'Margaret must have a magnetic power and a certain elevation in discourse, more kin to a better world than to this.'

She had, to be sure, great eloquence and unrivaled words, but these powers were so much less than the effects she wrought with them that they attracted little comparative notice. They were too perfect to permit us to escape their influence sufficiently to be spectators and admirers of their working.

I had the help of Margaret's rare critical powers in all my studies. She pointed out the merits and demerits and the relative places of each writer in the great structure of literature. I was thoroughly satisfied with her reasoning and the results respecting books, and might have rested in her opinions with perfect confidence had she not habitually stimulated me to test them by my own thought.

Since I have lost her society, I have found her critical writings doubly precious, not only as furnishing a complete and impartial view of favorite authors and keeping their characters and works fresh in my mind, but as recalling those genial hours when she introduced me to the classic friendship of great and good books. It is with pleasure and admiration of her kindness that I recall the sacrifices she made to put me in the path of the beautiful and good. Her literary efforts, especially the 'Conversations' which she conducted in Boston, produced almost invariably torturing headaches, in which her nervous agony was so great that she could not always refrain from screaming; yet she could not remit these efforts without giving up a home for mother and me, and she bravely endured them. She would besides stint herself to give me tickets to concerts of Beethoven's Symphonies, which she regarded as very elevating. I accepted the tickets,

nor can I think it too chivalrously generous for her to bestow, or unsuitable for me to receive at her hands, an entertainment which could not be without a lasting influence on my character.

She would, sometimes, give me a very favorite book, though depriving herself of it by this means; and there could have been no more expressive token of her sisterly regard.

She did not bestow books that she had done with or found very dispensable, but only such as she loved as her own benefactors would she deign to give. I remember once when I was discussing a present I proposed to make and declared my purpose of having it costly of its kind, she expressed approbation and said if the thing was done it should be done handsomely and well, though, of course, not out of proportion to the occasion or my circumstances. One book she gave me was Elizabeth Barrett's poems, which were very dear to her. She accompanied the gift by saying she was glad she could believe me worthy of the book. She knew I should read it and reverence it as her book, which she had well read and which she bestowed because not able to buy me a new one. She particularly spoke at that time of the poem called 'The Swan's Nest.' How much I have loved Mrs. Browning's poetry since, not only for its benefit to me but for what it did for Margaret!

She spoke to me of Mrs. Browning with love and reverence and she seemed especially pleased when an author she admired was a woman. She often pointed out to me intellectual and moral excellency of her sex, and trained me to a respect for woman as the equal of man which I have never lost.

Books that she did not think it necessary to give she would place in my hands as tenant in common with her, and speak of leaving them to me when she should be no more. Thus she did

Shakespeare, a fine edition which her Providence scholars had presented to her, and Wordsworth, made precious by her marks of emphatic approbation. These books I now have. Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats she also sought to interest me in. The first, in his beauty, was too disordered for my approbation. I admired a good deal of Coleridge, though I thought him sometimes needlessly subtle and occasionally bordering on the garrulous. She had a lady relation of Keats as one of her pupils — a girl who possessed the splendid eyes of the poet and resembled his likeness in the frontispiece of his poems.

The moral element transfused Margaret's whole character. Brilliancy, success, achievement, had yet one test which they must undergo before admission within the pale of her approbation: were they noble in their character, purpose, and aim? Without a moral grandness which conforms the human to the divine, many things and many people esteemed great among men were in her view pitifully small. All the energies of her life were bent to a high aim and she wished others to form and follow out a noble purpose in life.

Candor distinguished her intercourse, and the sincere words of truth were always to be expected from her undissembling lips. It was on this account that the self-deceived, who avoided the searching of their hearts, did not find themselves pleasantly or comfortably situated in Margaret's society. To her own family she was as frank as affectionate. Margaret herself had a disinterestedness which indeed made the greatness of her character. When she was in Europe, a person here, whom I considered as troublesome and who had no claims upon her precious time, wished me to request her to select some engravings for him. I communicated

the message, at the same time writing that I hoped she would not trouble herself about it. In her answer she gently reproved me for want of interest in this person's project, and reminded me that 'mankind is one.' This maxim was the watchword and formed the key to her life. The grand interests of mankind were the theme of her constant study and thought. She was intimate with current events, made herself familiar with her own and past times, and sought out the laws of man's development as a social being. She was an ardent patriot and often sought to rouse me to a just appreciation of my privileges in this free, expansive country and my own corresponding duties. But no warmer tie than universal brotherhood could limit her interest in the welfare of her race. There was and still is a band of generous hearts fired with the same noble sentiment.

I cannot tell whether the common flame has been communicated from one to the other or fallen like the fire of Pentecost directly from Heaven.

I had many pleasant walks with Margaret in Cambridge. A grove on the riverside, where the cemetery is now located, was a favorite resort with us. Here I shared the sisterly confidence of one who I knew was bound to the whole human family with that same kindred feeling and tender benevolence which rendered her useful to me. On this account, regarding her as everybody's sister, I have spoken of her more warmly and freely here than might otherwise have been thought prudent. What I say, however, can do very little justice to her merits. I have met no one in life who had her inspiring influence upon me and upon others. I do not expect the like again in this narrow and conventional limit of our social state.

THE ADVANCE OF ARCHITECTURE

BY THOMAS E. TALLMADGE

Two remarks addressed to me in the last two years have made so profound an impression that they are in a measure the text, if not the cause, of this essay.

The first was made in London by an architect, and a distinguished one, a great admirer of the States and all contained therein, a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects, advisory head of a great architectural school. We were engaged in doing the ancient churches of London — what could be a more delightful occupation? — and he, my friend, was overtly acting as my guide and unconsciously as my philosopher.

The ancient chapel of St. John in the Tower, with its Norman arches and its half-whispered memories of William the Conqueror, had given way to St. Bartholomew's, and that to the Austin Friars, but the little-known churches of St. Ethelreda and All Hallows led us into the more familiar ground of the City and the Wren churches. How delightful their forms and how delicious their names! St. Mary-le-Bow; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Vedast's, Foster Lane; St. Peter's, Cornhill — all sweet children of one family, standing up to their knees in the ceaseless tide of London traffic, but with their graceful white fingers pointed to Heaven, where every Londoner and every architect believes the great Sir Christopher is occupying a place not far distant from the Heavenly Throne. And here at last comes the remark. I had said, 'I suppose Sir Christopher Wren's work

has a profound influence on modern British architecture.' We were standing in the shadow of St. Paul's; my friend turned to me and said, 'Listen,' — he had recently made a tour of America, — 'do you really want to know the greatest influence in British architecture to-day? Well, it's the United States of America!'

The other remark was made by a painter, and near at home — to be exact, in the galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago during the Exhibition of American Paintings in the fall of 1923. This painter is not widely known. He has a quaint idea that pictures are only to be painted. Such little considerations as getting them before the public and selling them — even at a price that represents only in a small degree their worth — fill his soul with fatigue and his eye with alarm. One promising young artist was advised to come to Chicago and, by way of finishing his education, to sit at my friend's feet and listen to his talk. I had been listening to his talk as we walked from picture to picture. My unexpressed feeling that we were face to face with something reminiscent of chaos was being endorsed and set forth by my friend.

'Have we exhausted the mine of art as some say we shall exhaust the coal veins? . . . What are these fellows trying to do? Don't they know that plastic art has definite limits? . . . Art may be the expression of an emotion, but, whatever the emotion, its expression should be learned. . . . Artists no longer paint for themselves or the

public. They paint for each other and the juries.'

Finally came the remark that I am chronicling. He turned to me and exploded with 'I envy you.' 'Yes?' said I. 'What is it, my private stock?' He passed it by. 'I envy your being an architect.' I looked at him in alarm. Surely the golden thread had snapped under the strain. 'There, John,' I said, 'calm yourself. You'll be all right pretty soon. I'll go and get a couple of the guards.' 'No, I mean it,' he said. 'Architecture is the only art that has made any progress in the last twenty-five years.'

Was it so? I looked about me, and behind the purposeless, formless, soulless haze of color and shapes arose the breathless shaft of the Woolworth Building, glimmered the opalescent columns of the Lincoln Memorial, and smiled so benignly the cloistered and fretted quadrangles of Yale.

Curiously enough, the architectural history of this country has never been written. We know it has a history with an interesting succession of styles and dates and examples, like Italy or France, but these have been passed down from generation to generation as part of the folklore of the tribe. Its first manifestation, the Colonial, we know very well. From the pretty young bride, building her nest, to the University don beside the stereopticon, its graceful porticoes and delicate ornament are *res cognita*, and it is an honorable style. It is the last of the Renaissance, the second childhood of the infant so carefully tended by Brunelleschi and taught to walk by Bramante. The sun which rose in 1420 so gloriously in Italy, whose morning light illuminated France, whose slanting beams tinged the castles and manors of old England, set in pale but lovely hues four hundred years later in the thirteen colonies of our own America.

With the Colonial or the Georgian,

as its later phase is often called, died taste. From its grave sprang the plant — very like an acanthus — that is called the Greek Revival. Carthages, Romes, and Uticas sprouted in the wilderness, and the covered wagon, along with the rifle and the ploughshare, found room for the porticoes of the Parthenon and the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. In simpler phrase, all of the buildings in this country built between 1825 and 1860 — wood, brick, or stone; house, church, or state capitol, — were built in some form of the Greek Classic style.

Can some social diagnostician explain the strange artistic plague that swept over Europe in the fifties, was brought to this country by returning travelers in the early sixties, spread by the new railroads all over the country, and ran a virulent course for almost twenty years? Among its victims were the Greek Revival in architecture, beauty and charm in painting and sculpture, taste in dress, dignity in manners. Some of its symptoms were hoop skirts, Dundreary whiskers, Rogers groups, hair-cloth Eastlake furniture, wax flowers, the Hudson River school of painting, P. T. Barnum, and the panic of '73. Mansard roofs, an atrocious importation from France, and feeble, ignorant adaptations of the Victorian Gothic, degenerate descendants of Ruskin and Pugin, made in this country more permanent architectural scars. What Jenner and Pasteur effected in other plagues, William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites did to this across the water. Our own champions were William Morris Hunt and Henry Hobson Richardson.

Richardson, with his Trinity Church on one hand and his powerful personality on the other, — if one may coin a figure, — came within an ace of establishing an American style. His weapon was the Romanesque, and its simple

and primitive forms held great possibilities for development. But, having overthrown the enemy, he had no legions to pursue the retreating foe.

There were few trained architects in the eighties, and very soon the imitators of Richardson were doing worse things with the Romanesque — which had become exceedingly popular, especially in the Middle West — than the parvenus had perpetrated with the mansard roof and the pointed arch. Then came one of those rare and extraordinary events which almost in a night turn the tide of history. When Daniel H. Burnham and his distinguished band of associates, sitting about his great mahogany table, voted that the style of the Columbian Exposition should be Classic, with a word almost they gave the coup de grâce to the Romanesque and to struggling Romanticism, and established for another epoch, at least, the course of art in this country. So in 1893 we embarked on that architectural journey which has led us thirty years later to the shores of an architectural Cytherea.

We do not need any Pisgah height to see the present architectural movement in its true significance. It is stylistically a period of pure eclecticism. The Classic of Phidias and Augustus, the Gothic of Saint Hugh of Lincoln and Abbé Suger, the Renaissance of Brunelleschi and Peruzzi, of Lescot and Soufflot, of Vanbrugh and Inigo Jones, of Egas and Herrera, have all been picked over and the choicest selected. These, however, are but the garments that drape so gracefully and display so beautifully the American body of steel and concrete within; a body which pulsates with the energy of electricity and steam and through whose veins course the corpuscles of human lives.

America's great contributions to structural architecture are the skeleton steel frame, on which are hung the walls

and floors; the high-speed elevator, a necessary corollary; and the development of reinforced concrete — a new element in architecture, by the way, the youngest of the family of which the elder brothers are the post, the lintel, the arch, and the truss. Her contribution in decorative architecture has been her ability to select, digest, and assimilate the choicest products of the ages, although a golden fruit from her own garden, the creative work of Louis Sullivan, awaits the appetite of a future generation.

This combination has resulted particularly in great buildings of unbelievable height and dimensions, built as no buildings were ever built previous to the last decade of the nineteenth century in America, and ornamented with architecture freely and joyfully borrowed and adopted from all ages and all climes.

The columns of the Parthenon, the pendentives of St. Sophia, the arc-boutants of Amiens, the cornices of the Farnese and Versailles, gaze down from immeasurable heights on a welter of humanity and machinery. Their shining flanks are dappled with shadows of aeroplanes that 'laugh as they pass in thunder,' while 'sublime on their towers' the mysterious antennæ 'join cape to cape over a torrent sea.'

This robbing of the Hesperidean apple orchard has been taken very seriously by critics of American architecture, who well argue that, as we have invented our own structure, we should invent, not borrow, our own decorative forms. The use of precedent is, after all, a matter of manners, not of morals, and, like other adventurers, what we want we take.

Previous to 1893 there was not a single class of building in which we excelled or equaled contemporary work of the mother countries, although there is a tradition that back in the forties

European architects visited this country to study our penal institutions, which had advanced a step or two beyond the Bastille and the Old Bailey. To-day there is hardly a single class of structure in which an excellent claim cannot be advanced for either our supremacy or our equality.

In the skyscraping office-building class, the Woolworth Tower not only is supreme, but is one of the great architectural creations of all time. In monumental architecture the serene beauty of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington surely shames the florid extravagance of its grandiose rival, the Memorial to Victor Emmanuel in Rome. In railway stations the Pennsylvania Station in New York is so far ahead of such a building as the Gare d'Orléans in Paris that a fairer comparison would be to put it shoulder to shoulder with the Baths of Diocletian or Caracalla. The great public libraries in Boston, New York, or Indianapolis are all superior in size and, in the case of one at least, equal in architectural merit to the Bibliothèque de Sainte-Geneviève in Paris.

Our supremacy in hotel architecture is acknowledged abroad, and the great caravansaries which line Park Avenue and Michigan Boulevard are emulated as far as possible by European architects. In bank buildings we are again easily supreme. There is an unbelievably long list of magnificent structures in which the splendor that was Rome is united to the big business that is America. In shops we have not, perhaps, achieved the charm of those fascinating *magasins* of the Rue de la Paix and Bond Street, but Fifth Avenue and State Street have no equals in the size, magnificence, and convenience of their great stores. In theatres the great building of Garnier, which from its throne in the Place de l'Opéra holds the sceptre of Napoleon the Third over

the right bank, is still unrivaled. Perhaps the mighty auditorium of Sullivan in Chicago approaches it in part, but let it reign supreme.

In public-school architecture American architects have evolved types of plans and forms of construction that have revolutionized or rather created out of whole cloth a new architectural science. Such high schools, junior high schools, grammar and primary schools, as are found in even unimportant communities are not approached and hardly dreamed of in Europe. In the domain of the less technical but more picturesque collegiate architecture, the Harkness Memorial and the dormitories at Princeton have no contemporaries in England or France for comparison, and so beautiful are they that the faded loveliness of Trinity and Magdalen seems to glow again in these their youthful daughters.

Gothic churches in Europe since the thirteenth century have, like pallid seedlings, here and there sprung up about the giant roots of Amiens and Chartres, of Salisbury and Wells. The kindest soil seems to have been in England, and here of this second growth are to be found its two noblest specimens — Westminster Cathedral, London (not the Abbey), Bentley's great building, adored by the profession, abhorred by the laity; and the new Liverpool Cathedral, where Sir Giles Scott seems to have rediscovered the secret of the Middle Ages, and in the majesty of his masses and the freshness of his detail has achieved the inevitability of a Notre Dame. Can we balance the ledger in ecclesiastical architecture on this side? It would seem to the writer that none of the three great cathedrals now building in America will equal the great fane of Liverpool. In our parish churches, however, under the leadership of the learned Cram and the sainted Goodhue, our country has achieved

a convincing leadership. The departmentalized Sunday school, especially in the denominational church, has given birth to church schools or parish houses the like of which are utterly unknown abroad; and aside from supremacy in such matters as heating, lighting, acoustics, and scientific arrangement, the best of these churches and parish houses, especially those from that magic hand now stilled, surpass in grace and beauty of detail the work of the best Gothicists of England.

When we attempt to rival England, the home of homes, in domestic architecture, we are bearding the lion in his den, or more particularly, perhaps, the Douglas in his hall; but it is America that has shown England that the house can be built cheaper, the servants will be fewer, and the roast beef will be hotter, if the kitchen is built on the same side of the house as the dining-room! It is America that has shown the traditionally tubbed Englishman that a house with ten bedrooms should have more than one bathroom! If you want to see the real influence of the United States on British architecture compare the plan of the contemporary English house with the houses that are springing up by thousands in our suburbs, and whose plans make fascinating patterns on the pages of many of our magazines.

There is no space here to point out the great influence on the architecture of Germany and Holland of what has been called the 'Chicago School,' the

rationalist style of Sullivan and Wright, of which the principal examples are in the Middle West. Nor can we draw attention even for a moment to our other various 'schools,' the most brilliant of which has jeweled the cliffs of Monterey and the valleys of Santa Barbara with villas which yield nothing in either brilliance or charm to those sirens who still beckon to us so irresistibly as they bathe their white feet in the waters of the Mediterranean. So much is being accomplished in the present. What of the future?

The tolling bells and the shouting voices of Armistice Day unknowingly rang out that great epoch of history in which for five hundred years we loved and fought, laughed and wept, worked and played. We called it the Renaissance. It saw the rise of science and the triumph of capitalism, but it was not the most glorious period or even a rebirth of architecture. Architecture in the breathless beauty of Amiens and Chartres had reached its apogee in the great five-hundred-year cycle that preceded it, which we call the Middle Ages. And now the bells and the voices that sang the requiem of a bloody and a restless past have rung in with shouting a new era, an era which will see with other wonders America in her destined place in the sun; and who shall say she will not be enthroned in an architecture with which neither the glories of the Periclean Age nor the ecstasy of the thirteenth century can compare?

ROOTS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'My lands, Grandmaw! What are you up to now! We ain't got no time to fool — the truck 's all loaded and ready to start right this minute!'

Mrs. Goodwin paid no attention to her granddaughter's protest, but kept straight on digging into the ground, her vigorous old body crowded down against it, and her hands, broad and brown, turning up the soil like little animals burrowing into their accustomed runways.

'I'm agoin' to dig me up a root er this piney to take erlong,' she said, announcing the intention more to herself than to her granddaughter, Emmy Stuart, who stood over her.

'Aw, Grandmaw! You *know* we ain't got no place to grow nothin' where we's at now! 'Cept maybe a geranium slip in a tomater can.'

The old woman stopped digging, one hand still half buried in the ground, the other relaxed and open, lying palm upward in her lap, while she crinkled her eyes to stare up at the other's impatient face. Emmy was rouged and powdered, her bobbed hair fluffed out over her ears, and her jaws worked nervously on a wad of chewing-gum.

'Come on, Grandmaw,' she urged. 'I tell you we ain't got no place to grow nothin'.'

'Ain't that the *truth*!' Grandmaw Goodwin burst out, bringing the back of her hand up to dash away the gray strands of hair over her eyes, that she might survey the statement made by

her granddaughter the more clearly. 'Ain't that God's truth! You-all air as runnin' an' shaller-rooted as sheep sorrel! You don't stay long enough in one place to grow a mess er radishes, let erlone set er piney root, that'll maybe take two years 'fore it'll come to bloomin'. You'll never know what it is to take root in a place an' grow erlong with it. I fetched this piney with me when I come here a bride fifty years back, an' here it's been ever since. Every spring it sticks its little fist er leaves out er the ground, an' every fist's got a bud in the palm of it. Yes, sir! Every spring!'

Again she struck her hair back from her brow, to look all about the little place which had been her home for so long, and from which now she was being removed. She stared at the mountains flowing up and down the valley, at the dooryard, at the small dismantled log-cabin, its windows opening now upon empty rooms, and at all her household effects that were spilled out into the road, and being loaded into the truck by Bud, Emmy's husband, and young Hanceford Wells.

'It's here I belong — my roots is here,' she muttered, turning her head slowly, mutely, from side to side.

Emmy put one hand under her grandmother's arm to draw her up. 'Come on,' she said, 'we can't waste no more time — that truck's costin' Bud three dollars a hour.'

The old woman got heavily to her

feet, but still she stood in the September sunshine, gazing dumbly around her. Here were fifty years of her life, here were the snows of winter with the blue rabbit-tracks scurrying across them, and here was the sunlight of summer flowing over the fields and the gray cabin, and chasing the cloud shadows down the mountains. Here was a whole lifetime. There in the main room of that little house, shorn now of all its furnishings, her children had been born; and there one child and her old mate had died. Here was the smell of fresh growth in spring, of blooming honeysuckle, and of cut grass in the dooryard. Here were all the struggles and hopes of two lives.

Grandmaw stared at the patched old fence of the garden. 'He allus aimed to have me a nice new fence,' she whispered, 'but someway he could n't never make it.' Here were all the sounds of the past, roosters crowing for dawn, the slip-slop of snow melting from the eaves, crickets in the summer grass, cattle lowing, the sound of children's laughter, the sound of — the sound of —

'What's that you hear, Grandmaw? You act like you was listenin' at somep'n.' Emmy gave her grandmother's arm a little twitch.

'It's yer Grandpaw, Emmy. He's choppin' up yander on the ridge.'

'Grandmaw! You can't hear *him*! He's — he's —' Emmy faltered into silence.

'He's *dead*!' The old woman started up out of her dream. 'He's dead. That's so. That's so.' She began to tremble, her mouth quivered, her eyes dimmed. 'Emmy, Emmy! I *can't* go! My roots is here!'

'Grandmaw, you *got* to go! You know you can't stick on here all alone!'

'Emmy —'

'You got to go, I tell you! There ain't a soul to be with you, now that

Grandpaw's gone. Bud and me's had that all out with you time and again. You can't balk now, when we've got the truck out here an' all loaded to go.'

The old woman's face crumpled up; she was shaken by deep gasps; she saw the garden, the young men down by the truck, the cabin, the mountains, all wavering and distorted through a gray dazzle of tears. She turned her head away from her granddaughter, staring down at the peony.

'Lemme — lemme jest tromp the ground back round this piney so's the frost won't git to its roots,' she gasped.

'Well, be in a hurry; we got to start most d'rectly,' Emmy admonished and, leaving her, went off to see to the loading of some last bits of furniture. Balked of her intention to dig up a root, Grandmaw tramped the ground around the peony, pressing it firm with her big, square-toed boots. That done, she wiped the trickle of tears away, drawing in her breath convulsively.

'I'm — I'm goin' over to the spring an' git me a last drink 'fore I go,' she told herself. 'We got the best water anywheres in the valley.'

Unsteadily she crossed to the stone-rimmed spring and turned its cover back on its leather hinges. The dipper was gone, packed up, so she stooped over on all fours and set her lips to the water; but it was hard to drink in that strained position, harder still to open and close her throat over the lump that was there. She ceased the effort presently and, leaning over, stared down at her dim reflection.

'Good-bye, Grandmaw,' she whispered, looking into her own old face. She had been 'Grandmaw' so long to the whole neighborhood that she had even come to think of herself like that. But now, staring into the mysterious deep water, she saw past her old face down the years to her young married self that had been wont to look out at

her when she dipped her bucket in the spring. 'Good-bye, Mis' Goodwin,' she murmured. Then, deeper down in the water, deeper down the years, she glimpsed another self. 'Good-bye, Katie White,' she said — and that had been her girl name.

'Grandmaw! We're waitin' on ye!' Emmy called.

Grandmaw shut the cover of the spring softly down over those past selves. 'You-all stay right here; I got to go,' she said. It was a dim comfort to her to know that the water had taken something of her into its keeping.

'Come on, now; we're goin' to put you up on the front seat alongside of Hance,' said Emmy, leading her grandmother down the path. 'Bud an' me's goin' to ride with the plunder here in the back.'

Her grandchildren pulled and pushed old Mrs. Goodwin up to the high seat of the truck beside young Hanceford Wells, who also lent a mechanical hand for her assistance, the while he whistled a tune between his teeth. She was settled at last. The engine of the truck started, sending a shudder through all the piled-up furniture, through all the old woman's body. Grandmaw looked back; the gray cabin, the fenced garden, the little fields, slid from sight as they made the bend of the road. A terrible falling-away seized her. She was being torn asunder. Her deep roots were back yonder in the soil of her homestead, the rest of her was being snatched away to a new order of life whose servant was this great inexorable truck bearing her along the road. She clutched her hands desperately tight in her lap. If she could only speak of it! If she might just see on one other face a reflected understanding of what was happening to her!

'Emmy! Emmy!' she cried out.

But Emmy was in behind; the truck was making too much noise for her to

hear. Grandmaw turned to young Hance. 'I — I lived for all of fifty years right back there in that house,' she got out.

'Is that so?' the young man returned, his eyes intent upon the road, scarcely hearing what she said.

She tried again. 'I come there a bride; all my babies was born there.'

Young Hance made no comment on that. What did he know of motherhood?

Would nothing make him turn, make him look down at her for one flicker of warm comprehension? 'When you've lived as long as that in one place, an' you have to leave it, it's — it's like' — she swallowed — 'like you was bein' busted loose from yer roots,' she said with difficulty.

'I reckon so,' he responded, his whole attention centred upon steering the truck over a culvert. That passed, he burst into loud song — 'Yes, we have no bananas!' he sang.

The inexorable truck, child of a new mechanical era, bumped and lumbered along the road, bearing Grandmaw away from all her accustomed background, off to the life of a small town, while young Hanceford bellowed out one cheap song after another. She clutched her hands tighter together. 'O God! O my God!' she cried out deep in herself.

II

In the new little town of Pickett's Junction, which had burst forth in a mushroom growth of flimsy houses, and where the trees had all been felled to make room for the telegraph poles, people said it was right hard on a young woman like Emmy Stuart to have that old backwoods grandmother hung round her neck.

'My lands, Emmy! I don't see how you stand it!' one frank young friend protested. 'Old folks just gives *me* the jimjams!'

'Oh, well, I'm mighty fond of Grandmaw,' Emmy returned loyally. She paused to survey her strand of chewing-gum for a moment, and then lapped it slowly back into her mouth inch by inch with her tongue. 'Poor old soul! She was mighty good to me when I was a kid. I used to stay with her and Grandpaw at the farm.'

'Ain't there no place else she can go to?' the friend persisted.

'Nope.' Emmy shook her head. 'Bud an' me's the only ones of the family left in these parts. Her sons are 'way out West somewheres, an' my mother an' Aunt Susan's living in Chicago, an' we reckoned a big city like that'd 'bout kill Grandmaw. She finds Pickett's Junction hard enough.'

Yes, it was hard on Grandmaw. What was there for her to do? A new and, to her, sinister force had taken possession of the world, manifesting itself in every kind of machine, which snatched all the work imperiously away from her old hands. Long, idle days dragged by. On her little farm there had been things to attend to from early morning round the circle to dark again. But what was there to do here? Emmy and Bud — who were used to drifting from one little town to another in pursuit of Bud's business, which was lumber — lived in a four-room apartment where not an inch of ground belonged to them. The housekeeping was nothing. It does not take long to clean four small rooms; much of the food was bought already cooked, and why bother to sew when machine-made clothes were so cheap? There were no animals to feed, no garden to work, no baby to tend. Why no babies? Grandmaw asked Emmy.

Emmy shrugged the question aside. 'Aw, I ain't in no hurry for *that*. Kids costs money, an' Bud an' me's savin' up now for a new car.'

Grandmaw's mouth dropped open

in stupefaction. '*My God!*' she burst out. 'You'd rather ride 'round in a auto than have a baby nozzlin' at yer breast!'

She surveyed her granddaughter's made-up face, her shallow, good-natured eyes, her ineffective hands. She took one of the hands, and laid its whiteness along her own big brown one over which the years had traced a deep pattern of life.

'My lands!' she muttered. 'What kinder hand is *that* to go through the world with! It ain't never seen a piece er real work in all of its life! It ain't got nothin' to it — no roots — nothin'! It'll never go in the ground fer a thing! You ain't none er you got no roots, runnin' over the ground like sheep sorrel! Here to-day, an' gone to-morrer! No roots! No roots!' she complained. She felt dimly sorry for Emmy. She was fond of her. Could she not make her understand what she was missing?

'Emmy, honey,' she struggled, 'you ain't gittin' nothin' real outer yer life. Jest layin' round chewin' gum, or goin' to the movies; that ain't *real* — that ain't livin'. Honey, you ain't got but the one life — I'd hate to see you miss all the best of it.'

'Aw, Grandmaw! Nobody thinks you have to work yerself to death over a parcel of kids to be livin' these days. Folks don't have to work like they used to anyhow, since machinery come in — that's made everything different!'

'Yes, it's made things different!' Grandmaw flared out harshly. 'It's *ruined* everything! It's got folks so rotten lazy that they ain't got good sense no more! It's — it's —'

But Grandmaw had not the words to say what she thought this mechanical force was doing to the world. Here was her deep and implacable enemy. It had changed all her life and made a sturdy old woman useless. She hated it in all its aspects — in the telephone, in the

scurrying motors, and in the vacuum cleaner that stunned her with its noise. 'Dead work! Dead work!' That was as near as she could come to expressing what she felt about the cold impersonal work performed by this sinister force that was dominating the world. All machines were her enemies, from the great truck which had torn her away from her home, to the new car which Emmy dreamed of possessing. They were her enemies, but she would not become their slave. She defied them boldly. Bud and Emmy said it was real funny to hear Grandmaw quarrel at the telephone. She would never answer it, and she delighted to have it ring when there was no one to attend to it.

'Ah-ha! Squeal yer nasty head off! You'll not git *me* to wait on ye!' she would taunt it.

She was glad when it was out of order, and once, secretly and deliberately, she even put it out of order herself. Bud and Emmy could not think what had happened to the thing. The telephone did not know either. That was the trouble with fighting machines; they didn't know you were doing it. You could n't make them *feel* anything. An animal, now, it knew whether you hated it or were pleased with it; but what did a machine know? Dimly she felt that constant association with such dead impersonality was all wrong. She tried to warn Emmy.

'You can't do nothin' fer er machine,' she told her. 'An animal, now, you kin give it somep'n an' it'll give you somep'n back, but these machines is all dead — they don't git nothin' from you an' you don't git nothin' from them.'

'I git er heap er work from them,' Emmy retorted.

'That ain't what I mean.' Grandmaw struggled to make herself clear. 'You don't know — how could ye,

livin' like you do? But you — you'll all kinder dry up if you jest let dead things work for ye. Workin' with critters is different, but like it is now you-all don't tetch life nowheres.'

Somehow, for all that she had worked so hard, she felt that she had known a richer existence than Emmy would ever know. She had touched life at more points, been more close and intimate with it. But how could she make Emmy understand this? She understood it only vaguely herself. And in the meantime what was there for her to do here where this tide of mechanical force was submerging her, engulfing her personality, ruining all the world?

Her hands lay idle in her lap, and a dimness began to settle over her face, because all her thoughts had turned inward. Always she saw pictures of her little deserted house. It pulled so at her heart that it truly seemed to her she must be rooted there. Sometimes it was its blank windows she saw staring at her. Sometimes again it would be its little gray steps, with that old Dominique rooster hopping tentatively up them, or fluttering hastily down them, shooed away by her broom.

'Emmy, do you recollect that ole dominicker rooster what was allus tryin' to git into the house?'

'No, Grandmaw, I don't know which one you mean.'

Grandmaw sighed. Who did know except herself? She went back again to her inward pictures. There was her old man in his blue shirt-sleeves chopping stove wood in the back yard. Every time he brought his axe down he grunted out, 'Huh!' — chop — 'Huh!' — chop — 'Huh!' Yellow chips flying, axe flashing in the sun, smell of cut logs. 'Huh! Huh!' Something doing when her old man chopped wood. And she herself in the kitchen getting supper. There was a plank in the floor which had a 'bird' in it, so that it answered with a

squeak and chirp whenever she trod on it. *Swe-e-e-sh!* Cake batter going into the hot fat! Over to the dresser for flour — *chirp, chirp.* of the board. Back to the stove again, spluttering of the fat, frying of the cakes! Out in the yard, chop — ‘Huh!’ — chop — ‘Huh!’ Old man’s axe swinging outside, old woman’s feet hurrying inside. Yes, something doing then; but what was there to do now?

‘Come on, Grandmaw, let’s us go to the movies. There’s a real good show in town to-night.’

Grandmaw went. What else was there to do? But what was it all about? The pictures flickered by so fast that they were gone before a person could hardly get a real good look at them. Emmy read the titles for her and kept up a whispered comment. “‘Beauty fares forth to the Great White Way.’ That’s New York, Grandmaw. My, would n’t I like to see N’York! Now she’s in the train goin’ there. Aw-oh! She ought n’t to take up with that strange feller! That’ll get her into trouble later on — you see’f it don’t.’

But there was only one scene that Grandmaw understood. That was the one showing the old people left alone on the farm after the daughter’s departure for the city. There was the old man forking down hay from the loft; there was the old woman out at the henhouse, her apron blowing in the wind, while she scattered grain for the chickens. Something about the flutter of that apron, about the scurry of the fowls, made the tears pop into Grandmaw’s eyes.

‘Ain’t that natcheral! Ain’t it natcheral!’ she wept. ‘Look at that ole rooster now! Would n’t you *know* he’d have to be inter somep’n!’

She looked and looked, until the old woman’s apron and the rooster were winked out by women in evening dress and curls of cigarette smoke.

Grandmaw began almost to be afraid of her little deserted house, its pictures of all her past life hung so persistently there in the back of her mind. ‘It kinder ha’nts me,’ she complained. ‘I think of it day an’ night. It’s got ahold of me so tight it jest *won’t* turn me loose! I wisht it would — mebbe *then* I could settle down somewheres else. Mebbe I could strike root here an’ commence to grow. But my roots is back yonder, an’ I jest *can’t* git ’em loose.’

How strange it was that she should be here, and yet there! She had only to shut her eyes in Emmy’s red-plush sitting-room to have all its walls fall away and the walls of her old home draw up close around her.

‘It won’t turn me loose! I can’t bust erway from it!’

‘What is it, Grandmaw? What’s troublin’ you?’

‘It’s my roots, Emmy,’ the old woman answered, turning her head dumbly from side to side, as though with physical gestures to bring out the emotion which was so difficult to put into words. ‘I can’t bust my roots free from the old place. It’s tuck ahold of me, an’ I’ve tuck ahold of it, an’ I can’t git erway an’ be satisfied anywheres else. Mebbe it’s on account of me leavin’ my figger like that in the spring,’ she half muttered.

‘Doin’ what?’ Emmy cried.

But Grandmaw shut her old mouth up tight. How could she ever explain to Emmy that at the last moment she had entrusted her reflections to the spring, so that now not only the earth but the water of her home held her fast?

‘I can’t bust loose!’ She took up the complaint again. ‘I wisht to God I could! It’s got me so I’m skeered I can’t even die. I would n’t keer ef I was to die. I ain’t no good to nobody here, an’ my ole man’s awaitin’ fer me

— I bet he's got somep'n fer the ole woman to do! But as long as my roots is erlive I can't die.'

'Aw, Grandmaw! Quit talkin' er-bout dyin',' Emmy broke in with a little shiver. 'You ain't goin' to die!'

'I almost wisht I was. But how kin I when my roots is still livin'?'

Emmy chewed her gum thoughtfully, looking at her grandmother and trying honestly to understand. But what was there in her restless moving-picture existence that could reach out in sympathy to the sorrows of the older, deep-rooted generation? There was nothing, but she offered the best she could think of.

'Come on, let's go over to the drug store an' get a ice-cream cone,' she said. Grandmaw went, lumbering heavily after Emmy's slim figure. What else was there to do?

III

Late in the winter, however, a new thing happened. Grandmaw received a letter. It was not from any of her children. Those came in limp blue-white envelopes, and inside were penciled scrawls. This was a long white envelope with typed address. Bud and Emmy explained it to her.

'Why, Grandmaw, it's from the Blue Mountain Railroad Company. They're goin' to run a line up the valley, an' they want the right of way through the old place.'

The railroad at last! Grandmaw was pleased. The old man had always said it would come, and then everything would be easier. 'When the railroad comes' had been a gate of words opening on a golden age for them. And now it had come, and the Company wanted to pay her good money for the right to run through the place. Well! Well! Grandmaw's old face crinkled up with pleasure.

'You better read the paper over, Grandmaw, an' see where they aim to lay the tracks,' Emmy said.

So Grandmaw struggled through the confusing phraseology which meant almost nothing to her.

'You see they say they want the right to condemn the house if they have to. Bud says that means they might run straight through it,' Emmy warned her.

'Aw no, honey, they'll not do that,' Grandmaw assured her. 'They've done surveyed the track there a'ready. They aim to run it through that there bottom land that ain't never been no account fer nothin'. That's where they driv' the stakes afore.'

In her mind's eye Grandmaw saw the line of new-cut surveyor's stakes running through that bottom land as they had run — exclamations of hope for her and the old man — ten years ago. 'Yes, yes,' she nodded, 'right through that no 'count field!'

'Oh, Grandmaw!' Emmy burst out, 'there's money enough now to buy a real handsome new car!'

'A car!' Grandmaw snorted. 'No, sir! That money don't go into no car! I aim to put it in the bank, an' it'll go to my furst great-grandchild. Ef it's er boy it's to be named fer his great-granddaddy, an' ef it's er girl you kin call it fer me.' She beamed on Emmy and Bud.

'Aw, Grandmaw!' Emmy protested. And in the end the old woman's dream of a great-grandchild vanished in a shining new car — Emmy and Bud wanted it so much.

It was another triumph over her of that cold, mechanical force that drove upon its inexorable way. Grandmaw hated the car and rode in it as little as possible. But a new hope had come to comfort her. She had received another letter — this one was in a blue-white envelope, and came from her daughter

Susan out in Chicago. Susan wrote that she and her husband wanted to come East and bring the children to see their grandmother, 'and spend one more summer in the old home-place.'

A flame of joy leaped up in the old woman. Home! Home! To be where her roots were once more! To feel the breath of life go up all through her again! To be there when the old rosebushes flowered, and to tend all the needs of the little house — to wash its windows, to scrub its floors, to sit again on its porch at dusk, looking across at Droop Mountain soft against the evening sky. Grandmaw wept a little from pure joy. She would be away from all her enemies, free of the chattering telephone, and the confusing vacuum-cleaner, back where she belonged, where she was of use, and where life clothed itself in a familiar garment.

'I'll be back where my roots is — I'll be hitched up to 'em once more,' she exulted.

IV

Susan could not come until the first of June, but the second week of May saw the mountains surrounding the town all in green glory of spring leaves, and even the bleak little dooryards of Pickett's Junction displayed occasional blooming shrubs. Across the way a bridal wreath was in flower. It was that which inspired Grandmaw to her great adventure. There was a bridal wreath beside the spring in her home garden, and in her mind's eye the old woman could see its sprays foaming up in the sunshine, beckoning her to come.

'I got to go — I got to be there to see it,' she told herself. Every spring she had been with it at flowering-time; it would be hurt now if she were not there to receive the tribute of its blossoms.

She *must* go — but how? The farm lay only ten miles away across the

country. Bud and Emmy could have whisked her over there in the new car in no time. But Grandmaw would not go that way.

'No, sir! I'll go on my own two feet!' she told herself. Machinery should have no part in her home-coming. Not to ride in the car would be a triumph for her over those dead enemies of hers. 'On my own feet!' she repeated, and could feel them pressed, step after step, against the ground, drawing new life from its returning life.

But Bud and Emmy would not let her go if they knew. So they must not know. Sunday would be the best day for it — they always slept so late that morning.

Accordingly, when the next Sunday swung into place, Grandmaw was far out on the road before daylight had fully come.

Oh, the freedom and the delight of it! It had been an adventure — the stealing out of the house, and through the town before anyone else was awake; and now how wide and silent the stretch of the open country was before dawn! The deserted road led on in front, and at its other end lay the place where her heart awaited her. Her thoughts scurried on ahead and saw the house with its gray expectant face turned toward her.

'I'm goin' home! I'm goin' home!' For a time the words slipped silently through her head to the rhythm of her footsteps. Then as she went farther out into the open stretches of the country, and the daylight came clearer, she began to repeat the refrain half aloud, and at last, when the dawn came up over the mountain ridges, over the valley with its silent fields, and all the birds were singing, an old woman sang and shouted with them, 'I'm goin' home! I'm goin' home!'

The dawn came up, the mountains

shouldered out of the dimness, the road lay clear in front with the rail fences zigzagging on either side. The dawn came up and the birds flooded it with melody. The sun blazed up. It melted the mists off the hills and stood them out in the blue-green of their spring color. It warmed the ditches beside the road, where the violets and dandelions stood tall in the grass, and where the frogs shouted a spring ecstasy. The sun came up and all the earth sent forth wafts of fragrance from the flowers, the grass, and the brown fields. On either side of the way, thorn bushes and crab trees, all in full flower, offered their honey to myriads of bees; while at the edges of the mud puddles in the road a fringe of yellow and blue butterflies sipped and sipped, breathing their wings delicately open and shut.

The road lay golden before Grandmaw, with her shadow stretching out so long in front that it made her laugh. 'Em-hem! Look at that old shadder! It's got to go runnin' on 'way ahead!'

The old woman marched and sang, and the miles flowed slowly back behind her. She was a stalwart figure, big-boned and weather-beaten. On her head was an old broad-brimmed hat. In one hand she clutched a long staff, and in the other she carried a package of garden seed — pease, beans, lettuce, and beets. She felt a little guilty about those seeds. It was Sunday, and it was wrong to work on Sunday; nevertheless she was planning to plant her garden that day. All too soon Bud and Emmy, guessing where she had gone, would pursue her in the new car, to bear her back captive to a machine-ordered world. But while she was still free she would serve her old gods of the soil, of springtime and planting; and if that was wrong, then God forgive her! She thought He would, considering how all her days had been enforced Sabbaths of late.

The miles gave place before her steady tramp, and now the way began to be familiar. She had turned into her own valley; one well-remembered farm after another came slowly into view. And now she began to meet people she knew — old neighbors who were glad to see her. They wanted to stop and talk, but Grandmaw would not break her stride. 'I'm goin' home!' she told them, and with a wave of the hand went upon her way.

She was only a little distance from home now. Here was the old Henry place, and here, too, the new railroad came plunging through from the other side of the ridge and began to run up her valley. Well! Well! Here it was at last! Grandmother was glad to see it, but my soul! How it had torn things up! Thereafter the new roadbed kept even pace with her. No tracks had been laid as yet; it was only a graded way with ties thrown carelessly down across it like big sprawled fingers; but it was insolent and domineering. It seemed to think it owned the valley. In place after place it had torn up the old road, making it step humbly aside up the bank or out into the fields. Grandmaw did not like that. The wagon road had been here for more than a hundred years. Over it people had walked, or horses had conveyed them, on innumerable errands; lovers had gone 'buggy-riding' over it, along it burying crowds and wedding parties had traveled, and over it, too, the doctor had come hurrying for life or for death — surely it had the right of way! But the new railroad went where it pleased and the old road had to make room for it. It went where it pleased, not only over the old road, but here it had actually run right into George Washburn's stable-yard, straight along where his cornerib had been. Grandmaw was greatly shocked.

'That ain't right! That ain't no way

to do! Runnin' into a person's yard thataway, tearing the whole place to pieces!

She began to dislike the new railroad as she hated the new car. It was machinery, too. She had not thought of that before, because it had approached her in the cloak of a friend, dressed in the realization of a hope which she and the old man had treasured for so long. But now, look what it had done to George Washburn's yard! Grandmaw recognized the handiwork of her enemy. Well, thanks be! It would not come anywhere near her house! It would turn off now in just a little bit and take down into that no 'count bottom-land. But at the next turn it was still there, and at the next as well, still taking the whole place, shouldering the old road out of the way, demolishing fences, running into dooryards. If it did not turn off presently it would be — why it would be heading straight for —

Grandmaw began to walk very fast, almost to run, stumbling along the uncertain way. At the next turn she should see the cabin, the picket-fenced garden, the white bridal wreath. A wild terror clutched her. She hurried and hurried, tripping and running along the roadbed. She gained the turn, she made the bend, and looked — she looked into empty sky. There was nothing there. The gray house, the garden, the bridal wreath, and the rosebushes were nowhere any more save in Grandmaw's memory. All was flat, stark ground, graded up for the railroad's imperious way. Even the spring where she had left her past selves was gone — drained and filled up. Nothing, nothing there. Over all a great steam-shovel straddled, its monstrous scoop full of dirt, a mouthful of what had once been Grandmaw's home. Disguised as a friend, her enemies had stolen upon her. Grandmaw looked and looked, and something

collapsed within her. She wavered uncertainly, overcome by a swirling sense of falling away. 'I'm dead now!' she whispered. 'My roots is dead. They've done tore 'em all up outer the ground.'

Nothing there? Yes, something. Over at one edge of the grading, not yet quite engulfed by the dirt, two little wooden gateposts still stood. They were the posts of her dooryard. Grandmaw tottered over and sank down between them. The staff fell from her hand; the garden seeds spilled to the ground. She put her arm around one of the posts and leaned hard upon it. 'Yer free to die now, Grandmaw,' she muttered. 'There ain't nothin' to hold yer now — they've done killed yer roots.'

V

So Bud and Emmy found her, when they came following after in the new car.

A little group of country people returning from meeting had gathered. They stood and looked dumbly at this old neighbor, bowed between the posts of what had been her home, the steam-shovel straddling over her. They were silent. What was there to say? The old order gives place to the new, and if human beings are crushed by it, what is there to say?

A child picked up the packages of seeds and tried to thrust them back into Grandmaw's hand, but her fingers would not lay hold upon them.

'No, no,' she muttered, 'I'm done now. I'll never grow nothin' no more.'

A neighbor laid a hand upon her arm, as brown and weatherworn as Grandmaw's own. 'The Lord have mercy on ye,' she said.

Grandmaw had struggled to her feet. She looked at the other out of dimmed eyes. 'He'll have no more mercy on me than He has on the ground,' she said. 'An' many's the time I've seed that

crack open with the frost in winter, er burnt dry in summer.'

'Yes, but fer all that did yer ever see the spring come that the sap did n't rise with it?' the other old woman returned.

'That's so — that's so,' Grandmaw mumbled. 'Mebbe my sap'll rise ergin, but it'll not be here, no more. There ain't nothin' here to hold me now. They've done tore me outer the ground, and killed my roots. My ole man's awaitin', an' I'm free to go to him now — nothin' no more to hold me back — no roots, nothin' —'

The words trailed away into silence, as unheeding she let Emmy draw her down the track.

'Come on, Grandmaw,' Emmy said. 'Let's go on home. Here's Bud awaitin' with the car.'

But at the sight of the new car, the price of all the desolation around her, winking there triumphant in the sun, life and rage leaped in the old woman. She stood up straight and furious, an old figure out of the past, stark against the background of a new age.

'Home!' she screamed out harshly. 'There ain't no sech a thing no more! There ain't no homes lef'! There ain't *nothin'* but *them* things, foolin' people an' destroyin' the whole world! They've destroyed me, but they'll never own me! You let 'em own yer, an' in the end they'll ruin ye, an' own the world theyselves! There's not er one of yer to stand up erginst 'em, fer yer all too rotten lazy to turn yer hand over in a

lick er real work! They'll own the world,' she panted, 'but they'll never own *me*! An' I'll never set foot ergin in that there car that's done took my home!'

She began to struggle violently, fighting away the hands that would draw her to the motor. 'I won't set foot in it, I tell ye!' she screamed. 'It's took my home, it's killed my root — it's killed me! But it'll never own me! I'm free to go now, I'm free! An' my ole man's awaitin'. I'll not be cooped up no more.' She fought the hands aside. 'Lemme go, I tell ye! Lemme die out here in the open!'

She wrenched herself away from them, and began to run, anywhere — out into the fields, into the woods, anywhere that was wide and free, anywhere away from those dead machines that had held her prisoner so long, and in the end had tricked and destroyed her. But her dim eyes failed her, she stumbled over a railroad tie, and sprawling, her arms flung out, plunged down over another. She fell straight out, all the whole length of her, like a falling tree, and as she fell her head crashed against one of the uprights of the steam-shovel. Her great body struggled up once, and then rolled over dead, her face turned up to the open sky.

Her enemies had killed her. But they could only kill her — they could not own her, bend her, or break her; and in the end she had gone, free and defiant, away to where the old man was waiting.

PLANT QUARANTINE

A FOOTNOTE TO THE DISCUSSION

BY J. HORACE MCFARLAND

AMERICA is of polyglot origin. This is as true of plant life as of society. The colonists and pioneers brought with them seeds, roots, and bulbs with which the flora of the New World has been enormously enriched, to the profit and comfort of our people and the beautifying of our homesteads and landscapes.

Dr. U. P. Hedrick, Chief in Research of the Division of Horticulture of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, a great fruit-authority, illustrates this plant cosmopolitanism in respect of fruits:—

A generation ago nearly all of our fruits were of European origin. Without importation at that time, fruit-growing would never have had the stimulus and obtained the impetus to make it what it is now. American horticulture has reached its high estate very largely through the untiring zeal of amateurs of one or two generations ago, who in their turn had their inspiration and obtained their stock of fruits from Europe.

Equally forceful citations might be made, if space permitted, to show that of the economic grains, of the vegetables, of the field crops, we have had the best of the world through importation. Anyone who has visited the great botanical gardens will need no suggestion, if he has been observant, of the way in which our gardens have been enriched from foreign sources.

When our ancestors came in they undoubtedly brought with them some of the human and plant diseases of the

lands from which they came, as well as that sturdy spirit of pioneering and adventure which has made America great. If the ideals which the Federal Department of Agriculture is now attempting to enforce had then prevailed in respect of people as well as plants, the pioneers would not have entered, or if admitted might have been given such 'precautionary treatments' as to leave them little or no vitality.

These words are written because it seems now the view of the Department of Agriculture that we no longer need plants from abroad, save as one or several of its officials determine. We must not bring in needed new or old plants, because if we do we may bring in with them plant diseases and injurious insects.

On August 20, 1912, there was enacted a Federal statute broadly known as the 'Plant Quarantine Act,' intended, if the report of the Congressional Committee which urged its passage on Congress is to be believed, to provide adequate means for protection against the introduction into the United States of 'any tree, plant, or fruit disease or of any injurious insect new or not theretofore widely prevalent or distributed within and throughout the United States.' This law gave the Secretary of Agriculture power 'to regulate the importation of nursery stock and other plants and plant products,' and otherwise to

enforce its purpose. It was and is a wise and beneficent law, if wisely and beneficently administered.

But under a strained and yet legally untested construction of this law there is being established what amounts to a plant dictatorship of controlling character. Nominally administered by the Secretary of Agriculture, who is more or less temporary in tenure, this law is in practice construed and enforced by the Federal Horticultural Board.

In 'Plants and Plant Pests,' printed in the *Atlantic* for June, Dr. Charles L. Marlatt, the head of that board, discusses the situation. On behalf of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine, I am accorded space to comment in reply.

Dr. Marlatt insists that Quarantine 37 is not 'a practical embargo on entry of plants,' and that it will not 'ultimately place a permanent check on the development of American horticulture.' Categorically, the first of these statements is true, for the word 'embargo' is not used either in the Act or in the Quarantine. The effect is obtained, however, by regulations so intricate and severe that an embargo virtually is set up against such importations as the Federal Horticultural Board deems inadvisable.

Before I may bring in any new roses, for example, I must state in intimate detail the quantity, the estimated invoice value of each, the name or exact designation of each species, variety, or type of plant to be imported, the originator and the year of origination. I must then give the name and address of the exporter, the name and address of the foreign grower, the country where grown, the locality where grown, and answer seven other questions as related to eight paragraphs of detailed and difficult requirements, prior to making a liability agreement, the violation of any part of

which binds me 'to pay the United States, as liquidated damages, a sum equal to twice the invoice value of the stock imported as shown in said permit, if such value be \$2500 or less, but in no case shall such liability of the applicant exceed \$5000.' I must promise to maintain the identity of any shipment of plants received 'under the number of the permit granting authority for its importation' for a period sometimes equaling five years. Even with all this red tape, my application may be denied if, in the judgment of the 'F. H. B.,' as it is familiarly known, I can get the particular variety in America, or if it thinks I ought not to have it anyway. In any case or event, no plant may be brought in with soil on its roots; all such are definitely excluded, or embargoed.

As to the second statement in Dr. Marlatt's summary of objections, let me quote again Dr. Hedrick, author of *The Cyclopedia of American Fruits*, who in speaking of Quarantine 37 says: —

It is doing more harm to American horticulture than good. There are advantages, but they are far outweighed by disadvantages.

The Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board insists in effect that the restrictions complained of are justified by the dangers of new pests, and that such dangers cannot be adequately guarded against by inspection in the countries from which plants may come.

It is true that new pests can come in, do come in, and will continue to come in. One of the warmest supporters of the Quarantine is on record as stating that no quarantine does any more than delay the entry of pests. Dr. H. H. Whetzel, head of the Department of Plant Pathology of Cornell University, thus writes: —

As a general proposition I seriously doubt that any quarantine can be made absolutely efficient. . . . There is good fundamental

evidence for holding that quarantines in general may be more harmful to the public good than they are useful.

Dr. C. R. Crosby, a well-known Cornell entomologist, has this point of view:—

It would seem to a disinterested person that the danger from the importation of such material has been greatly exaggerated. . . . Starting with the quarantines established to check the spread of the San José scale, there have grown up large and expensive organizations for inspecting all sorts of plants whether they need it or not.

It is to the interest of countries from which plants come to America to have them pest-free, and 'Dutch cleanliness' is not an empty phrase in reference to exports from Holland. A detailed statement made by Mr. N. Van Poeteren, Chief of the Government Phytopathological Service at Wageningen, Holland, emphasizes this position. Personal contact with Mr. W. B. Lobjoit, who in England controls the government service as related to admission of plants from abroad, has convinced me that in that land, much more helpless with respect to pests from abroad than the United States, the problem is successfully solved by dependence upon care at the point of shipment, together with adequate attention in suspected cases when the plants come in.

Much emphasis has been laid in Dr. Marlatt's defense on the prevalence of the San José scale, an introduced pest. Yet when only a few weeks ago I asked Dr. Jardine, the present Secretary of Agriculture, whether we had more or less and better or worse apples and other fruits since it became necessary to introduce better sanitation into orchards because of the San José scale menace, he instantly answered that we now have more and better fruits. The spraying and the care necessary to combat scale have eliminated many

local pests and resulted in eventual advantage. It was not without reason that Dr. L. H. Bailey, the most eminent American horticulturist, has said that the Colorado potato-beetle was a blessing in disguise.

Dr. Marlatt insists that 'Quarantine 37 has no tariff object whatsoever.' Yet his argument emphasizes the great growth of nurseries, and the large volume of additional production in the United States that has resulted from this Quarantine, which, though it has raised prices from one hundred to five hundred per cent or more, 'has no tariff object whatsoever.' Every nurseryman who now defends Quarantine 37 openly exults in the price-protection it gives him. I never heard one of them even mention the pest-protection feature.

In his reply to Mr. Hamblin's article, 'Plants and Plant Policies,' Dr. Marlatt insists in effect that he has not interfered seriously with 'the needs of botanical gardens, arboretums, experiment stations, and other similar public institutions.' The directors of such institutions do not seem to agree with him. Dr. N. L. Britton, Director-in-Chief of the New York Botanical Garden, writes:—

I would say that I have long been of the opinion that, owing to widespread dissatisfaction and great difference of opinion regarding the administration of this Quarantine, an impartial investigation of its operations is extremely desirable. . . .

Dr. C. Stuart Gager, Director of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, expresses himself thus:—

I have experienced a complete change of view with reference to Quarantine 37, and this largely as the result of the manner of its administration. At first I was heartily in favor of it, but I believe now that its administration is serving more to discourage horticulture in America than to keep out plant diseases.

Further on in the same letter, Dr. Gager speaks of his discouragement 'almost to the point of despair, by our inability to secure in the open market anything much beyond the ordinary run of shrubs and trees. Very few of the rare species and varieties are now offered for sale by American growers.'

Dr. George T. Moore, Director of the Missouri Botanical Gardens, much more familiarly known as 'the Shaw Gardens,' in St. Louis, thus writes:—

I think we are all agreed that the law under which Quarantine 37 operates is entirely satisfactory. . . . It is the administration of the act by the Federal Horticultural Board that everyone really interested objects to. . . . There is certainly much room for improvement in the administration of the Act, so far as botanical gardens are involved, and all this quite independent of the question as to whether a quarantine has ever accomplished anything which in the smallest way would offset the loss in the administration of such an act.

America's greatest dendrologist and tree authority, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, recently sent a famous plantsman, Dr. John F. Rock, on a three-year expedition to the far reaches of Tibet to explore sections never before botanically scanned. From sad previous experiences in respect to the handling of material received as a result of these explorations, he felt warranted in asking the Federal Horticultural Board for permission to have the shipments sent directly to the Arboretum, near Boston, and there carefully inspected, either by the scientists of Harvard University or by those delegated from Washington. This permission has been refused, save in the impossible event that the plants, which must be sent as they are collected from time to time, could be associated into several large shipments. So he has regretfully concluded to divert this

material to England, where it will be received without being destroyed by zeal and fumigation, and the plants thus first brought to light not entirely lost to science and the plant world, even though kept out of the United States.

It is admitted that there is always danger that some new disease or pest may come in, either on plants, on baggage, in ship ballast, or even on humans. I well remember the remark of Dr. Bailey of Cornell: 'Yes, there are doubtless harmful bacteria on everything, even on the lips of the wives and the babies we kiss, but I think we shall continue to kiss them!'

Much has been said and will yet be said concerning the impending exclusion at the end of this year of all narcissus bulbs, meaning the daffodils, jonquils, and other garden adornments of which each year the United States has brought in, mostly from Holland, about a hundred million bulbs. There is not one word in the Act of August 20, 1912, to justify the procedure of the last three years, during which unlimited importation of these bulbs has been permitted and even encouraged, despite the asserted dangers they impose. The plain intent of the Act is that if danger exists the plant products may be excluded, but there is no provision for taking hazards in the face of an admitted danger.

Now it is quite well known that the several insects said by Dr. Marlatt to relate to narcissus bulbs are already widely prevalent in that portion of the United States in which he expects narcissus bulbs to be grown, and I think he knows that these pests do not persist in the cold East, where most of these bulbs are used. The final exclusion has no other justification than that it may build up an American bulb industry, an action not contemplated in the law.

Dr. Marlatt does not make plain in his apology that he is also shutting out many other desirable bulbs just because he thinks the more importation there is the more danger there is, and it is best to have no dangers even if we have no bulbs. The basis is precisely that which would exist if all American mothers were suddenly to realize that the babies which come to them might have scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and other difficult diseases, wherefore it would be much better not to have the babies!

To emphasize further this existence of a horticultural dictatorship, let me quote from Dr. Marlatt his insistence that the only safe thing is 'a policy of exclusion of all plants *not absolutely essential* to the horticultural and forestry needs of the United States.' He then refers to Quarantine 37 as permitting the admission of plants 'which *are believed* to be necessary' or 'for which a *reasonable need* can be shown.' On another page he courteously hopes that it will never be necessary 'to make it impossible to provide for the entry, under proper safeguards, of any plant whatsoever for which a *real need* can be shown.' To what, exactly, this real need is limited may be noted in his remark as to arboretums, where he says, 'The conditioning of entry on a public-service basis is believed to be necessary,' while elsewhere he refers to 'the mere personal gratification of the thousands of individuals' who he thinks might

want to import plants if he would permit it. To all these he earnestly commends his preference that 'the ordinary garden-lover secure the restricted plants from home sources,' despite the known nonexistence, in many items, of these 'home sources.' It ought to be noted that the whole matter simmers down to what some one person has 'believed to be necessary' or 'absolutely essential.' Does not this define a horticultural dictatorship, in good working order?

Those of us who have no trade interest in this matter; who believe that half the expense now put on exclusion would, if put on research and control effort, give better results; who believe that there are foreign governments willing and able to help us if we will coöperate with them in preventing the admission of pests they do not themselves want to send us; who resent the forbidding methods of the Federal Horticultural Board, have recently joined in petitioning Secretary of Agriculture Jardine to investigate, independent of the accused body, this whole subject. The hope of American horticulture at this moment is centred upon Secretary Jardine. There is no hope in the Federal Horticultural Board, made up dominantly of those whose energies have been given to the investigation of pathological or insectivorous conditions, and who are not plantsmen. We urge the Secretary to give the plant a chance against the bug and the pest!

DEADLOCK

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

ONE room in all that house was quietly hers:
Here was her place of kneeling; here she kept
The candles lighted while the family slept;
And here, like other lonely worshipers,
Occasionally she wept.

All of her windows looked out on the sea;
Water was like a bird with gray cool wings
Cloudy over her heart; and there were things
Like sea gulls and the thin monotony
Of their shrill whinnys.

Whatever in her passionate strange way
She dreamed or did; whatever work she planned,
There never was entreaty or command:
'It is best as it is,' she used to say,
'Let the thing stand.'

Nobody knew what burrowed deep inside
Her heart — the hunger, the unhappiness;
Nobody knew and nobody could guess
The terrible price she paid so she might hide
What she would not express.

The seasons in their color came and went;
 All one to her the sunken stars, the sun:
 So from oblivion to oblivion
 She moved; and it was dully evident
 That all to her were one.

 And the brave constellations rise and fall;
 And she whose beauty beggars them is dead
 As though she were the white moon pivoted
 On her own death-glow. . . . And my heart is gall;
 And everything is said.

GREEK IN THE MACHINE SHOP

BY CAROL WIGHT

ONE of the most interesting men I have ever met, interesting because exponential of a class that is making itself felt in our social mechanism, was a machinist, a Russian by birth, by choice an American. During the lull that comes over the shop at midnight, when for a brief half-hour the belts cease to slap and the wheels to whirl, when your mind is so benumbed by the blare of brass and steel that you touch your tools to see if they and you actually belong to the real world, I noticed this man lying under his lathe, reading. His elbows were protected from the grimy brick floor by a bit of burlap, while the bulb half-hitched from the bed of the lathe flooded his book with a rich cone of light.

The occasional kick of a passing comrade, answered by an equally friendly curse, did not distract him from the book, which proved to be, as I found on lounging over to where he lay, a portion of Thucydides. I was curious, because when a workingman reads, in the real sense of the word, he generally reads with a definite purpose.

Unconscious of any decline in the influence of the classics, or even that he was reading a classic, my friend answered my inquiry straight to the point:

'I read him because he makes me think. He helps me to understand what is happening to-day.'

'What good will that do you?'

He had risen to his feet by now, and said, tapping his lathe: 'I can shape

steel with this; and with this,' holding out the small chunky volume, 'I can shape men.'

The whistle blew, the wheels whirled, the belts slapped, and the steel spirals curled and dropped from the lathe as the tool traveled along. I wondered, as I watched him there, burly almost to brutality, heavy-lipped, with dark eyes that never faltered as they followed the tool — wondered if he would become a shaper of more untractable material than metal.

During walks to the trolley I learned more about his thoughts, for of his life he was silent. Other books that he read and reread were the *Prince* of Machiavelli and the *Republic* of Plato. Thrown into the thick of the laboring world, this mechanic's mind was filled with his own dreams of how to advance himself, and, being a practical machinist, his mind was also filled with schemes for turning the blueprints of these dreams into realities, just as he shaped bronze and steel.

Why had this man — and there are many like him — selected on his own initiative these books, which certainly do not bulk large in our curriculum? Why had he gone back unconsciously to ideals that obtained when the humanities were the corner stone of education? And what were those ideals? Let us see.

The philosopher, Hobbes, recommended his translation of Thucydides to the Earl of Devonshire, as having 'profitable instruction for such as may have the management of great and weighty actions.' Neither is this a mere rhetorical flourish to pluck perquisites from a patron, for in the foreword to his readers he insists that, 'the principle and proper work of history being to instruct and enable men by the knowledge of actions past to bear themselves prudently in the present and providently for the future, there

is not extant any other, merely human, that doth more naturally and fully perform it than this my author'; and finally, comparing the majority of readers to the spectators at gladiator shows, he says: 'They be far more in number that delight in bloody battles and many thousands slain at once than that mind the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends.' It was strange to find this machinist reading his Thucydides for a parallel reason.

Let us look for an appraisal of the Florentine politician, a man steeped in the humanities with all the ardor of the Renaissance, and as skilled in the conduct of affairs as many a man of his day.

'We find him,' writes Lord Acton, 'near our common level, and perceive that he is not a vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence.'

And again: 'He is the earliest conscious and articulate exponent of certain living forces in the present world.'

The conclusion was forced home to me that my machinist, even if he were drinking draughts of doubtful wisdom, was drinking in good company; and further that 'the visionary calm of Plato and the intricate strength of Thucydides' are not beyond the grasp of the common man who is trying to raise himself and seeking a fulcrum whereby to do so.

This man had mastered his trade and made good, but he felt and said that he felt the need of certain higher knowledge that would help him to understand other men, unite him to them, and give him influence in the larger world beyond the four walls of his shop. A great scholar once published some of his essays as *Chips from a Work-Shop*. Here we have an educational formula from an actual worker in an actual shop, which I felt would have found favor in the eyes of that

scholar; and I have known others similarly situated putting their problem in precisely similar terms for very practical reasons. Having successfully solved the problem of making a living in their own narrow field, they reach out for influence among their associates and test out their ideas in the laboratory of real life, where every day brings its competitive examination and where, as a consequence, what are called academic questions have no place.

These men know what they are after. For instance, I was once discussing the merits of two machines with a skilled workman. 'They're all very fine,' he concluded, 'but I'd rather be the dynamo that drives both.'

This man too was a student in his way. That is, he read books for the ideas he could find in them, had an intimate acquaintance with the many-headed monster of the Polity, and very little sympathy for the philosopher who stuck to the shelter of the wall.

If it be true that the man with the hoe is now in the saddle, personal observation seems to show that he is there by no chance vault, and that many young men who enjoy vastly superior opportunities for general culture might study his formula, if only to understand the success of their own gifted associates; for these more gifted associates owe their success, not merely to their special training, but to their power to concentrate on a purpose and to the ideas and ideals that give them a grip on life and the conduct of affairs.

How largely the humanities once figured in the education of the people who have best understood and practised 'the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends,' is no secret. Some of their statesmen have advocated their study in what may seem extreme language, as when Gladstone recommended Greek as the best instrument that

could be applied to the minds of the young; others are content to drive home a point by a citation, as when Sir Arthur Helps instances the man in Aristophanes who draws up a personal peace-treaty with the enemy of his city, the statesman's object being to show the naïve absurdity of a type much in evidence in recent times.

Overemphasis of values is, however, always retroactive, and the fact is that in the broadening of the curriculum many other studies have been introduced that fulfill with felicity the function once exclusively enjoyed by the humanities simply because, at the time, such other studies and sciences had not been developed.

Again, much of the enduring culture of antiquity, both intellectual and æsthetic, has been unconsciously absorbed into our modern world, and the lifeblood of those master spirits has been so thoroughly transfused that it throbs in our own veins as vitally as our own lifeblood. If it be true that other men have labored and we are entered into their labors, it is equally true that their labors have entered into us; and so there is much to be learned about the evils affecting the modern national State from the study of the evils that destroyed the City-State of antiquity. The clash of classes so evident in the remorseless march of democracy is no new phenomenon.

'And many and terrible calamities fell on the cities through the conflict of classes, calamities that occur and will always occur as long as man's nature remains the same, however varying in intensity and appearance with changing circumstances. . . . Thus iniquity in every form became established, owing to class conflict, while honesty, which is the mainstay of an ingenuous nature, was laughed out of life, and man met man with hostility and mistrust everywhere.'

Written two thousand years ago, these words are as true now as then, and will enjoy a lasting appositeness.

Now if Hobbes be right in his estimate of the humanities, are we right in suffering young men to neglect them or their equivalent, and in leaving such learning to become tools in the hands of those who are reshaping the State under our very eyes?

In short, our universities ought to be clearing-houses and repositories for the sciences that conserve society and impart 'the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends'; and that they are so, with an ever-increasing efficacy, recent developments amply prove. The battlefield and the voting-booth may register victory or defeat, but the real struggle behind all this is the conflict of thought; and in this unceasing conflict the higher educational institutions have not been, and will not be, found wanting.¹

After all, it is not dynamite but ideas that disrupt and reconstruct society, and the abiding value of any literature consists in the value and artistic expression of ideas. We are worried if a neighboring nation possesses a gun of wider range and higher elevation than our own, but we are indifferent if a neighboring nation possesses an idea of wider range or loftier elevation than our own. Ideas, in short, are our most vital wealth. It is to defend these

that cannon are cast and legions are lined up, and much wealth of this sort we have inherited from Hellas. Precisely because the Greeks had more creative power than any other people of the Old World, does their thought possess the magic property of begetting thought — that is, in the words of Aristophanes, it is *spermatikos*.

As in the sphere of matter, so in the sphere of thought we find centrifugal and centripetal forces, the one binding men together and the other driving them apart. Just as higher education consists in the study of general knowledge of which each specific profession is some special application, so there is a higher education still in the study of those forces that vitalize the State and bind it together indissolubly, conserving our inherited ideals of liberty and loyalty, justice and generosity, unity and multiplicity — in short, all that America means and without which it would die.

If one man may be fed on thoughts 'that voluntary move harmonious numbers,' so a people may be fed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious actions, and in so doing produce a perfect State, humanly speaking, where the creative force comes unconsciously and from within. It is such thoughts, then, that constitute the wealth of a people, and of those who possess this divine gold and silver in their souls for everlasting it is written in the Polity that 'they need no money minted by man. Neither otherwise than impiously may they mingle the gathering of the gold of God with the getting of the mortal metal, for infinite and unholy are the deeds done by the multitude, but their coinage abides forever unpolluted and unalloyed.'

¹ One of the latest developments in this field is the proposal to establish at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore a School of Research in International Relations, in memory of Walter Hines Page. Curiously enough, the formal training which Page received at Johns Hopkins was as Fellow in Greek, and the greatest force that tended to shape him in those two formative years is said to have been his contact with the great classical scholar, Basil L. Gildersleeve.

ABD EL-KRIM AND THE WAR IN AFRICA

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE Moroccan question, the spoiled child of European diplomacy up to 1914, has been little more than a stepson of the chancelleries since the Treaty of Versailles. Europe has given serious attention to only two, or perhaps three, great problems: the settlement of the Rhine question, the problem of economic readjustment, and possibly — though in less whole-hearted fashion — the racial problem in Asia. Morocco, after suffering from an overdose of high-powered diplomatic attention from 1901 to 1914, has been allowed to struggle along without occupying the consecutive thought of any first-rate European statesman, unless it be the exiled Kaiser at Doorn or the recently rehabilitated M. Caillaux.

The problem presents itself now under an entirely new aspect as the result of the war's rearrangements, and the international instruments which control its development are entirely outmoded, as are all the books which ever tried to consider it. The new factors are, first and foremost, the developing Islamic consciousness in the whole Shereefian Empire; second, the total disappearance of Germany from the political surface of the conflict; third, the victory of France against the half-hearted, half-ashamed, but fairly consistent opposition of England, Spain, and Italy. The student now finds himself confronted with a *de facto* situation of sharp, well-defined conflict, the effort of a superior European civilization to impose its empire on a backward but profoundly alien people; a situation

obscured sometimes, but never really affected, by the complicated fabric of outworn treaties which, from 1901 to 1912, sought to regularize the relations of all parties to the North African struggle.

I

'Spanish' Morocco, as it has been currently called since 1912, is a country strongly reminiscent of our own northern New Mexico, mountainous and sparsely settled. The rim of the Spanish zone — along the coast from Melilla to Tetuan, and around the Straits to Tangier and Larache — has long been bait to Europeans, especially Portuguese and Spanish adventurers. El-Ksar-el-Kbir ('The Great Village,' Spanishified into Alcazar-Quivir) was the scene of the final disaster to the Portuguese empire in Africa four hundred years ago; with such an example before them, the Spanish in the nineteenth century made no attempt to do more than govern and defend the two north coast cities, Ceuta and Melilla, the 'presidios.'

After the proclamation of the Protectorate in 1912, Spain endeavored to bring under her rule, and to administer after a fashion, all of the territory shown on school maps as 'Spanish Morocco.' Garcia Prieto, marquis of Alhucemas (the same who presided over the last constitutional government of Spain before Primo de Rivera's revolution), ordered the occupation of Larache and El-Ksar in 1911; the movement thus initiated continued

steadily until the disaster of 1921. Spanish troops occupied and held Arzila, Sheshuan, Zinat, Dar ben Karish, Wad Lau, and a string of posts down the coast to the island city of Alhucemas in the bay of Alhucemas, and on to Melilla. General Berenguer accomplished the most difficult of the occupations, in the Djebala, with great success under the last government of the Conde de Romanones. The year 1920 was Spain's zenith in Morocco; the greatest success was the victorious march on Sheshuan and the virtual subjugation of the Rharb (el-Rharb or el-Gharb, the generic name for the Angera, Djebala, and Rhomarra countries). The bandit prince, Mulay Hamid ben Absalem ber Raisul, known to the Western world as Raisuli, aided considerably both with men and with influence in the conquest of western Morocco; and in 1920 his allowance from the High Commissariat in Tetuan had reached the staggering total of sixteen million pesetas yearly, I was told by responsible authorities in Madrid.

Spanish Morocco contains three distinct divisions besides the northernmost tip, the Angera country. The western division, called the Djebala and taking in the Atlas Mountain country, can loosely be described as the hinterland of Tangier; it extends from the Atlantic to the river Lau, south of Tetuan, and to a line parallel to the Atlantic drawn from the Wad Lau. From Wad Lau on eastward to the western horn of the bay of Alhucemas is the lower country called the Rhomarra (or Ghomarra — Europeans transliterate the Arab guttural *rh* sometimes as *rh*, sometimes as *gh*). At the point where the western horn of the land bounding the bay of Alhucemas begins is the frontier of the Riff.

The Riff is a small, thinly populated region with much higher mountains than those of the Rhomarra, and much

less vegetation. It is peopled by eleven tribes from the Berber race, or a race akin to the Berbers, speaking a variant of the Berber language, the *Shillhah* tongue. The Riffis are indubitably Hamitic in race, and betray it in their physical type: many of them are red-haired and blue-eyed, and they have a real contempt for the Semitic Arabs. Nevertheless the Riff has had an Arab civilization imposed on it since the twelfth century; and although nobody since the Emir Abdallah has been able to conquer the country, the Koran has vanquished where the sword has failed: the Riff is as simply and primitively Mohammedan as the oases of Nejd in Arabia.

It is difficult to explain the origins of the Riffi race, or the philology of *Shillhah*; there is very little available scientific evidence, and most of it reposes, after all, on some original conjecture. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, after his imprisonment among the Berber tribes of the Sus (the Mogador hinterland) in 1902, made some studies which are the only accessible popular material on the subject. They are in his book called *El-Moghreb*, and he has been thoughtful enough to add a good bibliography. But the Riff itself has had little attention from scientists — so little that the wildest conjecture is currently accepted by half-educated people to explain the existence of the race of Riffi Berbers. For instance, Abd el-Krim's brother-in-law, Mohammed bel Hady Hitmi, told me last January that the Riffis were descended from Norsemen who landed on the coast of Alhucemas in the twelfth century. An American ethnologist, who studied the race only in stray examples found in peaceful French Morocco, told me the cranial indices of the Riffi were the same as those of the Nordic races.

Whether that is true or not, the fatal error of almost all the statesmen who

have tried to settle the Moroccan problem has been their unwillingness to recognize the racial distinction of the Riffis and their unquestioned superiority to the Arabs in the arts of peace or war. If Garcia Prieto, Romanones, Sanchez Guerra, and the rest of them had had any conception of it, they could never have embarked Spain upon this terrible adventure in northern Morocco.

The administration of the Spanish zone, as installed in the Djebala, the Rhomarra, and the Riff immediately after military occupation, is quite simple and very bad. The school system, except in Ceuta and Melilla, is left to the Arabs; except in the cases of the sons of powerful or wealthy chiefs, Spain does not consider the Arabs worth educating. The boys still recite the Koran at the top of their voices three or four hours a day, all at the same time, in little rooms in the Arab towns of Larache, Arzila, El-Ksar; but they would be doing it whether the Spanish were there or not.

In Ceuta and Melilla there are schools for all children, and since these two cities are legally Spanish the 'compulsory education' law technically applies; but it is enforced even less than in Spain. The subjects on the curriculum of the primary schools are sacred history (Bible stories and legends of the saints), catechism, the elements of arithmetic, and the Castilian language. Only about one third of the children of Ceuta and Melilla, of all races, go to school at all. In the rest of Spanish Morocco no educational system has been attempted by the Protectorate.

As to railroads, ports, bridges, culverts, and other public works the Spanish administration has been equally slack and incapable. So long as the Spanish Protectorate was only a cloak for German penetration there was some chance for a civilizing influence;

the Germans made the beginnings in the years 1906-1914, but nothing has been done since. The port of Larache, constructed by the Germans in 1912, could be one of the most important in western Africa; when the war came and destroyed Germany's activity there, the Spanish did nothing. The port plans have never been completed, and trade is at a standstill. The important river at Larache is still covered by a pontoon bridge; since 1912 Spain has done nothing toward giving the town a modern bridge.

There are only two small railroads in all Spanish Morocco. One is the military road from Ceuta to Tetuan, a distance of about fourteen miles. It is a bad road, with narrow-gauge track and only three available engines for civilian service. The other is a comparatively good German-built road from Larache to El-Ksar, on which the German pre-war vans are still used. Work on the Tangier-Fez railway, running through the Larache zone, has been almost at a standstill for years, so far as the Spanish are concerned; the French have long since practically completed their end of it, but Spain has dawdled.

There is no telephone or telegraph system except the line from Tangier to Larache and the military field telephones. There has never been a reliable postal service except between Larache and Tangier, and no civilian police has ever been established, outside the political secret service. There is no sanitary service or public-health service, and there is not a public hospital in the whole country. There is no inspection of food materials, no veterinary service, no regulation of the hasheesh traffic, no clinical or dispensary service of any sort for the abysmally ignorant and disease-ridden inhabitants. There are even no sewers in the whole country, except in the Spanish officers' club and hotel at Larache,

the private estate of a French royal princess near there, and the few Spanish residences in Tetuan.

The one remaining index of a civilizing movement is by far the most important — good roads. The Spanish since 1907 have built only two roads; one is from Tetuan to Sheshuan (Berenquer's work — a good road, built in 1920), and the other, a branch of the first, leads to Raisuli's old stronghold, Tazarut, in the Beni Arous country.

There are only two other European roads in all Spanish Morocco, for neither of which the Spanish can claim credit. One is the international road from Tetuan to Tangier, which the Spanish are supposed to maintain, but keep hopelessly out of repair; when I crossed it in December and January it was nothing better in spots than a bog trail, and it is so narrow that two Ford cars cannot pass on some of its turnings. The other road is the German-built road from Tangier to Larache, which runs into the French road to Rabat. This is, in fact, the only good road in the zone. It is fairly well maintained; but one road can hardly be held to constitute an *obra civilizadora*.

The failure — or, indeed, nonexistence — of Spanish civil administration in Morocco is surpassed in gravity only by the tyranny and incompetence of military rule. The axiom of the High Commissariat has always been that empires exist for the good of their military commanders, and the fortunes made by extortion from the native have bolstered up for many years Spain's military oligarchy in its demand for empire. Except perhaps Riquelme, the brilliant commander at Larache, none of the Spanish generals has exhibited any serious effort to learn how Arab populations should be handled; some of them, indeed, have shown — like Aizpuru — really colossal ignorance. The only one I have

ever met, out of about sixteen, who speaks Arabic is Riquelme; most of them have no idea of the rudiments of an Islamic civilization. As a result the *Oficina Indigena* at Melilla, the military bureau for natives, has become a brutal institution for the extortion of money, information, and property from the very Arabs it was designed to help and govern.

Primo de Rivera, the unlucky heir to the Moroccan debacle Romanones and Alhucemas created, has never attempted to offer an explanation of this total failure of Spanish civil rule. At Tetuan last December I asked him once what good he expected the Protectorate to do either the Spaniards or the Moors. He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and answered with incredible naïveté: 'We want to do them good, but they won't let us!'

When I repeated this remark a month later in the Riff to Hamid Boudra, Abd el-Krim's war minister, that gruff Moslem answered it for me: 'They should conquer or get out.'

Therein is the discouraging upshot of the available wisdom on Spain's problem in Morocco: Miguel Primo declares — against his personal judgment, evidently, as he was always an opponent of the Moroccan adventure before he assumed power — that the civil administration wishes to help the Arabs, but cannot; the Arabs and Riffis declare they do not want Spain's help. Spain can only conquer or get out; the logic of imperialism does not permit such shabby expedients as Primo's present system, an administration that administers nothing and a protectorate that does not protect.

II

In French Morocco the spectacle is quite different. Marshal Lyautey, as Resident General at Rabat, has

established what is probably the most effective and benevolent despotism of modern times. Since 1917 he has established schools, built roads, founded hospitals, clinics, and civic services which would do credit to France itself; and wherever the French road-builders have gone they have brought the full development of civilization in their wake. One doubts if any imperialism since Rome has brought such miraculous results; certainly neither the British in Egypt nor the Americans in the Philippines, in spite of an extravagance of energy, have ever accomplished so much in such a short space of time.

Lyautey had no unified military resistance to overcome; the guerrillas of the Sus and the northern frontiers were easily handled. Road-building, the groundwork of empire, was in full tide by 1917. No observer could see the network of good roads the French have thrown over Morocco without a thrill of delight. The roads are unquestionably the best highways in the Eastern Hemisphere, taken as a whole system; only the special automobile-roads on Long Island and the Corniche road on the Riviera are better in the whole world, I believe. The work was accomplished with endless difficulty. When the building began, the Arabs used to descend at night and destroy all the work done during the day, killing the watchmen; some instinct told them that these broad highways of commerce would be the seal of France's dominion over them; but Lyautey only strengthened the road guard and pushed on with the work.

The contrast between the slovenly and ill-maintained Spanish roads, taken at their very best, and the broad, hard highway from the Spanish frontier to Rabat is like the contrast between the Spanish and French administrations in general. The network of good roads now covers the whole country as far

north as Taza and Taourirt; the Chaouïa, Casablanca, Rabat, Fez, Marrakesh, Taza, Oudjda, Meknès, all the principal cities of the empire, are connected by the rapid motor-car services of the subsidized *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*, over a route so extraordinarily beautiful that it is steadily becoming a greater favorite with those who travel for pleasure.

Lyautey's system of education — imposed not only without a demand from the Arabs, but against the will of almost all the French statesmen and functionaries — gives universal compulsory education in the primary schools, free facultative instruction in secondary schools, and a large number of free scholarships for university education. The curriculum is strictly secular; even in the private schools run by the nuns Lyautey has forbidden any interference with the religious beliefs of the pupils, and missionary activity is never forced upon the people.

In the secondary schools at Fez I stumbled upon a curious exhibition of liberalism: the Arab boys — all sons of better-class men in the *medina* — were being taught English by a cheerful little Frenchwoman, the wife of the local inspector of meat materials. Neither the Germans nor the English, to my knowledge, ever taught a rival nation's language in the secondary schools of a subject people; but Lyautey has adopted as his principle the idea that the Arabs must be educated as Europeans are educated, and as fully as possible.

The wisdom of the policy would seem to be apparent, but it is violently opposed by many of the French colonial authorities and most of the press. The movement here indicated is the same as that of the English Die-Hards against civil-service reform in India; the imperialists fear that the educated Arabs will seize the power when there comes to

be a sufficient number of them. Large sections of French colonial opinion would limit popular education to the rudiments, supplemented by vocational training, and would abolish specialized technical and classical education altogether; but Lyautey's prestige and authority have always downed all opposition so far.

The sanitary service in French Morocco has reached an equally high stage of development since 1917. Lyautey has spared no effort in the direction of public health, and the progress made in the service has been phenomenal considering the niggardliness and political ill-will the Marshal has often encountered in Paris. Fez alone has five free public clinics, seven hospitals, and three free public dispensaries. Mme. Lyautey, a woman of extraordinary energy, has founded maternity hospitals with private charity funds in all the principal cities, and personally directs the excellent one in Rabat. The Institute there makes serious and important studies in endemic diseases, and has taken great strides toward the cure of the so-called Moroccan fever, *paludisme*.

Social disease, of course, is the plague; in 1920 more than ninety per cent of the Arab children in the schools were syphilitic. This evil is being fought tooth and nail — a long, disheartening, terrible fight against the appalling ignorance of a superstitious people. The only parallel to this heroic struggle, in our time, is the American fight against leprosy in the Philippine Islands; but even leprosy, unless it is universal, can be no worse than syphilis which has become for centuries ingrained in a race. One sees dreadful sights in the streets of Rabat or Fez or Marrakesh even now; but progress has been made, and is being made every day.

Sewage systems, water supply, public sanitation services, and food inspection

have been thoroughly organized all over French Morocco. Live stock is very carefully inspected, and every piece of meat put on the market in the cities has to be certified as from a healthy animal; for unfortunately disease, particularly tuberculosis, is almost as universal among the animals as it is among the Arabs themselves.

An indigenous civil police force — the Sultan's — is maintained with French officers; military service is not compulsory, as it is in Algeria; the ports of Rabat and Casablanca, particularly the former, have brought out the best efforts of some of the best engineers France possesses; and every evidence of ordinary life shows the hand of an organizing genius. The streets of even the labyrinthine Arab quarter of Rabat, for instance, are cleaner than those of Naples or Lisbon or Seville.

This is success in civil administration. It has been achieved by Lyautey and his chosen staff almost alone; the politicians in Paris have never helped and they have often hindered. M. Herriot, for instance, would probably have been glad to yield to the clamors of the Socialists and dismiss Lyautey from the Residency; but such a move has steadily become more impossible since 1917. The personal prestige of Lyautey is unique; nobody could hazard a guess as to what would happen in Morocco if he were to disappear, and it is a general opinion even in Paris that he is the one man France can never replace.

And therein lies the great weakness of France's political position to-day in the Shereefian Empire; it reposes to an astonishing extent on the personal authority of Lyautey. At times this has been an inestimable gain in economy of effort, in the efficiency of administration; but one must remember that Lyautey is seventy-two years old and will not live forever. His prestige

among the Arabs is tremendous; he maintains it intact because he understands their character so well. No morning comes when Lyautey is not up at six o'clock and on horseback; if he were not, some of the legend of his personality would be dissipated in Arab minds. He has infinite delicacy with infinite force; he campaigns mercilessly against the enemy, but once they are subdued he does everything to help them live better, more cleanly, and more happily. The great feudal princes of southern Morocco have more local autonomy with greater security than they could ever hope for from a lesser man; but they never take advantage of it because they fear Lyautey as much as they respect and, sometimes, love him. When the great market-place at Fez was destroyed by fire two years ago, Lyautey caused it to be replaced by an exact — though much cleaner! — replica, with all the shrines precisely as they were. His extraordinary delicacy in restoring shrines and maintaining Mohammedan religious monuments throughout the country has endeared him to large sections of the unthinking Arab people; he has always been almost feminine in his instinct for pleasing his critics, and knows how to ride in a *fantasia* as well as he knows how to conduct a successful campaign in mountain or desert.

Lyautey's absolute power, and much of his consequent success, are due to the fact that he speaks in the name of the Sultan, who is legally absolute monarch of all Morocco without constitutional check or any form of hindrance. No administrative decree of Lyautey's could be openly questioned even at Paris without great difficulty. The Sultan Mulay Hafid, whom Lyautey deposed and exiled to Spain for his pro-German activities, has been succeeded by his younger brother, Mulay Yusef; and, in the name of Mulay Yusef,

Lyautey is now virtual sovereign. Even an opponent of the imperialist and absolutist principles must see that here they have reached their perfection; it is late in the game for it, of course, but Lyautey has made a real *Pax Romana* inside his frontiers. He has had sense enough to see that with forty thousand Frenchmen, most of them his own functionaries, he cannot colonize Morocco; he can only govern it. But he does govern; that alone is one of the conspicuous achievements of this century.

III

The beautiful shores of the bay of Alhucemas are peopled by a tribe called the Beni Warriagel — a race of blue-eyed, strong-limbed men and sturdy, unveiled women, the purest Riffis of the whole Riff. This tribe has produced the Mahdi of the present war, the redoubtable Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, called by Europeans by his father's name, Abd el-Krim.

Mohammed was born in Melilla about forty-two years ago, as nearly as he knows himself. His father, Abd el-Krim, was *cadi* for the Arabs in Melilla; Mohammed was educated as a Moorish lawyer. He also received Spanish instruction in Melilla, and visited Spain; his younger brother, M'hammed (there is only a slight difference in their names), was sent to Madrid to be educated as an engineer and mineralogist. The leader we call Abd el-Krim used to do some work for the *Oficina Indigena* in Melilla, and actually drew up some of the material for the study of concessionaires to the iron mines about Midhar, those he has since declared the property of his state.

After some supposed seditious intrigue against the Spanish, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim was imprisoned at Melilla; he escaped, but injured his left leg so badly in doing so that he has been

a minor cripple ever since. He took to the hills of the Beni Warriagel, his own tribe; this must have been, I believe, in 1918, although neither he nor the Spaniards seem to be sure of the year (the Arabs have no record of birth, death, or other dates). He had the whole Beni Warriagel tribe with him almost at once; it was easy to win over the adjacent tribes, and the guerrilla campaign, which had never really ceased, went into a new phase. With the arrival of the younger Abd el-Krim brother, in 1919 or 1920, the revolt was organized on a modern basis; all the tribes of the Riff had joined the movement by 1921, and in the spring of that year Abd el-Krim captured General Navarro and twenty thousand Spanish troops with all their equipment, arms, and ammunition. This is what Europe calls the Melilla disaster, which cost General Berenguer his position and definitely turned the tide against Spain in Morocco.

The military tactics of M'hammed, the younger of the two Abd el-Krim brothers, consisted in simply surrounding the Spanish forts which dotted the hills and starving them into an attempt to cut their way through, or into complete surrender. In 1920-1922 the policy was completely successful; the Spaniards were compelled to withdraw from almost the whole Riff, placing their farthest outpost at Tizzi Azza for the defense of Melilla, and the Wad Lau line for the defense of Tetuan and Ceuta.

Then Abd el-Krim decided upon the move which has established him as the leader of the Islamic movement in North Africa. He carried the war into the Djebala, besieged Sheshuan at last, and drove the Spaniards from all the fortified positions in the Wad Lau district.

In November 1924, Primo de Rivera initiated the necessary retreat. At that time the interior positions were isolated

from all communication with one another, besieged by an invisible enemy. General Castro Girona went to the relief of Sheshuan, over that road Berenguer had so enthusiastically built in 1920. The 1923 campaign had filled the Djebala with Abd el-Krim's Riffi troops, courageous and well-trained; even Raisuli's tribesmen, the Beni Arous, did not hold faithful to Spain or to their chief. The retreat from Sheshuan was a crushing disaster for Spain; Madrid has denied it again and again, but I rode over the battlefields in January of this year, and the unburied dead were sufficient to answer the official fictions of the communiqués.

With the conquest of the Djebala the victory of Abd el-Krim in the Spanish zone was as complete as it was ever likely to get. Spain still holds Melilla and Ceuta, the presidios, and Tetuan, as well as the Tetuan-Tangier road and the triangle from Arzila to Larache and El-Ksar, as far over as the Beni Gorfet mountains. This is, one can be reasonably sure, an irreducible minimum; she could hardly hold less and be in Africa at all. The capture of Raisuli at Tazarrut on January 19 ended all native opposition to Abd el-Krim's rule; and the caids from the Riff, who have swept over the Rhomarra and the Djebala in the name of Islam, have proclaimed their leader Sultan. For the first time since the twelfth century one government rules from Tangier to Melilla, over the whole interior.

And the government of Abd el-Krim, in spite of the ignorant assertions of the Madrid and Paris press, is a government. Nothing could be easier, or more false, than to assume that Abd el-Krim is a tribal chief ruling by traditional barbaric force. He has nothing in common with the Riffi bandit chiefs of the nineteenth century, or with the infamous and semisavage Raisuli. Even the clever intriguer, Abd el-Malek, who

was killed in Spain's service against Abd el-Krim last August after a lifetime spent in the service of Germany, was inferior to Mohammed in cleverness, as he was inferior in patriotism and sincerity.

The Abd el-Krims — for it is almost impossible to speak of one without the other — found the Riff mediæval and tribal, and have made it into a primitive but efficient example of what Jaurès called the *nation armée*. Every Riffi is a soldier; the tribal divisions have been supplanted by regular army divisions, and the Abd el-Krims have been astute enough to officer their regiments with men from widely separated tribes.

The unit of military organization is the *hamsaïn* (Arab word meaning fifty) or company, commanded by a *Caid el-hamsaïn* (chief of fifty). The smaller divisions are called *ashraïn* (twenty) and *hamsa-ashraïn* (twenty-five), with corresponding officers. The machine-gun companies are officered by four Germans, all deserters from the French and Spanish Foreign Legions; but they have taught the Riffis how to use machine-guns quite well enough, as the army of Castro Girona could testify. The official topographer to the younger Abd el-Krim is a German, but except for those five there are no Europeans in the service of the Riff. Two French civil aviators taught the Riffis all they know about airplanes, and their two Bréguets were certainly not bought without the knowledge of the French authorities in Algeria.

In one *hamsaïn* of the regular Riffi troops it is easy to find men from three or four different tribes, officered by caids from still different tribes; the object has been to break down tribal barriers, and it has largely succeeded.

Civil administration does not exist in our sense. Abd el-Krim has abolished the old communal system, and done

away with the sheikhs, or heads of the subdivisions of tribes; nothing yet has been devised to take their place. In the meantime the caids of the army, directed by Abd el-Krim's wazirs, administer what justice, police, and fiscal systems are necessary to the primitive conditions of life in the Riff. There is no currency except Spanish silver; taxation is paid in kind, and many economic exchanges are simple barter. The political form of government is pure absolutism; the old feudal régime is gone, probably forever.

In this connection it is curious to observe what a change has come over the elder Abd el-Krim and his closest advisers since 1921. At first, it will be remembered, they called their organization the 'Riff Republic,' and attempted to carry on negotiations with English mining interests under that name. Three European correspondents have gone into the Riff since the Melilla disaster; the first was Mr. Ward Price of the London *Daily Mail*, in March 1924; the second was Mr. Scott Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News*, in September 1924, and the third was myself, in the beginning of this year. To Mr. Price, Abd el-Krim talked like the constitutional ruler of an organized state; to Mr. Mowrer he seems to have talked like a struggling republican patriot; to me he talked like a victorious Sultan, an absolute and unquestioned monarch. The difference in tone came from the fact that when I was in the Riff Sheshuan and the whole Djebala had fallen; Abd el-Krim was triumphant from the zone of Tangier to the zone of Melilla, and his attitude had profoundly changed. He no longer made any effort to appeal to British or American opinion; three years of vain negotiations have proved to him that the Anglo-Saxon capitalists will not risk a dollar on the iron mines of the Riff until the whole situation is duly regularized by

international law. Abd el-Krim knows his people well enough to realize that absolute monarchy is all they are at present prepared for; and he has caused himself, finally, to be proclaimed Sultan with his brilliant younger brother, M'hammed, as heir apparent, defying the established tradition which makes only descendants of the Prophet eligible for royal power.

IV

Abd el-Krim lives in an unusually large Riffi house — almost a palace in comparison to the others — at Ait Kamara, about twenty miles inland from the bay of Alhucemas. I lived in his other house at Adjdîr, five or six miles farther down toward the coast. Here, and later on my trip from the Riff through the Rhomarra and the Djebala to Tangier, I had sufficiently unusual opportunities for observation; and in the poverty of material on the subject I venture to offer an opinion. It is this: that the qualities and character of Abd el-Krim and his associates are formidably high, as high as those of Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his associates; and that any underestimation of their force would be fatal to the European cause in northern Africa.

Abd el-Krim has with him his brother-in-law, Sidi Mohammed bel Hâdj Hitmi, who speaks French and went to Paris a year ago last February to negotiate with the Mannesmann and Stinnes interests under the very nose of the Quai d'Orsay. There is also Hamid Boudra, minister of war or *wazir el-harb*, a determined, keen-minded tribal chief with great prestige throughout the Riff; Mohammed Azarkhan, minister of foreign affairs, a clever man and an educated one, occupied in the endeavor to interest foreign capital; Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, of the immediate family of Abd el-Krim, who manages the finances of the state; and Liazid bel

Hâdj, who administers what civil administration there is in the way of road-building and domestic reform. These four wazirs, with the two Abd el-Krims and their brother-in-law, form the council of wazirs; Abd el-Krim the elder is the grand wazir, or has always assumed the functions.

These men have made some remarkable progress besides the organization of the Riffi army. Liazid bel Hâdj, for instance, has wiped out slavery and the *hasheesh* traffic; the Negroes were freed at his instance in 1922. *Hasheesh* is no longer produced, except as contraband, anywhere in the Riff; and since the conquest of the Rhomarra and the Djebala the effort to repress the traffic has been undertaken there. Liazid has charge of the two thousand odd Spanish prisoners at Adjdîr and Ait Kamara; he employs them in building roads, and the roads will be at least as good as the Spanish highways when they are completed. A military telephone system, first established across the Riff from Midhar to Adjdîr last November, now connects all the posts from Ait Kamara to Beni Boufra, down the coast to Wad Lau, and down the river Lau to Targh-zuit, the western headquarters of the younger Abd el-Krim, and the holy city of Sheshuan.

The telephones, by the way, are French; it is curious how the French authorities have always winked at the smuggling of supplies across the eastern frontier to Abd el-Krim, who should by law be their enemy. There are many French rifles (Saint-Étienne make) in the Riffi army, and French machine-guns and light mountain cannon (Schneiders), all brought across from Algeria. The irony of it is that these French engines of destruction, constituting about one third, and the best third, of the Riffi military equipment last January, are now being used on the French themselves.

The important and final fact about Abd el-Krim's power is its religious significance.

In the beginning, perhaps, no move was made by Abd el-Krim or his immediate advisers to create a situation of 'holy war,' or *djehad*, against the Christian invader; in fact, the Riffi people itself, fanatically insular and thoroughly Moslem though it be, never seemed to me a race with strong enough mystic aspiration to feel the genuine *djehad* spirit as it is displayed among the Arabs. For crusades or *djehads*, history would seem to indicate, the Semitic and Latin races are more adapted, as being more likely to lose individual consciousness in the mystic mass-spirit. The Riff tribes are warlike and redoubtable enough, but in a jovial and hearty way, like the Rhineland barons of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They have none of the Oriental morbidity of hatred, none of the ecstasy of the East; they seem, as the scientists believe they are, Nordic. They call the Spaniard '*kelb roumi*' (Christian dog), but it is without any unpleasantly hateful conviction; and they treat Spanish prisoners well enough.

The Riffi, as I saw him in camp, at home, and on trail, is a simple soul, like an English North Country peasant, abysmally ignorant and insular, but possessed of all the essential virtues, with good-humor and friendliness thrown in.

The mixed Moroccan Arab is an entirely different person — lying, thieving, rapacious, intense, fanatically religious, and cruel by instinct. Every Arab I knew in the uncivilized or unprotected areas was cruel to everything and everybody but his horse, and even then the exception was not universal. With the victories of 1921, this type of savage or semisavage Arab was attracted to the banner of Abd el-Krim;

the rumor of the new overlord's triumphs spread through the hills with untold exaggeration, and the superstitious border Arabs grew to look on the Riffi chief as a sort of new champion of Islam — a reincarnation, some of the scribes will tell you, of the great Abdallah who conquered Africa for God and the Prophet.

At the intermediate stage of Abd el-Krim's development (1921-1923) the religious impulse, coming like the original *djehad* out of the fanaticism of the most primitive, surrounded and enveloped the purely nationalistic modern movement the Abd el-Krim brothers had begun. I am convinced that neither of the brothers initiated the *djehad* or contributed to the superstitious legend now built up about them; but the Riffi caids, recruiting among the border Arabs, have always used what arguments they could. The scribes, or men who can read and write, — there is one at least in every tribe, — helped greatly in the rapid development of a *djehad* movement; they spend most of their time chanting the Koran to the fighting men, or leading them in their endless prayers. It was the scribes of the French border who invented the chanting appellation I heard applied often to Abd el-Krim: 'Mulay Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, Sultan el-Islam, *djder b'ba Spanol*.' (Our Lord Mohammed, son of the Slave to the Generous One, Sultan of Islam, Breaker of Spanish Heads.)

Whether the Abd el-Krims themselves descended to the exploitation of this fanaticism or not, only history can tell, if indeed the truth ever is known; but at any rate by last summer the religious legend had already prevailed. Hordes of Arab tribesmen were enrolled in the cause of Abd el-Krim, and certainly they all thought they were fighting in the name of Islam against Christendom. In the Metalsa tribe on the

French border last January, when I was kept prisoner there some eleven days, I saw innumerable evidences of this; the caids told me that any man who died fighting for Islam would go straight to Paradise, whatever his previous sins, while a Spaniard was predestined to Hell, whatever his virtues. The chief of the tribe, Hamid ben Dada, offered, kindly enough, to catch some Spaniards for me some day and let me kill them; in this wise, he said, I could win eternal salvation.

This type of Arab has never changed, apparently, since the Hegira; the spirit is beneath the lowest level of human consciousness in Europe, and yet in another way infinitely above anything our civilizations have developed. It has at least the white-hot intensity which moves masses of people to reckless sacrifice; and consciously or unconsciously the Abd el-Krim brothers are using it for their immediate aims, which are to precipitate a settlement of the whole Moroccan question.

They both told me repeatedly that their only enemy was Spain, and their struggle exclusively national; in the absence of evidence to the contrary, there is no reason to doubt them.

What Abd el-Krim wants is a regularization of his situation, a recognition of his sovereignty over the Riff, the Rhomarra, and most of the Djebala. If the Powers would consent to this he is quite willing to compromise on the Larache zone, would satisfy England by leaving the Angera country on the Straits alone, and would pledge a genuine peace with France. He would have to have a rational frontier on the French side, however, and not a mad-house line drawn in the air as Delcassé drew the present frontier, running through tribes and villages and sometimes in the middle of houses.

In February I brought these suggestions to Primo de Rivera in Madrid.

Primo seemed willing enough to negotiate, but made his primary condition of an armistice the 'disarmament' of the Riff and the recognition in some form or other of the authority of the Sultan Yusef. I sent a detailed account of Primo's answer and his supplementary statements to M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, through an agent of his in Tangier. The disarmament proposal was manifestly unacceptable, and the conversation Primo suggested with M'hammed never took place.

What has happened now — the invasion of French Morocco by Riffi and Arab troops — can have but one meaning: unable to obtain any regularization of his position, Abd el-Krim wishes to push the French into proposing a general settlement of the Moroccan problem. The brothers Abd el-Krim are far too intelligent to suppose they can ever defeat the French in the field; but they know they can oblige France to exert great force to repel their raids, and they further know that France would never dare attack the Riff country itself. To all intents and purposes, the Riff is an unconquerable country, and is so considered by the best French strategists. Only the folly of the Paris politicians or the excitable Paris press could ever work up enough pressure to make Lyautey attack the Riff; it is a hornet's nest from which France could never extricate herself. Lyautey and Cambay, the two officers most directly concerned, would never think of such an invasion under actual conditions.

It is incontrovertible that the present stage of the Abd el-Krim movement has the force of a djehad; and here arises the unanswerable question: How far can the French trust their native troops or their subject populations? One reads in the newspapers now that Lyautey has twenty-five thousand men only. (I am sure it is eighty thousand, but the disposition of troops may have

changed since February.) Is it generally realized that these troops are almost all Moslem — Moroccan and Algerian Arabs for the most part? And that the French have only forty thousand men and women of their own race in Morocco to govern a population of possibly forty millions? Anything like a general Islamic revolt, uniting the already combatant troops of the Riff to the wild Berbers of the Sus and the Bedouins to the south, with even partial participation of the peoples in central Morocco, would mean catastrophe to the French empire in Africa.

One hesitates to believe that Abd el-Krim would thus, like Samson, shake the temple down. It is more likely that he wishes no such thing, and would be more than content if the French would consent to propose a general conference.

In such a conference, in which Abd el-Krim intends to be represented on an equal footing with the Powers, the Riff would demand its sovereign rights over the largest part of the Spanish zone. With its independence recognized, the Riff would be free to exploit its immense iron and copper wealth unencumbered; the ridiculous machinery of the treaty of Algeciras, and the

paper-economics established under that instrument, would be swept away. France would come out of it a great deal more securely established than before; England would benefit by the proposed enlargement of the international zone of Tangier; and Spain would be relieved at last of the dreadful burden of incessantly disastrous war. This is the solution the Abd el-Krim brothers wish to see; it will never be easy to bring about, of course. England and France know the Riff has been flirting with the colossi of the German steel industry; Spain is unwilling to sacrifice her last vestige of empire on the altar of common-sense; France is uneasy lest any gesture of conciliation be interpreted by Islam as a gesture of weakness; Italy, bitterly disappointed and dissatisfied at Tangier and in Tunisia, will be sure to make unexpected demands. But in the present confusion there is no health to any party in the struggle; only continued war or worse — revolution — can result eventually from the unprincipled and immoral adhesion to the treaties of 1902-1912. Only a new conference, a clean sweep, can clarify the issues and establish a new statute which all nations can unhesitatingly approve.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND THEIR LOST COLONIES

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

NOTHING affected the German national esteem so deeply as the loss of the German colonies, based as this loss was upon charges of brutality and maladministration on the part of those who were responsible for the welfare of the natives. After this lapse of time one may see events in a truer perspective than was possible during the furor of the Great War. But the passage of time has not softened the charges that were then made against the Germans — they are only forgotten or seen in their relationship with the present-day needs of a great community struggling to retrieve the disasters of the past. So far from the German colonial movement having been destroyed by the war, the contrary is the case, and Germany to-day is in the full swing of a national awaking comparable with the great colonial effort of forty years ago when the Prussian helmet was first donned officially under the African sun.

Not the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine, nor the loss of the German Fleet, nor the occupation of the Rhineland, touched Germany so deeply as the so-called 'rape' (*Kolonialraub*) of her colonial possessions. Here, indeed, was a betrayal that affected the national honor; for it was held that this great militarized empire was unworthy to manage naked barbarians and that the iron heel of officialdom had ground down those who should have been lifted in the scale of civilization. This has been characterized as a deliberate lie,

a propagandist idea fostered in order to make way for the mandatory system under which nations encharged with the administration of native races become the mandatories of the League of Nations and responsible, at any rate in theory, to a body supposedly much more powerful than themselves. In any case Germany was held to be unworthy of this responsibility, and the charge has rankled deeply in the national consciousness.

But it may be doubted whether such a charge, involving the 'rape' of her colonies, would have stirred so profoundly the German imagination but for the fact that Germany, in common with most other European nations, is engaged in a continuous and deadly struggle — not less real because it is so seldom realized — for the control of raw materials and foodstuffs. At a swoop vast potential resources were taken away from her and handed, under the disguise of 'mandates,' to rivals in the economic warfare of the present day. In spite of the fact that Germany is now experiencing no difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of raw materials for her revived industries, and that the dead city of the war, Hamburg, is throbbing with reawakened energy and rapidly resuming her pre-war eminence as a colonial port, no true German will believe that his Fatherland can again be great and prosperous without full control of tropical products for use in its industries. This fact — and it is

a fact that is experienced to-day by other nations as well as Germany — is alone sufficient to account for the remarkable colonial revival during the past few years, without the added incentive of the so-called 'colonial lie' which so deeply touched German honor.

A Germany without colonial possessions and the ownership of reserves of raw materials is a Germany shorn of itself. Although the German colonial empire was less than forty years old at the time of its premature death, the desire — the imperious need, if one will — for colonies had become deeply engrained in the national character. It was not for nothing that for fifty or sixty years colonial propagandists had stumped the country in an endeavor, entirely successful in the sequel, to awaken the torpid German imagination to a realization of the value of colonies to an industrial nation that was about to lead the world and, eventually, to dominate the two hemispheres. The colonial seed was sown from Hamburg to Königsberg — both great names in German colonial history — and the result was the first German colonial empire. I say 'first' advisedly, for no one can believe that Germany will remain permanently without overseas territorial possessions. Although none can at present foresee where these future 'plantations' (again the word is used advisedly) can be raised without another world-upheaval, there can be no reasonable doubt that a great and increasing nation, although now at the nadir of its power, will not forever remain in a position of inferiority to much weaker and less progressive neighbors or even to the two greatest colonial Powers — France and Great Britain. The future is in the lap of the gods, but the colonial movement tending toward this future is now bursting the bonds of self-restraint imposed by the Peace

Treaty, and from end to end of Germany there is an active propaganda for the return of her colonies.

It is difficult for those who have not followed the trend of opinion in Germany to realize how this colonial virus has entered into and spread throughout the whole body politic. It might have been thought, perhaps, that the colonial enthusiasts were but a small and insignificant body, making, it is true, a great noise, but not otherwise counting in the policy of a great nation. This idea, however, is contrary to fact, for from the President downward there is scarcely a leading politician who has not presided over or spoken at public meetings held in favor of rebuilding the lost fleet or regaining the lost colonies. The two ideas, indeed, are closely connected; but here we are chiefly concerned with the colonial movement and the foundations upon which it is built.

The fortieth anniversary, celebrated in April 1924, of the foundation of the German colonial empire was the occasion of a great outburst of popular enthusiasm. The memory of one Adolf Lüderitz — who in 1884 hoisted the German flag on the barren shores of Southwest Africa, received the support of Bismarck, and started the overseas empire — evoked more than adequate recognition throughout the Reich. Hitherto the movement had been quietly, though industriously, directed; but the celebration of the Colonial Commemoration Day (*Kolonialgedenktag*) was a great event in all those cities — Hamburg, Munich, Strassburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and Berlin — in which the colonial idea had taken root previous to the war. Prior to the actual celebration numerous colonial journals issued in Germany had resumed publication. A nation without colonies can still maintain an excellent colonial review, *Koloniale*

Rundschau, and publish several colonial newspapers, such as *Der Kolonialdeutsche* and *Afrika-Nachrichten*, as well as support a most active and aggressive colonial society, the Deutsche Kolonialgesellschaft, which, through its branches, has organized innumerable meetings and conferences in the chief cities of Germany. Moreover, in association with other groups, such as the Arbeitsgemeinschaft of Munich, and with societies of former colonial soldiers, a general federation of all the colonial bodies, Koloniale Reichsarbeitsgemeinschaft, was formed, which at a later period organized a great colonial congress and exhibition held in the City Hall of Berlin on the seventeenth and eighteenth days of September last. Coincident with this unofficial enthusiasm was the creation, on April 1, 1924, of a colonial section at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, composed of fifteen officials for whom a credit of 156,000 marks was anticipated in the budget of the Ministry. These are facts — and the details might be multiplied easily — that demonstrate the existence of a directed movement of colonial expansion that entails a demand for the restitution of the German colonies.

Although this demand has not yet been put forward officially as the considered policy of the German people, it has been formulated in such a way as to leave no room for doubt as to the ultimate policy of successive German governments. It was not merely a *ballon d'essai* when the Foreign Minister, Herr Stresemann, writing to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations on December 12, 1924, stated that his country was prepared to enter the League under certain conditions and that 'Germany, who since her defeat has been excluded from all colonial activities, expects that in due time she will be given an active share in the

working of the mandatory system.' This official declaration, of first-rate and far-reaching importance, was fathered by no less important a person than Dr. Marx, who at the Congress of the Centre Party, on October 27, said that the claim of the Fatherland to recognition as a free nation 'involved the establishment of a Greater Germany, in the bosom of which would be found again all the German nation and into which our colonies would again be drawn in order that this Germany should have markets for its merchandise and a supply of raw materials.' This statement was in itself forced upon the German Chancellor by the Federation of Colonial Societies, which had been engaged in active propaganda for this purpose.

The actual result of all this colonial activity is that Germany to-day is little different politically, so far as this question is concerned, from what she was during the period coinciding with the first outburst of enthusiasm for colonial enterprises in the early nineties. The leaders of German thought are again to the fore in all kinds of active propaganda, from the issue of stamps bearing the portraits of colonial heroes, such as Von Lettow-Vorbeck, and letter paper with the legend '*Deutschland, hole deine Kolonien*,' — that is to say, 'Germany, retake your colonies,' — to the organization of great meetings and demonstrations, presided over by well-known politicians, and the holding of lectures and exhibitions in the State schools. At the request of the Prussian Ministry of Public Instruction, the colonial idea (*Kolonialgedanke*) has been placed definitely before the pupils, through the agency of the Deutsche Kolonialgesellschaft, which has furnished subjects for discussion, documents, lantern slides, and moving pictures, and paid the traveling expenses of the lecturers. Among the

subjects of debate have been the following: The Colonial Lie; A Day in the Plantations of German East Africa; The German Woman in Our Colonies; Under the Flag of Lettow-Vorbeck; and Life in Our Colonies. It is clear that no nation that had accepted the status quo as a permanent condition would be engaged in this active propaganda, and the coping stone has recently been placed on the propagandist edifice by the establishment, in connection with the Reichstag, of an Inter-Party Colonial Union, under the Presidency of Dr. Bell, Vice-President of the Reichstag, for the preparation of Parliamentary action in Germany and abroad.

II

Before referring to the leaders of this movement it will be well to consider the bases of German propaganda at the present time. It is divided into three principal streams, inclusive of the three problems with which the German people, politically, are chiefly concerned. All of them arise out of the settlement by the Treaty of Versailles and, presumably, can be disposed of only by a revision of that Treaty and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. With the fight against the so-called 'lie of German responsibility for the war' we are not concerned, except to state that on this question the educational staffs of the universities have responded with what may almost be regarded as well-drilled alacrity, so that Europe has been inundated with statements designed to show that Germany was guiltless in responsibility for the war. With the second question, the struggle for the protection of the German race in neighboring countries, we are equally unconcerned, as this fight is but a continuation of the pre-war irredentist policy succinctly summed up by the word 'Pan-Germanism.'

But with the fight against the 'lie of German incapacity in matters of colonization' and for the recovery by Germany of her lost colonies, all signatories of the Treaty of Peace are intimately concerned, and it is well, therefore, to consider briefly the statements that are put forward as a basis for argument.

A pamphlet written by Dr. Heinrich Schnee, former Governor of German East Africa, and published for English consumption under the title of 'The German Colonies under the Mandates,' and a special number of the *Süd-deutsche Monatshefte* containing another article by the same writer, may be taken as typical of these publications, of which many might be cited.

In the former, Dr. Schnee enters the plea that because mandatory government has been a failure the colonies should be returned to Germany. 'The mandates,' he writes, 'have proved a great failure. The present conditions in those colonies are in every way much worse and cannot be compared with what they were under German control. These former German possessions are being thoroughly ruined, not only economically, but ethically and socially. Especially fatal for the natives are the awful consequences of the lack of sanitary conditions to control the ravages of the terrible tropical diseases and epidemics. The natives are extremely dissatisfied with their mandates. One must come to the conclusion that the only possible solution of the problem is to return the colonies to their rightful owner — Germany.'

In the latter, Dr. Schnee dwells upon the excellencies of the Germans as colonial administrators. 'Germany,' he states, 'has been despoiled of her colonies by a lie. There has been a triple deception. Germany was deceived by invoking the fourteen points of Wilson, in order to justify a rape, pure

and simple; the natives of the colonies have been deceived by omitting to consult them; finally the public has been deceived by speaking of a pretended incapacity of the Germans to colonize. The Germans were, on the contrary, good administrators. Their colonies were prosperous and their subjects loved them. They never created in their colonies military ports as did the English, nor militarized the natives as did the French. It was other people, not the Germans, who illtreated the natives. Germany has shown herself civilizing and full of humanity. Under foreign administration the colonies have commenced to be in jeopardy. They will recover only when Germany is again confided with the task of administering them.'

The German argument for the possession of colonies may be divided into three heads. Germany wants colonies (1) in order to provide homes for her surplus population and openings for officials and traders; (2) to produce the raw materials and foodstuffs needed by her vast industrial population; and (3) so that as a great nation she can free herself from the stigma of incompetence, for 'no great nation, if it is to be free and self-respecting, can be deprived permanently of colonial possessions.'

With regard to the first of these arguments, it can be admitted that Germany has now as much need of colonies to absorb her surplus population as at any time since the foundation of the Empire. German emigration now exceeds the total in 1892, and last year over 115,000 emigrants left the Fatherland to be absorbed by the United States, the Argentine, Brazil, and Paraguay. It is evident, however, that this argument cannot be applied to the 'rape' of her former possessions, as Germany has never had colonies of settlement, in contradistinction to

plantation colonies, with the possible exception of Southwest Africa, where the white population was only about 15,000 previous to the war.

The second argument is a telling and effective one, although it has been remarked above that there has been an extraordinary revival in German industries, in spite of the fact that Germany owns territorially no present sources of raw materials. The third argument is based upon national *amour propre* and is undoubtedly more difficult to answer than the others. It is evident that a proud, self-willed, and stubborn people must feel very keenly its moral inferiority to the rest of the world in not being permitted to own colonial territory.

In putting forward these arguments the colonial enthusiasts make two statements, both of which can be easily and effectively answered. The first is that the Allied nations accepted a deliberate lie when they agreed that German colonial administration was notoriously bad and inefficient so far as the natives were concerned, and the second is that the mandatory government now in force in these colonies is more inefficient and disastrous than the former German administration. It is not necessary to enter into any discussion of German colonial methods prior to the war. Their maladministration in many respects has been proved up to the hilt. The natives were illtreated and terrorized over large districts, and the Germans, with notable exceptions, had not learned — perhaps a long and painful lesson for all colonizing nations — that tropical administration requires humanity as well as scientific skill. In all the German colonies the policy of trusteeship for native races had not been frankly admitted, with the consequence that the natives were regarded rather as cogs in the German economic wheel than as human beings with

rights and feelings of their own. No European nation is guiltless in this matter, but of recent years the idea of trusteeship has been more and more clearly defined, notably by such great administrators as Sir Frederick Lugard in Nigeria, until it is recognized to-day as the keynote of European policy in Africa. In this respect Germany lagged behind, unfortunately for herself and for the natives then under her charge.

This policy, which is in reality the only effective answer to those who would question the right of Europeans to administer territories not their own, was finally laid down as the basis of our position in East Africa in the Kenya White Paper of 1923. 'As in the Uganda Protectorate, so in the Kenya Colony,' it was stated, 'the principle of Trusteeship for the Natives no less than in the Mandated Territory of Tanganyika is unassailable.' Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has recently elaborated this statement in a notable utterance which may be summed up as follows. The tremendous impact involved in the juxtaposition of white civilization, with its command over material force and its comparatively high and diversified social system, on the primitive peoples of Eastern Africa (and Western Africa, too) has involved a revolution in their modes of life and thought. In order to justify this revolution imposed from without, European nations now recognized a principle of trusteeship embodying duty toward the natives, duty toward the world as trustees for very rich territories so that they may be developed for the use of the whole community, and duty toward the settlers, one of which duties is the development among them of a community sense in contradistinction to the selfish individualism of the past. 'Britain will not be judged at the bar of history

by the work of Government and missionaries alone,' it is stated in the recent report of the East Africa Commission; 'the trusteeship lies really upon the shoulders of every man and woman of European race in Africa. It is in very truth a white man's burden, and all Europeans in Africa must share in the work.' These words put forward a theory of government that was not practised by Germany, and for that reason Germany was found wanting at the bar of history.

The second charge adumbrated by the new school of enthusiasts, that mandatory government has entirely failed to justify itself, may be completely answered by a study of the present position of Germany's greatest colony, or that part of it now known as the Tanganyika Territory. In accepting the mandate for Tanganyika, H. M. Government undertook a great task which can be properly performed only if the mandate is a permanent one. Unfortunately the opinion was at one time prevalent in East Africa and elsewhere that the mandates might be withdrawn, and this belief led to a considerable hesitation on the part of those who were prepared to aid in the re-establishment of the country. Fortunately a statement has recently been issued that the mandate is not for a limited period, and that it cannot be abrogated without the unanimous consent of the Powers represented on the Council of the League of Nations and of the Allied and Associated Governments, including France and America, to whom Germany renounced her rights under Article 119 of the Treaty of Versailles and who conferred the mandate on Great Britain. It is thus clear that, except in the unlikely event of grave mismanagement of the natives, the position of Great Britain or of any other country as a mandatory is assured.

III

The mandated territories in Africa consist of four groups: Togoland, the greater part of which has been allotted to France; Cameroons, of which France has received about five sixths; South-west Africa, which is administered by the Government of the Union of South Africa; and the former German East Africa, now divided into the Tanganyika Territory, administered by Great Britain, and Ruanda-Urundi, administered by Belgium. It is the Tanganyika Territory that generally provides the text for German criticism. It should be frankly admitted that in certain respects British administration has not reached the standard attained by the Germans, although great progress is being made to remedy initial errors, due to a too rigid economy with regard to precisely those aspects of administration in which the Germans took, and rightly took, the greatest pride.

A great want of intelligent foresight was shown when such an admirable scientific institution as the Amani Research Institute, which was founded in 1902 and upon which the German Government had expended £120,000, was practically closed down. This was a tropical scientific experiment station superior to anything in the British Colonies and Protectorates and comparable only with the Indian research institute at Pusa or the similar Dutch institution at Buitenzorg in Java. Here a remarkable work had been done by the Germans in investigating all kinds of products likely to be of service in developing their colonies. Provisions have now been made for the reestablishment of this institute. This, in connection with the really admirable work done by the Medical and Sanitary Departments and the Agricultural and Veterinary Departments, which employ

a large European and native staff working in coöperation with the Department of Education, should finally remove a just cause of complaint on the part of the Germans. In all other respects Tanganyika has made such remarkable progress that Dr. Schnee's indictment may now be completely refuted.

Any criticism of mandatory administration in Africa should be tempered by the reflection that at the time of the Peace these territories had been devastated by war and their administration had been seriously impeded. This was especially the case in East Africa. We must imagine a country, twice the size of the German Empire with the addition of its shorn provinces, containing nearly eight million natives, which, when the Belgians and British assumed administration, had been ravaged by four years of almost continuous warfare. Over this vast area the contending forces had marched and counter-marched. The railways had been torn up and practically destroyed; the bridges were broken down; the plantations were running wild and derelict; trade was almost at a standstill; and, above all, such of the natives as had been drawn into the industrial net were rapidly reverting to idleness and apathy and had to some extent lost their respect for the white man, although they had gained a lively idea of his material power. So rapidly does Africa revert, both spiritually and materially, that it would be only a slight exaggeration to state that in Tanganyika much had to be done *de novo*.

Into this chaos of economic stagnation and spiritual backsliding it was the task of the mandatory administration to introduce order, to renew all forms of educational work, to restart the plantations, and to reërect a new economic system upon the ruined German administration. It was a great

effort, even to so successful an administrator as Great Britain; for officials had to be drawn from the depleted staffs of other colonies, who were necessarily unversed in conditions in Tanganyika, and a new administration had to be built up almost from the beginning. In East Africa it was not a question of the withdrawal of an occupying force and the substitution of another force equally efficient. It was a question of the creation of an entirely new army of organization.

The result of this change, although not yet a complete success, speaks volumes for the methods that have been employed; and there can be little doubt that Tanganyika in nearly every respect is fully equal to what it was under German control, and in some matters is certainly superior. From the material point of view it is already the greatest exporter of sisal hemp within the British Empire, ranks third in the export of sesame or 'sim-sim,' fourth in the export of ground-nuts and cotton, and fifth in copra. The export figures for 1923, allowing for the increase of prices, were rapidly approaching, even if they did not exceed, the pre-war total of the whole of German East Africa, being £1,657,601 (not including reexports, a very large feature in the Tanganyika trade), compared with the German total of £1,121,888 in the year 1911. But these remarkable results were eclipsed last year when there was a further increase of 60 per cent — an increase shown by the exports of no other country in the world.

Even the Germans, with their keen economic sense, can scarcely regard the above result as unsatisfactory; and it is mainly because they realize the great economic value of this vast territory that they are to-day so keen on obtaining a revision of the Treaty that was forced upon them.

Financially conditions in this part of East Africa are not entirely satisfactory, in view of the large grant that has to be made from Imperial funds; but it must be borne in mind that large sums have had to be expended on many forms of renovation, and that with the increase of railways — the prime factor in all African progress, for which there is no substitute — there will be a further advance in prosperity. In the recent report of the East African Commission stress is laid upon the building of new railways and the improvement of harbors, and these works will almost certainly be undertaken in the near future. Already, however, Dr. Schnee's remark that 'the natives are poverty-stricken because the possibility of selling their produce has been taken from them on account of the cessation of export' has been completely falsified, while from the purely educational standpoint sufficient advance has been made in the reestablishment of schools to justify the statement of the independent Phelps-Stokes investigation that 'the Government has made commendable progress in the reorganization of schools during the last three years. Genuine effort has been made to relate the school work to the conditions and needs of the people, especially as regards health and agriculture.' It is not possible to describe here what has been done in the other mandated territories to justify the change in administration, but it is sufficiently evident that a clear case can be established that this change has been justified by its results in spite of the fact that these countries were taken over in a state of collapse and during an unparalleled period of world-depression.

As has been remarked, the new colonial movement in Germany is ably directed by individuals who are accorded the powerful support of the State. Many of the leaders of this movement

have played an important part in the development of the former German colonies and are ready to establish others wherever and whenever it is possible to do so. Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg, for instance, a former Governor of Togoland, a distinguished African traveler, and a brother of the Prince Consort of the Netherlands, recently attempted to secure a concession of the greater part of the Dutch portion of New Guinea, so that there could be established there a great chartered company, enjoying almost sovereign rights. Unfortunately for the success of what was a well-conceived plan, this project was decisively rejected by the Government of the Netherlands East Indies, in spite of, and perhaps because of, the active support of Dr. Helfferich, brother of the late leader of the German Nationalist

Party. This avenue being closed, at any rate for the present, there can be no doubt that political explorations accompanied by economic activities will be pursued in other directions, with the support of such national heroes as General von Lettow-Vorbeck, who took so distinguished a part in the defense of East Africa, Dr. Marx, the late Chancellor, Dr. Solf, the last Colonial Minister of the old empire, Dr. Schnee, and a host of lesser worthies. The roots of German colonialism are too deep to be eradicated and, whatever opinion one may hold as to the desirability of Germany again becoming a colonial power, there can be as little doubt that her call for colonies is a genuine one as there can be that it must arouse the sympathies, though not necessarily the coöperation and aid, of all fair-minded observers.

BAITING THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

BY DENIS GWYNN

I

NOTHING is more surprising in French politics than the fact that the Government which came into power after M. Poincaré's downfall should have added enormously to its extreme financial difficulties by reviving the old religious feuds, which had so divided France before the war that the German militarists were able to count upon France being unprepared to resist attack. The explanation is to be found only in the history of French party politics, and in the deep-rooted anticlerical tradition that still animates Radical and Socialist

politicians. And although the French Catholics remain a relatively small minority of the whole people, and although in the municipal elections which were held at the beginning of May they lost ground even in the districts where their resistance to the revival of anticlericalism has been most successfully organized, yet it is not too much to say that M. Herriot's arbitrary resumption of hostilities against the Church contributed largely to his own downfall.

The situation is complicated and requires some explanation. M. Herriot's

conflict with the Catholics arose chiefly through his insistence upon three measures, which were in themselves admittedly only an installment of his full intentions if he had been able to carry out his programme. His first declaration of policy after forming his Government last year announced in the forefront of his programme that he would abolish the Embassy to the Vatican, which had been restored by M. Briand when he was Prime Minister and leader of the Bloc National. It announced also that the pre-war laws directed against the religious congregations, which had fallen into abeyance during the war, would be strictly enforced again. And he announced further that the recovered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, which had been allowed to live under a special régime that gives them freedom to have separate denominational schools for each of the churches, — Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, — would be asked to accept the same system as has long been in force in the rest of France.

Each of these proposals was certain to evoke a great deal of hostility. There was no reason whatever for adopting them at a time of international crisis, except to gratify the doctrinaire opinions of the parties of the Left. There was everything to be said in favor of leaving matters as they were, at any rate until the Government was no longer dependent upon the good-will of all French citizens for the renewal of the vast internal loans which fall due for redemption this year and in the near future. But M. Herriot deliberately set about enforcing by stages the full policy of his party. The result has been to create an enormous amount of friction all over France and to discourage the Catholics, who include many of the large landowners and a multitude of thrifty peasants, from investing their money in the public loans.

So, when he was finally faced with a

financial crisis that had left the Treasury almost entirely without resources even to meet its current expenditure, M. Herriot as a last resort called upon the one conspicuous member of his own party who had persistently opposed this policy of reviving the old feud with the Church, Senator de Monzie, and asked him to become Finance Minister. M. de Monzie insisted before accepting the office that he would do so only if M. Herriot would agree to retain at the Vatican a diplomatic representative of real distinction who, even if he did not rank as an ambassador, should at least be an effective diplomatic agent for the whole of France. M. Herriot had to capitulate and M. de Monzie became his Finance Minister. But the mischief had already been done and the Government fell within a few days. M. Herriot had to make way for M. Painlevé, who, it is true, had been actively identified with the policy of reviving the trouble with the Church, but is admittedly only a figurehead.

The new Government includes at least three men of outstanding importance who are all committed to opposing any measures which tend to outrage Catholic feeling. M. de Monzie has gone to the Ministry of Education and will therefore be in charge of the delicate question of the schools in Alsace and elsewhere. M. Briand, who himself restored diplomatic relations with the Vatican, has become Foreign Minister; and both he and M. Caillaux, who has returned to public life to try to restore financial solvency, are men of much greater importance than the Prime Minister. M. Caillaux has all his life been strongly anticlerical; but there is little doubt, since his whole career now depends upon his success in restoring the French finances, that he will oppose any measures which would give the Catholics a definite grievance against the Government.

Yet, though the newly formed Government thus seems unlikely to pursue the policy of attacking the Catholics, the trouble between the State and the Church is far from having been ended. For one thing, the average duration of French governments is less than twelve months, and the future of this present Government cannot but be stormy. The municipal elections have changed the situation by confirming and strengthening the mandate given to the Bloc des Gauches. Many important cities were actually won from the Conservatives, and the final results show that the Left has gained as a whole much ground and lost almost none. But the most striking feature of the elections was the decisive victory of the Socialists, who hold the balance of power in the Chamber of Deputies. They won ground from the Radicals, who are less extreme, and also from the Communists, who, after the first results had shown that they were faring very badly, withdrew their candidates in most districts and agreed to support the Socialists instead. Consequently the Painlevé Government is still subject to the same dictation which the Socialists were able to exercise upon M. Herriot; while the Socialists have gained so substantially at the recent elections that they will be less in a mood to condone compromises than ever before, and they can now plan with some confidence for the formation of a Socialist Government if another election has to be held, with the Radicals supporting them, instead of their having to support a Radical Government. And the Socialists are more determined than ever to press forward their attack upon what they describe generally as the 'capitalist and clerical reaction.' M. Caillaux's appeals for national unity to stabilize credit will not count with them. They believe in a levy on capital and in showing no tenderness for the susceptibilities of capitalists.

II

The question of the Vatican Embassy is obviously more or less an academic issue, but it has been magnified by both sides as a symbolic conflict. All the parties of the Left are agreed in desiring that the Church should be entirely separate from the State, as it has been since the Law of Separation was passed in 1905. But the Treaty negotiations of Versailles revealed the wide extent of the Holy See's influence in international affairs; and besides, experience during the war and in the subsequent peacemaking had shown that the Vatican was, in M. Briand's phrase, the 'best listening-post in European diplomacy.' M. Briand himself had been personally responsible for abolishing the diplomatic connection with the Vatican before the war, and his conversion to demanding its restoration showed how much opinion had changed in the light of experience. The most characteristic exponent of this new attitude toward the Vatican was Senator de Monzie, a brilliant young Radical who, while not being a Catholic, maintained that France ought to have her diplomatic representatives in every important international centre. He demanded simultaneously that France should have her ambassadors at the Vatican, at Moscow, and in Constantinople. His views in regard to Moscow were adopted even by M. Poincaré; and in regard to the Vatican also most Frenchmen consider that his argument is irrefutable, so far as it goes.

But the Radicals and Socialists have always regarded the Church as the implacable enemy of the Republic; and their present insistence upon abolishing the restored Vatican Embassy is chiefly based on the plea that the Papal Nuncio in Paris, Monsignor Ceretti, has used his diplomatic position to make Paris the headquarters of a Catholic revival.

in France. Monsignor Ceretti is in fact one of the ablest and most experienced diplomatists in Europe, and he has been scrupulously careful to avoid any breach of diplomatic etiquette. No complaint on this score could possibly be proved against him. But he has undoubtedly been a powerful influence in rallying the French Catholic forces for a religious revival. Any capable envoy from the Holy See will always have such influence, and as the personal delegate of the Pope he naturally commands the allegiance of all French Catholics on moral questions.

The Radicals' and Socialists' objection to the Vatican Embassy is really a religious much more than a political matter, though they attack it chiefly on political grounds. Thus they deny that the renewal of diplomatic relations has done what was claimed for it by M. Briand and other politicians, who have no affection for the Vatican, but who believe it necessary to ensure the goodwill of the Holy See in the many questions affecting the French spheres of influence in Africa, in the Middle East, and in the Far East, where the French missionaries have been and still remain the chief agents of French colonization. They contend that the Holy See has not given more favorable treatment to French interests than if there had been no Ambassador at the Vatican. And they complain that, whereas Monsignor Ceretti has been able to do much for consolidating the Catholic forces in France itself, the French Ambassador at the Vatican has been no more than an ornamental figure at public ceremonies.

Such questions can be debated interminably; but the real objection of the Left to having any connection with the Vatican is that it strengthens the Catholic organizations in France to such an extent that any sacrifice of French interests abroad is preferable to

incurring such a danger to the Republic at home.

The Catholics, of course, hotly repudiate the suggestion that they are enemies of the Republic, and it is in fact ridiculous to pretend that they are as a whole anti-Republican even in theory. It is true that the older generation of the French clergy, who are now mostly dead, did feel that the Republic could only be an agency of dechristianization in France, and they could see no future for the Church except by a restoration of the Monarchy in some form. But such views have long ceased to be commonly held. Even in Brittany, which has always been the chief stronghold of the Royalists, the great majority of the Catholics nowadays are irrevocably committed to support of the Republic, and are in most cases enthusiastic Republicans. But the Royalist movement led by M. Léon Daudet and M. Charles Maurras has since the war exercised a strong influence on the younger generation, and a certain number of the younger clergy have openly declared their admiration for these leaders of the Action Française. It, however, has lost ground rapidly in the past few years; all its chief candidates at the last election were hopelessly beaten. And it has no more implacable foes than the Catholic Republicans who consider that this neo-royalist movement has done nothing more than expose the Church to the old charge of being the constant enemy of the Republic.

Nothing exasperates the Catholics in France more than this revival by the Left of a charge which they consider monstrously unjustified. They retort by appealing to the magnificent military record of the Catholics in the war. They claim with pride that during the war the Catholic Generals (of whom Foch was the most conspicuous example), who had been deprived of high

positions before the war because they were distrusted for being Catholics, had to be given the chief commands before the French Army could find its best and most devoted leaders. The list of these Catholic Generals is very impressive. It includes Foch, Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies, and his right-hand man, General Weygand; Marshal Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army; old Generals like Pau and Castelnau, who performed wonders in the organization of defense and of attack; Marshal Lyautey, who not only made Africa safe for France during the war, but so won the confidence of the Africans that they enrolled in scores of thousands in the French Army; General Mangin, the hardest fighter of all, who created the black army and led it to victory against the most impregnable positions, besides having command of the first big counter-offensive which began the German debacle; Marshal Franchet Desperey, the conqueror of Bulgaria; General Gouraud, the hero of Gallipoli, who afterward consolidated the French influence in Syria as no man had done before. These are only the most notable of a group of brilliant commanders who all are devout Catholics, and whose religious convictions would have prevented them from holding any important command before the war. Can they be fairly accused of lack of patriotism?

Nor were the great Catholic soldiers the only Catholics who set a heroic example during the war. The French hierarchy did more than most men to stimulate the patriotic spirit of the people under a terrific strain. Cardinal Lugon, for instance, the Archbishop of Reims; or Cardinal Charost, now primate of Brittany, who during the war was Bishop of Lille, whence, although he was kept virtually in captivity by the Germans, he issued vehement appeals to the world against Germany's

enrollment of French civilian labor and the deportation of women and children. But, above all, the Catholics point to the record of the French clergy who fought in the ranks or who worked tirelessly on every battlefield as army chaplains. When war broke out the Army had no chaplains. The previous Radical Governments had done away with them. But the troops and the whole nation demanded that they should be allowed to go with the fighting men; and when the appeal for chaplains went forth the members of the banished religious congregations came flocking back from all quarters of the world to serve. They were mentioned in dispatches time after time, decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Military Medal and the Legion of Honor, by the very politicians who had previously driven them out; and the whole French Army came to expect from them a higher standard of heroism and moral endurance than from anyone else. Nearly five thousand French priests were killed in action. Many thousands were wounded or maimed for life. And now in any church in France the clergy can be seen wearing their military decorations, as all Frenchmen do, while many of them have lost limbs or been stricken blind under fire, but still carry on their work.

Their future more than anything else is the chief cause of the trouble between the Catholics and the Bloc des Gauches. The really burning question is whether M. Herriot's intention of driving these members of the religious communities out of France again shall be frustrated or fulfilled. The Socialists insist upon it ruthlessly, and M. Painlevé has urged the same course again and again. It remains to be seen whether the financial difficulties of France will deter the anti-clericals from carrying out their desire. These religious communities touch the lives of every family in France. Nearly

every family has some member who is a monk or nun or priest. Everyone who served in the trenches has some vivid memory of the noble devotion of priests either serving as plain soldiers or ministering to the wounded and dying under fire. But the party politicians are inexorable in demanding that the 'unalterable laws' of the Republic shall be enforced as before the war.

III

M. Herriot announced in his first ministerial declaration that the law would be enforced. In practice this means that the members of religious communities who came back from Belgium, from Holland, from England, from the Far East, from Canada and the United States, and from all parts of the world, and who have simply stayed on in their own country after their war service ended, will have to face exile again. The laws against the congregations insisted that every religious community must obtain authorization from the Government to remain in France. Most of the Orders who applied for such authorization were immediately refused and were ordered to leave. Others, like the Jesuits, against whose schools the laws were chiefly directed, never went through the farce of demanding authorization and simply waited to be turned out. But the Jesuits more than any other Order distinguished themselves in military service. And they have been conspicuous in announcing their refusal to be driven out again. One of them, Père Doncœur, who was one of the most famous army chaplains in the war, published an open letter to M. Herriot defying him to do his worst and stating simply that they might be sent to prison or be put to death, but that no power on earth would ever again force them to acquiesce in banishment from the

country in whose battles they shed their blood. And this bold defiance has been echoed in every remote little parish church in France.

M. Herriot, however, showed his resolution to put the old laws into force again by instituting a general inquiry into the state of the religious Orders. Instructions were issued to the prefect of every Department to send out agents to obtain full particulars concerning every religious community. The inquiry was met almost immediately with organized passive resistance; and when the strangely miscellaneous band of emissaries came round to schools and monasteries and hospitals or orphanages and houses of retreat for the aged, they were all met with a flat refusal to answer any questions. The object of the inquiry was of course to ascertain whether unauthorized communities had established themselves, and whether the prescribed number of religious in those communities which had authorization (such as nursing sisters) had been exceeded. The ownership of their buildings was also to be ascertained. These inquiries also met with insuperable silence. But while monks and nuns and priests have established themselves in houses lent or given to them by friendly owners on terms known only to themselves, the fact of their presence is an open secret; and the inquiry must have furnished the Government with enough evidence to take action if it chooses. The question is whether the Government dares take such action.

For ever since M. Herriot revealed his intention of reviving hostilities against the Church the Catholics have organized their resistance on a national scale. Monster meetings, attended by twenty, forty, or fifty thousand people or even more, have been held in all the great Catholic centres, and the resolution of the Catholics to assert them-

selves in vindication of their religion is no longer in doubt. There was never such organized resistance before the war, and it is now not only organized but much more intense in quality than of old. The war stimulated the religious revival which had been steadily growing for some twenty years, and, although the number of practising Catholics — using the word in a wide interpretation — has probably not increased very largely, yet the religious spirit is much stronger among them as a whole. Still more important in considering the potentialities for resistance is the fact that they have acquired a new spirit of determination during the war. They have also won back a good deal of social and political influence. The War Office and the Foreign Office came largely under their control when the Bloc National was in power, and although the new Government has made wide changes, and has deliberately replaced its own supporters in the pivotal positions, the prestige and experience of the Catholic soldiers and diplomatists give them real power up to a certain point. They have also greatly increased their influence in the universities and other such institutions. And, with these new advantages, they are now led by men who are accustomed to fight in self-defense and who have been greatly hardened by the war. Thus the new Catholic Federation, formed to organize the Catholics in every part of France under a national leadership, has as its president General de Castelnau. And in Brittany, which remains the chief Catholic province of France, Cardinal Charost has an unrivaled experience of the possibilities of passive resistance, gained during four years of German occupation in Lille. The clergy also, instead of being shy men, who were constantly misrepresented as being secret enemies of the Republic, have since served in the war themselves.

They have gained much more confidence and vastly more experience in dealing with other men, and they have learned how to defend themselves from much more formidable violence than any Government can threaten them with in France.

But two facts count heavily against them. In the first place, the laws which they seek to oppose are still on the statute book and have been in operation for a considerable period. To resist them openly now involves playing into the hands of those who regard the Church as the enemy of the Republic. The recent manifesto issued over the names of the six French Cardinals, proclaiming the duty of all French Catholics to resist laws which involve injustice to themselves as a minority and which violate their rights of conscience, has enabled the Radicals to assert again that the Holy See requires of its subjects an allegiance which is incompatible with the duties of citizenship. Such assertions are easier to make than to refute, and the Cardinals' manifesto has provided the Radicals with just the sort of ammunition they have desired. It is indeed arguable that the Radicals have deliberately adopted a policy of creating friction between the Catholics and the State in the hope that they would force the Catholics into taking some sort of public action, which would appear to throw on the latter the responsibility of opening hostilities.

M. Herriot can claim that, apart from expelling two small communities of the Clarisse nuns from Évian and Alençon, he has taken no active measures against the religious communities, but merely instituted an inquiry all over the country to see whether the laws were being broken. However, the mere fact of his having expelled a few communities, simply on the ground that they had no permission to remain, left no doubt that the inquiry was

intended as a first step toward enforcing the laws against all the other religious communities who came back during the war or who have since increased their numbers. What else could the Catholics do but proclaim their intention to resist unless they were ready to acquiesce in being driven out again? And, so far as the Cardinals' manifesto is concerned, Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris, made a public statement immediately afterward to explain that Rome did not even know of its contents until after it had been made public. It represented simply the protest of the French hierarchy against an injustice to Catholics contemplated by their own Government, and it had nothing to say to instructions, whether direct or indirect, from the Holy See. But the fact remains that the laws, with all the injustice they entail, are on the statute book, and the Government has the supreme tactical advantage of being able to denounce the Catholics as rebels acting under orders from the Vatican if they organize in self-defense. By skillfully exploiting this advantage, the Radicals and Socialists have been able to revive a great deal of the old distrust of the Church and also to galvanize those latent anticlerical prejudices which have always been one of the chief assets of the parties of the Left.

And, in face of this disadvantage, what prospects have the Catholics of asserting their right to practise and develop their religious life, which for centuries was traditional throughout France? It is impossible to discuss here the available material for estimating how much of France can be described as definitely Catholic. Broadly speaking, the practising Catholics have for more than a century been a small minority in most parts of the country, although in the extreme northwest the peasantry of Brittany have remained devoutly Catholic, living in the most

primitive conditions and regularly producing very large families. In Savoy too they are a local majority and also around the Pyrenees, and there are large Catholic elements in the northeast. But, taking the country as a whole, it is probably true that not more than ten out of forty millions are practising Catholics, and of these at least five millions are concentrated in special areas of the country. Elsewhere they are at the mercy of the administration, which has for years been in the hands of anticlericals appointed by former anticlerical ministers. They are further at a disadvantage because the political traditions of France show an astonishing lack of conformity between the religious convictions of the people and the politicians whom they send to Parliament. Many of the most conspicuous anticlericals have been elected by constituencies where the Catholics are in a strong majority, and this tendency has been recently confirmed by the results of the municipal elections in May. The most significant feature of those elections was that the Radicals and Socialists have gained ground even in the districts where the Catholic resistance has been most strongly organized since last autumn. Thus Rennes, where Cardinal Charost has organized the Catholic resistance on an immense scale, has suddenly gone over to the Left. Vitré, Vannes, and other towns in the Catholic Northwest, have also voted for M. Herriot's supporters. So also has Orléans, whence Cardinal Touchet has made devotion to Saint Joan of Arc a national cult. Bordeaux, the seat of Cardinal Andrieu, and the principal Catholic centre in the Southwest, has gone Left for the first time. Even in Alsace the Catholics have lost ground, though it was the organization of their resistance that gave a lead to the rest of France and gave most embarrassment to the Radical Government.

IV

The situation in Alsace differs from that of the rest of France and requires brief explanation. When Alsace and Lorraine were still French provinces before 1870, the Church in France had not yet been disestablished, and under German rule they were allowed to retain their religious rights in various matters. The clergy were still subsidized by the State, and the State schools were organized on a denominational basis, as they are in England. Thus the Catholics, Protestants, and Jews received grants for their own schools, provided that they would educate a certain number of pupils, and the children received religious instruction in their ordinary curriculum. But before the war the French Governments did away with all religious teaching, and in the rest of France the schools where religion is now taught have to be established and maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions, so that the parents have to pay entirely for these schools they want, besides having to pay taxes for the State schools which are of no use to them. In some parts of France many of these State schools are virtually empty, though they are fully staffed and expensively equipped. The Alsatians were determined that they should not have to submit to such conditions when they were restored to France; and so, immediately after the Armistice, M. Clemenceau, on behalf of the French Government, promised solemnly that they should retain their former rights and should be administered under special conditions.

The transition from German to French rule was naturally a delicate matter, and, even without raising this religious question, the French Government had a very difficult task to prevent discontent from spreading rapidly, owing to various causes. But

M. Herriot last year boldly introduced the religious controversy as well, and his ministerial declaration was no sooner delivered than the various denominations began organizing protests on similar lines. The Catholics had a leader of great energy and ability in Monsignor Ruch, the Bishop of Strassburg, who has organized an agitation in defense of the existing régime with fierce determination. But M. Herriot persisted, and obtained the support of a few municipalities which voted that the schools within their own area should become undenominational as in the rest of France. The recent municipal elections have strengthened the position of the Radicals and Socialists in the towns of Alsace, which are chiefly industrial, while the Catholics in the rural districts have rallied strongly against the Left. It would seem, therefore, as though the Radicals will be able to extend the undenominational system into these towns. But on the larger issue the Bishop of Strassburg is in a much stronger position than the other members of the French hierarchy. The existing law in Alsace is on his side, and he defies the Government to alter it against the wishes of the people. His position is so clear in this respect that, even when the Herriot Government insisted upon abolishing the Embassy to the Vatican, it was found necessary to retain a special Diplomatic Delegate to represent Alsace and Lorraine, since they are entitled under the promises made by M. Clemenceau to enjoy the privileges of the old régime.

The situation as between the Government and the Catholics may be briefly summarized. The Catholics of Alsace refuse to accept the imposition of the French system which drives religion out of the schools, and in this they have the support of the Alsatian Protestants and the Jews. They also insist that they will be no party to a

rupture with the Holy See. Their defiant attitude on these matters has been supported by the Catholics all over France, who demand not only that there shall be no rupture with the Vatican, but that the pre-war laws banishing the religious communities shall be left in abeyance as they have been for the past ten years. They are less favorably placed than the Alsatians and know that the Radicals desire, if they can, to abolish even the right to have independent elementary and secondary schools supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. To abolish these 'free' schools would require new legislation and would raise a terrific controversy all over France. But the Government could at any moment enforce the pre-war laws against the religious Orders if it were not for the Catholic agitation in their defense.

It remains to be seen what the Government will do, even if it decides to risk the financial consequences of antagonizing the Catholics. The clergy who fought through the war, and the nuns who organized and staffed the military hospitals during the war, have made up their minds that they will not obey any new order to leave. They will have to be driven out if the Government means business, and this would involve the use of troops. It is quite

possible that Foch and Pétain and Lyautey and the other great Catholic Generals would all resign their commissions if any such attempt were made to employ the Army against priests and nuns who were decorated for their services in the war. But the politicians who control the Parties of the Left are as implacable as circumstances allow them to be, and they have for more than forty years staffed the local administration of the country with prefects who were chosen for their anticlericalism. The prefects have an immense influence in all French elections, and they thus are able to secure the return of anticlerical politicians whose views are the same as those of the men who appointed them to their positions under the Government.

Were it not for the urgency of the financial situation, which makes a united effort by all French citizens as essential as it was during the war, it would seem as though France were about to plunge again into the religious feud which left her at the mercy of Germany in 1914. But the realism of M. Caillaux, and the sense of national urgency which everyone in France must now begin to realize, may prevent the present Chamber of Deputies from insisting upon the fulfillment of its anticlerical programme.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TRAGEDY OF TRIFLES

AN orange-tinted sky heralded the sun's coming; but as yet he lingered behind the dark-blue mountains, and the boy who drove the water tank in the threshing-outfit shivered as he led his team down to the pond fed by the stream that came, cool, from the mountain that hid the sun.

A young muskrat, sitting on a bit of turf-island, dove into the pond as the boy and his horses approached; but soon he reappeared and clambered up on the low bank, where he sat nibbling greens, holding them in his front feet, and glancing quickly from side to side between bites. But he was n't tall enough to see the gray barn-cat creeping toward him, without noise, through the meadow grass, ears strained forward, tail lashing slowly. The boy saw; and he watched and waited. The horses finished drinking and stood there with lowered heads — threshing-time meant hard work to them; even after a night of rest their spirits were low, and they drooped. Stealthily the cat moved closer, his belly along the moist ground; but the muskrat nibbled away, and the boy waited.

Up in the kitchen the young ranch-woman, washing her dishes, glanced out through the window and saw the boy waiting. She came to the window; standing there watching the immobile boy, she fell to musing, and the dish-water grew cold.

Far out in the field the engineer waited to start his engine until he should see the water tank coming. Two men had their loads of bundles on, from the day before, and were pulled up

at the separator. They lay back on the wheat, with their arms under their heads. Three other men loading up saw that the engine did not start, so they came together and talked, leaning on their fork handles. And in the granary a youth waiting for grain to shovel was tying knots in a throw rope.

The cat, worming ever closer and closer, was now only a yard from the muskrat, who chewed his greens unaware of his danger. The boy, watching the little game of life and death, had an impulse to frighten the muskrat and so save him, but he overcame it and merely waited. Once the muskrat lowered himself to all fours, and the cat raised his head an inch or so. Then the muskrat sat up again, and the cat pressed close to the earth.

The sun rose up magnificently over the mountains and bathed the valley with his rays, and the boy felt them warm on the back of his neck. A meadow lark flew to the top of a little pine and sent out his clear sweet notes. Three canvasbacks came coasting over the top of a cottonwood grove, intent on landing in the pond, but when they saw the boy they veered and flew with speedy strokes far down the creek.

But the muskrat nibbled away, and the cat pushed closer, and the boy waited, and up in the kitchen the woman stood musing, and out in the field the engineer lit his pipe, sat down on the coal bin, and waited; and the bundle-pitchers on the loads had closed their eyes and lay daydreaming; and those in the field had fallen silent and, still leaning on their three-tined forks, were watching the color changes of the sunrise.

Then the cat struck — and the boy heard the muskrat's back snap as the cat jerked it. A big frog, which had been sitting at the water's edge, jumped far into the little pond, smashing its perfect surface with a heavy splash. The boy climbed on one of his horses, forded the stream above the pond, and rode up the bank on the other side. The woman in the kitchen sighed and turned slowly back to her work, but soon she began singing and her song mingled with the clanking of dishes.

The engineer, seeing the boy coming, started up his engine, and all the hundreds of wheels in the separator began to turn, first with disconcerted knocks and clicks; then, as they gathered speed, the noises blended into a harmonious humming that rose and fell in pitch. The men began throwing bundles into the grabbing knives, and almost instantly the straw belched forth from the stacker. The pitchers in the field separated, with jocose remarks, and began loading the racks. The boy in the granary caught the first trip on his scoop and flung it far back in the bin.

And where the frog had leaped into the pond circles of tiny waves were growing ever larger and larger until they bumped against the opposite shore, where the sunshine lay warm on the yellow clay bank, and flashed blue and bronze and silver and gold on the back of a blackbird that waded with a cocky bearing in the water's edge.

When the boy had pumped the water into the tank on the engine, he told the story about the cat and the muskrat to the engineer, who incidentally was the owner of the outfit and of the ranch, and the husband of the woman who was washing dishes and singing. At first the man listened with little interest, but as the boy unfurled the picture before him, with remarkable ability, he stopped fussing with the

injector valve and, taking his pipe out of his mouth and holding it between enormous flat and deeply lined thumb and forefinger, sat looking intently at the boy, who was a little puzzled at the frown that slowly deepened on the man's face. When he came to the point where the cat had killed the rat, the man suddenly reached out with his big hand and slapped the boy—hard. 'Take that for not scarin' the cat away,' he said.

Such is often the reward of the artist.

ASINO ITALIANO

If you have ever been in Rome and done as Romans do, you have visited Frascati in the spring. If you have done as only misguided Americans do, you have explored the hills of Frascati on donkey-back.

'You must see the countryside on donkey-back,' said the concierge, who spoke perfect English and was not to be set aside. He had his way with us, and one fine morning three donkeys were demurely waiting when we had finished our breakfast and wiped away the last vestige of our *pannicciuolo*.

Fragella, being lithe and airy, mounted the sleek and slender black beast and went floating off like a piquant equestrian monkey. Mrs. S—— chose the solid brown one with no show of nonsense about him, and was boosted to her saddle by the perspiring muleteer after a panting moment or two.

I had been eying my beast with interest while the others mounted. There was an elusive something about him that suggested Deacon R—— of the church back home. He was gray, and the mournful rings about his eyes and his bowed head gave me a feeling that he was going merely from a sense of duty. I was rather offended. I mounted, however, and the Deacon bore me along sedately enough, in the rear of

the train, for a quarter of a mile or so.

I was too much enchanted by his harness to relish the countryside through which we were passing. He was equipped, after the graceful and informal manner of the Italian, in whatever of strength and flexibility had been left lying about in his stable-yard by the inevitable law of change and decay. Given a corset lace, a scrap of chain, a bit of lead pipe, and a thong or two of leather, and lo! the ingenious Italian will produce a harness.

The Deacon was as oblivious of my feeble attempts at guidance as his counterpart is of the voice of the Devil. He clung, with what I could not but consider uncalled-for persistence, to the extreme left of the road, and refused to deviate one inch in spite of my passionate pullings.

I tried by the method of disregard to ease myself of the uncanny consciousness of a twenty-foot drop at one side of the road. I even found myself repeating, 'Sure-footed-as a-mule — sure-footed-as a-mule,' to the rhythm of the donkey's gait.

Presently we approached a little incidental side-path slipping away from the main road. Then it was that the Deacon became himself and threw aside his mantle of piety. He threw up his head with a magnificent gesture of self-respect and went leaping down, down, down, in quick syncopated time, with me clinging firmly to his ears, trying to maintain an air of balanced nonchalance. He stopped suddenly, sending me sliding up about his collar of garden hose, and, ducking his head without humility, began a placid grazing in the green, green grass of the Roman Campagna.

The muleteer came flying after and tried to recall my friend to a sense of duty, but he had done with pretense and went back to the road only because

he had to, switching his tail with a terrible sincerity.

Then Mrs. S——'s donkey developed a touch of the play spirit. He began to amble, with an air of well-assumed indifference, toward a stout wall. Mrs. S——, though, was a woman of perspicacity and, not fancying herself wiped off like a barnacle against the wall side, she began an energetic pulling of the impromptu harness. It broke. Mrs. S—— dismounted. So did I. At that instant both of our donkeys opened their mouths and sent up to the astonished heavens a sound like a croupy foghorn practising a duet with a sea lion. I broke out in a cold perspiration, but Mrs. S—— turned upon the muleteer and, with an imperious gesture, said, 'Take us home, sir. This is too much. Your beasts have insulted us!'

But the muleteer disconnected his English ear and threw his hands up and out to indicate a complete lack of comprehension.

'*Molto bene, signora,*' said he; 'nice-a mule-a' — and to prove it he mounted the Deacon himself.

But the latter had had enough of it and wished the episode closed, for no sooner was the muleteer securely mounted than he committed his final blasphemy. He let go of all fours and rolled over on his back. I flew to the nearest tree and got behind it, and peeping out cautiously to one side, — and you may believe me or not as you like, — I saw that donkey's ears quietly change to horns!

The next morning the muleteer approached us pleasantly and, with a graceful gesture meant to call our attention to the beauties of spring on the Campagna, said: —

'Will the ladies have donkeys to-day?'

'Oh yes,' said Mrs. S——. 'Fried on toast, please!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

IF one thing more than another contributes to a successful relationship between employers and employed, it is frankness. A woman in Wall Street is no longer an anomaly, and in relating her trial and triumph there **One** of them has endeavored to show three things: the experiences that any woman of mature age 'without business training would have on entering a huge modern business house; some of the things I did or left undone, if I read my own experience correctly, that helped me to succeed, as far as I did; and the executive attitude toward employees.' Such a forthright record of 'inside' office work must be read by every business man and his wife. ¶It is not given to many of us to ride as a knight-errant through Turkey in charge of a fair companion and armed only with a jackknife. Next to the real thing is the pleasure of reading about it. **Henry R. Murphy's** narrative is told in such graphic detail and with such good-humor as must recruit the attention of all *Atlantic* adventurers. Mr. Murphy spent four years in the Near East as a child-welfare worker, and was instrumental in getting orphans and refugees out of the country through the port of Mersina at the time of the general exodus following the Smyrna disaster. **A. Vibert Douglas** is a Demonstrator in the Physics Department of McGill University. With surprising facility Mr. Douglas has demonstrated to us the rather frightening realization of how small the world truly is. ¶In his present story **Walter de la Mare** makes good his title of the most fanciful man in England. **Grace Latimer Wright**, a worker in hand-decorated textiles, makes her debut in the *Atlantic*.

* * *

This paper of **Leo Crane**, a retiring Indian Agent, on the Hopi dancers, is especially timely in a month when all knowing and accessible travelers are making ready to attend the Snake Ceremony on the Walpi plaza. This narrative, and those which

have previously appeared in the June and July issues, are to form chapters of the book by Mr. Crane, entitled *Indians of the Enchanted Desert*, to appear August 10, an Atlantic Monthly Press publication, published by Little, Brown and Company. **Alfred North Whitehead** is one of two most eminent philosophers and mathematicians. Fellow and late Senior Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whitehead is now Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. ¶An *Atlantic* audience will remember **Lucy Furman** as the author of *The Quare Women*, that group of stories appearing in 1922 which pictured authentically those mountaineers whom President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called 'our contemporary ancestors.' Readers of Miss Furman's sequel will like to know the foundation beneath her account.

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of feuds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half a dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes — establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer — that of 1900 — was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902 — the pioneer of its kind in the Southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and exerted a deep influence upon the life of half a dozen mountain counties.

The diary of **Richard Frederick Fuller**, a young brother of the redoubtable Margaret, shows us Concord at the height of its season, when a boy might take supper with Emerson, study with Elizabeth Hoar, and walk the woods with Thoreau. **Thomas E. Tallmadge**, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, writes us on the acceptance of his essay:—

Years ago I was a next-door neighbor of Frances Willard. As a youth I remember her telling my mother that next to routing 'Demon Rum' her greatest ambition was to have an article accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*. She succeeded in the first, but in the more difficult enterprise she had to acknowledge defeat!

To have succeeded, therefore, where our greatest citizen (I live in Evanston) failed, is indeed an honor.

In her happy rôle as an *Atlantic* entertainer, **Margaret Prescott Montague** will plant the roots of her story deep in the mind of the reader. Author of many short stories, Miss Montague will long be remembered for her 'England to America,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for September 1919. **J. Horace McFarland** is Chairman of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine, which was formed following a national convention held June 15, 1920, in opposition to the enforcement of Quarantine 37. **Joseph Auslander**, a poet who has occasionally graced our pages, is a critic on the literary staff of the *New York World*. **Carol Wight** has been in business, gone to sea, worked as a farmer and as a practical carpenter with his union card; and now teaches Latin by virtue of a doctorate in the classics from Johns Hopkins University.

* * *

Vincent Sheean is one of three correspondents who have gone into the Riff since the Melilla disaster. Dispatched last autumn by a syndicate of prominent newspapers, Mr. Sheean reached Morocco in December and there traveled from the French zone at Oudjda through the Riff, Rhomarra, and Djebala, to Tangier. Three quarters of his trip through Abd el-Krim's country has never been made before by a European. **Evans Lewin**, author and one of the foremost specialists on Colonial affairs, has been librarian of the Royal Colonial

Institute since 1910. **Denis Gwynn**, formerly editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, and now a leader-writer on the *Westminster Gazette*, resided in France from 1921 to 1923. Mr. Gwynn is the author of a book on the *Catholic Reaction in France*, which was published in New York last autumn.

* * *

Mr. Gay would seem to have joined Joshua in ordering the elements.

June 15, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In my article about Peggy, in the current *Atlantic*, I high-handedly moved the Sheepscot River ten miles to the westward, put Bath and Woolwich opposite each other on its banks, and then ran a ferry over it between them. I can't tell why I did this, and can only suppose that the bridge that crosses the Sheepscot at Wiscasset became confused for a moment in my mind with the ferry that crosses the Kennebec at Bath. I apologize to all those pained but patient lovers of Maine who have written me and to any others who may have forbore to write. I meant no slight to the 'noble Kennebec.'

There is one advantage in committing an error like this. It proves that somebody must have read the essay.

Very truly yours,

R. M. GAY

* * *

Judge-made law or public opinion?

HANNIBAL, MO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Second Forgotten Man' Mr. Windolph announces the astounding proposition that court decisions and statutes which are 'ahead of public opinion' are not law at all. That laws 'are first born and afterward declared by judges and legislators.' Though highly interesting, this thesis is full of potential dangers which ought not to go unnoticed. Mr. Windolph finds the source of this preëxisting right and law in public opinion — what J. J. Rousseau would have called the 'general will' of the people; and this general will is expressed, not in declarations of their political and juristic beliefs and ideals, but in their customs. Statutes and decisions *must* be in accord with the *mores* or else lose their character as law.

Just what does Mr. Windolph mean by saying that under these conditions a statute is not law? In everyday life certain practical consequences do or do not flow from the operation of a rule which is not in accord with the 'general will' or the popular *mores*.

We are told that such laws are not within 'the

proper limits of the police power.' Now the term 'police power' as commonly understood has reference to the constitutional basis of those statutes which, though they work a deprivation of liberty or property, are so necessary for the 'preservation of the public peace, health, safety, or morals' that they are held not to amount to a denial of due process under the Fourteenth Amendment. Hence, in saying that a statute not in accord with existing popular *mores* is outside the limits of the police power, such law is asserted to violate the due-process clause. Should the court adopt the learned author's view only one question would be involved in due-process cases before it — the question of whether a given law was in accord with 'what the current practice, whether intrinsically good or bad, actually is.' Nine Justices in Washington are to know the exact state of public opinion in every one of our forty-eight sovereign Commonwealths. Having unerringly determined that the general will of the people of Kansas has been definitely formulated on the subject of Prohibition, they are to declare that a state liquor law there enacted is not violative of the Fourteenth Amendment. Realizing that as yet the public opinion of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on that question is in a state of flux, they are to denounce its Prohibition statute as a denial of due process. Surely such a conception of the police power would require an omniscient Supreme Court.

But I do not think that my learned brother really intended to use the police power in such a sense. It does appear that he believes that juries ought not to follow statutes which are in opposition to public opinion. But if each jury is to be at liberty to disregard the instructions of the court because they consider the rule of law declared in those instructions to be opposed to the customs of the people, such prediction would be impossible, since each jury would have its own idea of public opinion. We should have government by the whim of juries.

When we are told that the statement that good citizens ought to obey the law is 'contrary to the whole weight of our political traditions,' we pass from the sphere of law into that of subjective ethics. Law is not much concerned with the question whether or not the doing of act X by A is right or wrong, but it seeks only to learn what societal consequences in the form of action by the officers and agencies of the state will follow upon the doing of that act. But that a man may refuse to obey a law merely because he thinks it is not in accord with current practice is strange morals indeed. How startling would such a notion seem to those old colonial ancestors of ours of whom Mr. Windolph is so justly proud.

These are, it is submitted, the dangers of the author's thesis. If he means only to assert with

Dean Pound that there ought to be a close relation between the law and the *mores*, all can agree with its wisdom. But if he means that an inconsistency between the statutory or judge-made law and public opinion should affect the form and extent of societal action under the rule — to assert not a practical legislative maxim but a jural principle — a warning must be sounded against the latent perils implicit in his theory.

BEN ELY, JR.

* * *

Wanted: a home for *Rasselas*. We believe it possible that it was written in Staple Inn, but who can be sure?

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in A. Edward Newton's article, 'Ghosts of Gough Square,' in the June *Atlantic*. In fact I am always interested in Mr. Newton's *Atlantic* articles. Now, I thought I had seen the room where Johnson wrote *Rasselas*, but it was not in Gough Square, but in Staple Inn.

Once, like Hawthorne, I went astray in Holborn and stumbled upon Staple Inn. I passed through an archway into a little court. At the right a set of chambers, beyond the Hall — 'a little Hall with a little lantern in its roof,' Dickens called it. In room No. 2 Court the author of *Staple Inn and Its Story* (Worsford) claims the last part, if not the whole, of *Rasselas* was written. Johnson wrote Miss Porter, March 23, 1759, that he had moved to Staple Inn and would soon publish a little story. And Boswell, as you know, said that Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds he composed it during the evenings of one week and sent it to the press in portions as written. Has Fleet Street a better claim?

A. L. FELLOWS

* * *

Whatever Dr. Grenfell has to say is always worth listening to.

PEKING UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE

PEKING, April 25

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

As a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as one who believes that its readers take it seriously, I want to ask you to publish this letter in answer to an anonymous article which appeared in your March number.

The world is small nowadays, and things written in Boston are the next week being read in China, so you can imagine our amazement to find an unjust, abusive, anonymous attack made in your highly respectable magazine on a man of such prominence to-day in a friendly country as Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. The article has prob-

ably been brought to his notice long ago, and naturally will not help him to have any higher opinion of Americans.

Moreover, your anonymous contributor sneers at the missionaries in this country as if they were unable to form a worth-while opinion, though they speak the language, and have lived most of their lives among the Chinese. As I have just been visiting the cities along the Yangtze River as far as Yale-in-China at Changsha, and various inland places, ending with a fortnight at the Peking Union Medical College, the Rockefeller Research Hospital in this city, I cannot help feeling that those sneers also help to cheapen the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whether it is the Legation or the business or the tourist section of the community that furnishes your anonymous correspondent with his information, I can only say that in my judgment no abler set of men and women exist in China, or indeed anywhere, than those working in these missionary undertakings.

There must be many better qualified than I to give America a more just opinion of the unique personality of Marshal Feng — a man who has already done wonderful things for his country, and who is held in high esteem by those men who see most of him, such as Robert Gailey, late captain of the Princeton football team, and now constantly in touch with General Feng Yu-hsiang in connection with the work of the Y. M. C. A.

I went up to Kalgan to visit the Marshal and see for myself some little of the work he is doing. He was gracious enough to take me around personally to see his undertakings, so that I might form my own judgments. I also went down to Paotingfu, where the Marshal was born, and where he has been known from his childhood, and where surgeons of the calibre of Dr. Lewis and Dr. Wiley have every confidence in his true consecration to high ideals. Like other men he is only human, and without the background contributed by the advantages of wealth and education in youth.

It is false to say that he is a brutal man, or to say that he is a traitor, or to say that he is a hypocrite; and to my mind it would better become the *Atlantic Monthly* to help an able man who is honestly trying to do his best for his country than to allow him to be maligned in its columns by anonymous writers.

Before flinging mud at others it would surely do none of us harm to act on the suggestion of the Shinto religion, which places looking-glasses on the table of its holy of holies.

Sincerely yours,

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

[For Dr. Grenfell's opinions we have high respect. We wish, however, to state that it

is ever the *Atlantic's* policy to avoid the uniformity which comes from suppressing the personal view of contributors, which in our judgment makes 'journals of opinion' so unsatisfactory. In the instance under discussion, the narrator is a man of character and position, and that position gives him exceptional opportunity to watch the civil strife in China. To all of us that civil war is in a deep sense tragical, but superficially it has its comic aspects, and the tone of levity in the letters does not detract from their accuracy of description. Concerning missionary effort in China, we all know that on religious and humanitarian subjects the intelligent public is divided by inheritance, training, and prejudice. The *Atlantic* itself is very far from feeling the disrespect for missionary effort which Dr. Grenfell's letter implies. — THE EDITORS]

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A nurseryman who would deny an implication.

June 3, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is interesting to note that in the article, 'Plant Pests,' appearing in your June issue, Dr. Marlatt has shifted his ground in defending the absurd Quarantine 37. This shift has probably been brought about by the pressure of public opinion. Dr. Marlatt now pretends that trade protection is not and never was any part of the quarantine programme.

Lest we forget, it would be well perhaps to refresh our memories by examining some of the earlier official statements of the Federal Horticultural Board. In the addenda to the transcripts of the plant quarantine conferences revised May 12, 1922, page 2, paragraph 6A, you will find the following statement: 'The whole spirit of Quarantine 37 is to as rapidly as possible make this country independent of foreign supplies, in the hope that some day we will reach a condition where no entry of foreign supplies will be necessary.' Similar statements are made in the number of bulletins issued by the Federal Plant Board.

Unfortunately for Dr. Marlatt he has put himself on record as being in favor of extra legal trade protection and consequently it is somewhat difficult for him to shift to his new position and at the same time be convincing.

Very respectfully yours,

RHEA F. ELLIOTT

President, Elliott Nursery Company